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WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT?

THE CANDID MISGIVINGS OF A WET

BY ELMER DAVIS

BY THE time this is printed the American people will have expressed their preference between the wet Mr. Smith and the, according to most of his expositors, dry Mr. Hoover. The election of 1928 will have proved something about prohibition; it will, in fact, have proved anything about prohibition, or any other issue, that you may want it to prove, as is the way of elections in our somewhat circuitous and irresponsible political system. But whatever Smith's fortunes in the election, he won a great victory for the principles of democracy in the campaign itself.

He brought the wet-and-dry dispute out into the open; he established the principle that for what a great many people regard as a political wrong it is legitimate to seek a political remedy; that patronizing the bootlegger is not necessarily the only answer to the Anti-Saloon League. Prohibition has been brought back into politics, despite the politicians who argued that it must not be mentioned, because people were too keenly interested in it; and to that extent American politics has been brought back into contact with reality.

Bringing prohibition back into politics was hard work; it will be still harder, I imagine, to get it out. Nobody knows whether the majority of the American people is wet or dry; but certainly the division is too nearly equal—the minority, on whichever side, is too strong and stubborn—to permit the hope that either wet or dry victory could be final for years to come. The drys failed to end the argument by putting prohibition into the Constitution; the wets could not end it by taking it out. For this is what is known as a moral issue; in other words, an issue which most people approach emotionally, not rationally. So long as people feel intensely about it, there can never be a final settlement of the differences over liquor.

Yet moral issues can die out and be forgotten; witness free silver, which stirred people almost as hotly as prohibi-

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tion. Even now there is a perceptible drift on both sides toward moderation of opinion. There are wets who would be willing to give up their present virtually unrestricted opportunity to get some kind of liquor, and submit themselves to a moderate limitation which might improve the quality both of liquor and of public morality; there are drys who have lost faith in the practical efficacy of the Volstead Act, for all its nobility of motive and its far-reaching purpose. To these moderates the modificationists, now that they at last can state their case, must appeal. They must present a program of liquor control which would suit so many people that it would have some chance of being obeyed; for surely the last nine years have proved that obedience is better than what is jocosely called enforcement. Instead of fitting public opinion to the law, we must fit the law to public opinion if we are to make any improvement over present conditions.

What sort of law might that be? What hope is there in the various concrete proposals for modification that have been offered? I confess that I do not see much.

II

Straight across the path of any program of modification lies the Eighteenth Amendment. There it is and always will be, an impregnable fortress around which the drys can rally after every defeat. As the drys tell us, an endeavor to repeal the amendment is the direct, the candid, the honorable way to seek modification; it is also the impossible way, as of course the drys know. Thirteen state legislatures can keep the amendment in the Constitution, and it is an optimist indeed who believes that the time will ever come when the Methodist bishops and their allies cannot control thirteen state legislatures. The vindictiveness of farmers, sustained by their legalized home brew, against the wicked cities alone would be enough, one imagines, to keep thirteen states vicariously dry. Al Smith's plan for amendment of the amendment would command more support, probably, than downright repeal; but it seems very doubtful if that support would ever be strong enough to carry three-fourths of the states.

The plain intent of the Eighteenth Amendment is to keep people from drinking anything with a kick in it; while that amendment stands there is no use denying that any plan to permit drinks with a kick, however feeble, is nullification. But that does not end the argument, as the drys once thought it would; the view is spreading that the Constitution was made for man, not man for the Constitution. If the preponderance of popular sentiment is ever unmistakably for modification, it cannot permanently be thwarted by a trick. The Constitution has been nullified in other portions and may be nullified in this one as well; although the cry of nullification will scare some timid souls, and will probably operate to delay revision.

Leaving the amendment out of the question, then, what can be done? The various proposals for modification have two points in common; everybody is opposed, in theory at least, to the return of the saloon, and no wet proposes to force wetness on communities that want to be dry. Most modificationists would return effective control to the states, with local option permitting communities in wet states to go dry, though communities in dry states could not go wet.

In a government which is still vestigially federal, state control is the natural remedy; history and constitutional theory alike indicate it. Practically it would only localize the present evils; it would not abolish them. The division of opinion on prohibition is not between state and state so much as between the city and the farm. New York and Massachusetts would be wet states, in which dry communities could exercise local option; but Michigan and Ohio and Illinois, perhaps Pennsylvania too,

would be dry states in which wet communities could not exercise local option. State control would end the present enforcement scandals in New York and Buffalo and Boston; but in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and Detroit they would be as bad as ever. Only city and county local option anywhere would permit each community to have its own way; and I do not know of any modificationist who has been bold enough to propose that.

Statesmen and publicists, even including the otherwise candid Al Smith, proclaim themselves unalterably opposed to the return of the saloon, as if that were a menace of the future. They might as well be unalterably opposed to the invention of the automobile. The saloon returned in 1921, as soon as it was perceived that the politicians did not intend prohibition to be taken too seriously. This would be a more temperate nation if people did their drinking at home, or in restaurants; but barroom drinking is an ingrained national habit, which has not been changed by prohibition, and probably would not be changed by its repeal.

There are moderate wets, conscientious persons who prefer to be law-abiding if it does not entail too much inconvenience, who would do all their drinking at home or in restaurants if drinking there and there alone were legalized. But one important item on the bill of fare of these restaurants would certainly be our old friend the decorative and inedible sandwich; the practice of drinking only with meals, however salutary, will not become general till Nature ordains that thirst never occurs without bringing hunger with it. And even if drinking at home and in the restaurant were legalized, there would still be saloons—fewer, less respectable, and less popular than the speakeasies of to-day; but there would still be places where men could lean against the bar. Leaning against the bar is an American folkway; so, it begins to seem, is disregarding the law.

III

The immovability of the Eighteenth Amendment may not prevent revision, but it will certainly limit the extent of revision. Mr. Volstead's definition of intoxicating liquor as anything containing one-half of one per cent of alcohol is obviously absurd; that is admitted by the regulations of the Prohibition Enforcement Bureau, which allow the manufacture of home brew that is "non-intoxicating in fact." The Supreme Court might accept a law raising the permissible alcoholic content (which, by the Supreme Court decision upholding the Volstead Act, Congress may define below an unnamed limit) to five per cent, or even ten; but it would hardly accept a law that raised it to fifty per cent so long as the Eighteenth Amendment is part of the Constitution.

So modificationists who despair of repealing the amendment would amend the enforcement law to legalize beer; or, as some of them would have it, beer and light wines. The implication, of course, is that these drinks are not intoxicating in fact. Governor Smith proposes to amend the Volstead Act to obtain a "scientific definition" of that intoxicating liquor which the Constitution prohibits. Intoxicating to whom? We all know that some men are upset by a single glass of beer; there are others to whom a pint of whisky, consumed with reasonable deliberation, is non-intoxicating in fact. Andrew Johnson's reputation was ruined, according to the latest historians, because, rising from a sickbed, he took one drink of brandy and became drunk; Johnson in health would not have been perceptibly affected. There are even imaginative persons who show symptoms of incipient intoxication on a bottle or two of near-beer if they are led to believe that it has a kick in it.

Intoxication itself, the end product, can be defined by the scientist and recognized by the layman, though its degrees are so different as to amount almost to a difference in kind; but the alcoholic con-

tent of what a man has been drinking is only one of the factors in producing intoxication. Regarding that factor by itself, it is of course obvious that beer and wine are less likely to intoxicate. Beer contains three or four per cent of alcohol, ale five or six per cent (though I believe that valiant and indurate race, the Scotch, brew theirs rather stronger). The alcoholic content of wine runs from nine or ten per cent in clarets and Moselles (the claret you used to get at tables d'hôte before the War was less than that) to twenty or twenty-five per cent in the stronger ports and sherries. That is far below the forty or fifty per cent of gin and whisky; fewer people get drunk on wine or beer and they must drink more of it. But the only definition of liquor which is intoxicating in fact is that it, in fact, intoxicates somebody. The feeblest beer may do that.

Congress might pass, and the Supreme Court (with that weather eye on public opinion which the Court seems to keep of late years) might uphold a law permitting light wines and beer, on the theory that, drunk in moderation, they could intoxicate only persons of weak stomachs. But that would be nullification of the letter of the Constitution, and its spirit too; the Eighteenth Amendment was designed for the protection of weak stomachs and weak wills. If meat make me to offend, my brother shall eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest he make me to offend. That is the theory of prohibition.

IV

But suppose wine and beer could be legally obtained, would they satisfy the drinking public? I doubt it.

That is a guess, and a guess which may be wrong. I hope it is. Since personal opinion plays so large a part in any estimate of prohibition, it may be relevant to observe that they would satisfy me. If I had access to good light beer and to the wines of Bordeaux, Burgundy, and Madeira (not that Madeira is so light a wine, at that) I should not care if hard liquor disappeared from the face of the earth. But hard liquor is not going to disappear; notoriously, it has not disappeared from the United States under prohibition. What has disappeared, almost universally, is good wine; and good beer has generally disappeared too. The beer supply seems to be tolerably copious outside of New York City; but the quality is, in the phrase of Mr. Ernest Hemingway's gunmen, one of those things that you don't know till the time comes. That could be said of a good deal of the hard liquor too; but for most drinkers of hard liquor quality is secondary to kick.

There is the classic case of Norway, which in 1917 prohibited everything but light wines and beer (the permissible limit was twelve per cent of alcohol). This was ratified by a popular referendum, the Norwegians being so archaic in their political methods that they permit the people to have something to say about such matters; but after nine years' trial another referendum reversed the decision, and hard liquor is now permitted in Norway, though under strict regulation. In the interval there was a great deal of bootlegging; light wines and beer did not satisfy the Norwegians. There were special factors in that case—notably, the loss of export trade to Spain and Portugal, which had been used to taking Norwegian fish in return for wines heavier than the prohibition law allowed, so that prohibition was costing Norwegian fishermen a good deal of money. Also, Norway is a cold country, and hard liquor may help keep the inhabitants warm, though they seem to be aware of other methods.

What people drink seems to be a matter of race rather than latitude. The conquering Briton, in the tropics, drinks whisky or brandy highballs just as he does at home; and the races that have populated America brought their own drinks with them. Commonly, we are thought of as a nation addicted to hard liquor. This seems to be true mainly of the old stock, the Nordic blond Protes-

tants, the progenitors of the Klansmen and Anti-Saloon-Leaguers of to-day. Rum sustained our wise and pious ancestors in their revolt against British rule; whisky, hard and raw, fortified those virile frontiersmen, mostly of Anglo-Saxon or Scotch-Irish stock, who conquered the Continent. Then came the Germans who liked beer, the Italians and others who liked wine.

The result is rather curious. In 1850 the average American (this per capita computation includes, of course, women and children) drank about nine quarts of hard liquor (mostly whisky), a little over one quart of wine, and about six quarts of beer or ale, in the course of the year. In 1910 he consumed six quarts of hard liquor, about two and a half quarts of wine, and nearly twenty gallons of beer. The volume of the more or less intoxicating beverages consumed by your average American of 1910 was more than five times as great as that put away by his grandfather in 1850; but the total volume of alcohol was only about thirty-five per cent greater. Drunk in such dilution, that extra thirty-five per cent probably did not do him much harm. (The alcohol is estimated by allowing an average of four per cent for beer and ale, twelve per cent for wine, and for distilled liquors the fifty per cent of the proof gallon which is the Internal Revenue Bureau's unit of measurement.)

Shortly after 1910 all branches of the liquor industry began to feel the effect of the state-by-state progress of prohibition. The peak year for wine was 1911, for beer 1914; for distilled liquors 1913, until for special reasons an unusually large amount was taken out of bond in 1917, by no means all of which was consumed in that year. But the figures for the early years of this century show plainly enough the steady increase in per capita consumption of beer, the slower and intermittent, but undeniable increase in the consumption of wine, and a decrease in the average consumption of hard liquor.

Wine consumption varied more than the others because (a fact which will probably surprise most people outside the trade) by far the largest part of the wine consumed in this country was home-grown. The peak of wine imports was in 1910—about ten million gallons; it was almost that high as long ago as 1870. The domestic production in 1910 was sixty million gallons; it varied considerably, of course, as any crop will, but all through the early nineteen hundreds it was from four to seven times as large as the import. No doubt, even in those relatively innocent days, some of it was sold under imported labels. The increase in per capita consumption of wine was beyond question mainly due to the increase of wine-drinking races in the population. "The native California wines," said the 1908 edition of Baedeker, "are better and cheaper than most of the imported varieties. Travelers should make a point of asking for them, and expressing surprise if they are not to be had." But European tourists in America were few in those days, and they expressed surprise at so many things that they probably had no great effect on the sale of California wines. The French and Italian tables d'hôte in the larger cities were spreading the gospel of table wine, but they reached only a small percentage of the people.

Beer, however, was another matter. Beyond doubt, before prohibition the people as a whole was steadily, if slowly, turning from whisky to beer. Prohibition seems to have turned us back from beer to whisky and gin.

V

That is an opinion commonly expressed, resting on the general observation; most of us have no statistics to support it. But there is at least one detailed estimate which, though vigorously attacked by the drys, deserves serious consideration. Mr. Hugh F. Fox, in his magazine *The Periscope*, which is devoted to a somewhat unfriendly study of this great social and

economic experiment, computed a year or so ago the consumption of liquors in the fiscal year 1925–26. And he came to the conclusion that the average American in that year (this again is a per capita figure, making no allowance for the persons who drank nothing, by choice or otherwise) consumed about nine quarts of hard liquor, six quarts of wine, and rather more than eight gallons of beer—as much whisky, that is to say, as his hard-drinking ancestor of 1850, and considerably more beer and wine, though much less beer than the average American drank before prohibition. The total per capita consumption of actual alcohol was higher than ever, higher than in the wettest year before we translated our noble motives into law.

These figures seem astoundingly high, but they are not without basis; the beer estimate rests chiefly on the production of hops, which was twice as great as could be accounted for by exports and the production of non-alcoholic drinks. Mr. Fox, as secretary of the United States Brewers' Association, would naturally be inclined to find prohibition working badly; but allow as much as you like for personal feeling, what became of those hops? There is not much you can do with hops except turn them into beer.

The estimate of distilled liquors is much less securely based. Mr. Fox puts it at more than 250 million proof gallons —a hundred million more than was ever consumed in any year before prohibition. Of this amount he estimates 75 million gallons as the product of moonshine distilleries and stills, of which the prohibition agents have seized twelve or fourteen thousand annually for some years past; and another 104 million gallons as the output of the kitchen-stove stills for domestic consumption. That seems high to the city dweller, who can buy it anywhere and does not need to make it; but life on the farm needs its mitigation, and even in the cities the price is so high that some people make their own.

Smuggled liquors he estimated at twenty million gallons; this was frankly a guess. The amount of renatured alcohol put back into circulation was set at fifty million gallons. Some prohibition enforcement officials put that figure much lower; others have put it higher. The fact remains that five times as much denatured alcohol was produced in this country in the fiscal year 1925–26 as five years earlier. In the year following (the last for which the Prohibition Bureau's statistics are available) it went down a little; but it was still 95 million gallons in 1927, as against 22 million gallons in 1921. The demands of industry would not seem to account for this increase.

The most surprising of Mr. Fox's estimates, however, is a wine production of 156 million gallons—more than two and a half times as much as the United States ever produced before prohibition. But the figures are based on the grape crop; between 1919 and 1926 California's vineyard acreage increased from less than 100,000 acres to nearly 700,000; between 1920 and 1925 the shipments of grapes from California multiplied almost by three. Other states are growing more grapes, too; and no corresponding and explanatory increase in the eating of grapes has been observed. Figuring from the grape crop of the year following that on which Mr. Fox based his estimate, Mr. John T. Flynn, in a recent article in *Collier's*, computed the grape wine production for the year at 175 million gallons; to which he would add 25 million gallons more for wine made from berries and dandelions.

Even if you set aside these estimates as too high, the tremendous increase in grape production would suggest that America at last is becoming a wine-drinking nation. That conflicts with the common observation of people who get around in the cities, where what is drunk is mostly hard liquor. What is the explanation? I believe that most of this wine is manufactured either by the wine-drinking races—Italians and Slavs, in the main—who do not want anything

else, or by farmers and residents of small towns who cannot without great expense and inconvenience get anything else. For nearly all of it is home-made; the latest report of the Prohibition Bureau shows that there are still more than 400 authorized wineries in California, and upwards of a hundred in other states, but these are chiefly occupied in taking care of the sacramental needs of the devout, and the production of sacramental wine accounts for a very small percentage of the grape crop.

It must be remembered that this home-made wine is legal, under the Volstead Act and the interpretive regulations of the Prohibition Bureau; it is presumed to be non-intoxicating in fact, until it proves the opposite by actually intoxicating somebody out in the open where people can see him. Mr. Fox thinks that it runs about twelve per cent of alcohol, but a much lower figure would usually be set by people who have drunk it; for whatever you think about the quantity of this wine, there is no room for two opinions about its quality. Most of it is terrible. There are probably few Italian-American families that do not make their own wine; but the wine they make, as a rule, can be endured only by stomachs toughened by a racial experience of hardship dating back to the Punic Wars. And the wine of the Nordic Protestant, whether he ferments his own grapes or buys one of these casks of grape juice that are sold with the warning that you must not leave them open lest they turn into wine on you, is usually inferior to the most ordinary of pre-war California products.

I doubt if many people would keep on drinking it if other drinks became generally accessible; for in the cities, where other drinks are generally accessible, few people drink it now. The behavior of Frenchmen who settle in this country is instructive. At first they look for wine, and they find it. After they have tried post-Volstead wine for a few months you generally find them drinking cocktails; they would rather have passable hard liquor than the sort of wine that prohibition has substituted for good French vintages.

VI

Further, I believe that the demand for wine, and to a somewhat lesser extent the demand for beer, in so far as it is not racial, comes in the main from older people who have known good beer and wine. The average home-made wine of to-day, sour or sticky-sweet, the average home-brewed beer, yeasty and gasogenous, is nothing to make new converts to wine and beer among the younger generation. I do not know much at first hand about the younger generation who have grown up and learned to drink since prohibition; but I see them here and there and I hear a good deal about them from people who know them, and it seems that their taste runs to hard liquor.

Who can blame them? A little wine is smuggled in—not much; when you must pay eight dollars for a bottle of good Bordeaux or Burgundy that cost a dollar and a half before prohibition not many people can afford to drink much of it. There is plenty of Canadian ale in New York and New England, a certain amount of Cuban beer in Florida, some Mexican beer along the Southwestern border; and that too comes high, for the same reason that wine does—it is bulky, hard to transport, and easy to discover. A glass of imported ale or beer in most parts of the country costs as much as, or more than, a cocktail or a highball; and it has far less kick.

So far as I can gather from my scanty observation of the younger generation, eked out with what I hear from those who know them, and what I read in the books young people write, I gather that they drink, in the main, for the kick. That is not what the beer drinker or the wine drinker is looking for. Beer is restful and wine is soothing, and they are drunk mainly by people who want to be soothed and rested. Look at the people

who are drinking wine or beer, in a restaurant where they can drink anything, and you will notice that most of the men are gray, and most of the women would be if they had not improved on Nature. Wine and beer are preferred by the elderly and the middle-aged because these are the people who, before prohibition, had a chance to get acquainted with good wine and beer at reasonable cost; but also, I suspect, because this is the generation that needs what wine and beer can give, rather than what you get from hard liquor.

That ancient euphemism for mild drunkenness, "getting an edge on," is one hundred per cent wrong as a description of the effect of wine, drunk with moderation and discrimination by one who appreciates it. The business of wine is to take the edge off; to blur and soften the sharpnesses of life and leave one gently mellowed. Somewhat the same is the effect of beer, especially when taken in conjunction with orchestral music, for which beer has as natural an affinity as has rye whisky for Italian vermouth. People who are in the thick of life and find themselves somewhat battered by it can regard it more cheerfully after a glass or two of wine and beer and go back to it next morning with a renewed optimism. They cannot face it quite so gladly if they have filled up the night before on cocktails made of renatured alcohol and juniper juice; hard liquor, I believe, is almost as bad for the spirit of the middle-aged as for their stomachs.

But I am inclined to think that the people who have grown up since the War want something else. They are less sentimental than we of the pre-war vintages; and their view of life (as I gather it from their novels) inclines them to like the immediate and violent stimulus that hard liquor gives them. This is a conjectural generalization; even if it is correct as a generalization there will be, of course, many exceptions. We who are somewhat older drink—or would like to drink—to be softened; they, apparently, drink to be toughened. They might be educated in time to wine and beer if good wine and beer were available; since they are not, the younger people stick to hard liquor.

At any rate, it is the practically universal observation that in the cities, at least, and among the people of whatever race who are so thoroughly Americanized that they no longer describe themselves with a hyphen, the effect of prohibition has been to turn men back from the lighter and bulkier drinks to hard liquor. Italians and Slavs and farmers may drink their home-made wine, pre-war drinkers of good beer may take what beer they can get when they can get it; but whisky and gin are everywhere, and they are what most people are drinking. A modification of the law that legalized wine and beer and prohibited hard liquor might suit the majority of people over thirty-five, or it might not. Almost certainly it would not suit the majority of people under thirty-five; and the young people would have none of the prejudice against drinking illegally that still lingers in a good many of the bootlegger's patrons. They have had no experience of drinking legally. There would still be a demand for hard liquor; the demand would create the supply; and the supply would continue that official corruption which has now come to be a vested interest—one of the strongest interests in support of prohibition.

And another vested interest is that of the lawmakers who know that they can count on the church vote if they give lip service—not necessarily throat service—to prohibition. This was candidly admitted lately by a United States Senator who could afford to be candid because he was retiring from office—the Hon. George P. McLean of Connecticut: "The sun may rise in the west some morning, but Senators will not voluntarily enter their political graves for the sake of getting a drink of 2.75 beer, when 60 per cent white mule can be had for the asking."

Happy Connecticut! In New York

City you may ask for it in vain, unless you have 75 cents.

VII

What sort of modification, then, would be practicable? I am not a statesman; I do not know. The simplest way to nullify the Eighteenth Amendment, of course, would be to repeal the Volstead Act and put nothing in its place. The second clause of that amendment says that "the Congress and the several states shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation"; but it does not say that either Congress or any state must enforce it. Even if it did make enforcement mandatory, Congress could disregard it; as it has disregarded for years past the mandatory provisions of Article I, Section 3, and Amendment XIV, Section 2, for reapportionment of Congressional districts. That is a different matter, of course; reapportionment would inconvenience the members of the House of Representatives, who have never let themselves be inconvenienced by prohibition. Still, it might be managed; and that would throw the whole issue back to the states, where it rested before 1919.

But, as was observed earlier in this article, state control is only a partial solution; the state of Illinois would have no more success in making Chicago dry than the Federal government has had, but it would try to make Chicago dry, and the endeavor would bring considerable annoyance to the citizens of Chicago, and considerable revenue to the enforcement officials. Also, I suppose dry lawyers might still challenge any state law permitting liquor on the ground that it conflicts with the Eighteenth Amendment, just as Southern suffrage laws are occasionally challenged, still, under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments. That might not amount to much; the Supreme Court is proficient in the art of beating the devil around the bush when he needs beating. But state control will never end the scandals of prohibition enforcement so long as any state containing a large city is technically dry.

There is one sure solution, of course—let all citizens practice personal moderation and stop minding other people's business. That is done with fair success in most European countries, but it seems beyond the capacity of the American genius.

So perhaps, all things considered, it would be simplest to let affairs go on as they are. Under our present system the wets get liquor, the drys get moral satisfaction, and the public officials get money. It is true that prohibition as at present operative foments governmental corruption and popular hypocrisy; but there is no evidence in American history that this nation has ever regarded corruption and hypocrisy as particularly grave offenses.

HAVE WOMEN CHANGED BUSINESS?

BY ANNE W. ARMSTRONG

NOT many familiar with the business world will share the doubts recently expressed by Julius H. Barnes, former president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, as to how far women in business may aspire. Far less will they accept, in this country at least, the denial of Lord Birkenhead that women possess any adaptability to business. Women, he avers, are permitted to do a man's work for the sole reason that they do it more cheaply. Even the least thoughtful person would find it hard to reconcile Lord Birkenhead's conclusion that women will never fill any but a small proportion of the higher posts in industry, commerce, and finance with the rapidly increasing number of women as important executives in every possible type of business enterprise.

The truth is, granting all their shortcomings, recognizing disabilities—some of which they have not, and may never, overcome—that the progress of women in business has been prodigious; and I, for one, have faith that within an appreciable period they will win their way to the highest positions which business offers.

Conceding and believing all this is, however, a vastly different matter from asserting that women have in any vital way altered or bettered the business world. What, precisely, is the social significance of woman's invasion of business measured in terms of social growth? It is easy to confuse mere numbers with lofty accomplishment; but, facing the matter squarely, what higher purpose have millions of women thus far served in the business world than to swell its size?

I cannot myself discover the least warrant for Governor Nellie Ross's asseveration in the course of her dedicatory address at the opening of the largest retail store in the world, in Philadelphia, November, 1926, that "the entrance of women into conspicuous positions of trust . . . has been contemporary with the elevation of the ethical standards in the conduct of business." In the face of existing conditions such a statement borders on the fantastic. There have been no more unattractive chapters written in business history than those since women entered business in conspicuous numbers.

On what, may we ask, does Governor Ross base what appears less a noble hope than her actual conviction that "the more women become identified with the affairs of business, the higher we may expect the standards of business to rise"?

Governor Ross has, beyond a doubt, thrown the whole weight of her own influence upon the side of clean politics. But without going into the question of the influence women as a whole are destined to wield in the political world, where is the woman in the business world who has thrown her influence with equal openness and vigor upon the side of *clean business*? Are not business women for the most part (except for such obstacles as business has offered, and still offers, to their personal progress) pretty well satisfied with the business world as they have found it?

II

Early leaders of our most representative organization of business women, the National Federation of Business and Professional Women, had, we must admit, some idea that change in the business world would be desirable when they adopted their motto, Better Business Women for a Better Business World. One might, of course, question the interpretation they expected to be placed upon this motto if they had not amplified their aims among which we find one to:

"Elevate the standards for women in business and the professions by emphasizing the conduct of such business and professions for service to society rather than personal gain. . . ."

So late, moreover, as 1926, the voice of Olive Joy Wright, then president of the Federation, sounded at a national convention of business women what, if not a warning, might well have been one: "Let us cherish always the ideas that have inspired us from the beginning," and pronounced the plan which the Federation had formulated, to raise the standards not only of women in business, but of business conditions and business ethics, a worthy one.

But to what extent the vast majority of business women are to-day "cherishing" ideas that inspired their early and, doubtless, some of their present leaders, may best be determined by a study of business women themselves. We find them ardently concerned with club machinery, with emblems, with official state flowers; with chicken suppers in New Hampshire, watermelon feasts and barbecues in North Carolina. We find Michigan business women making merry with a relay race in water drinking, the winners receiving goblets as prizes, the losers, empty whiskey glasses; Nebraska and Colorado business women featuring black-face weddings at their official gatherings; up-State New York business women giving "Baby Parties," which members are instructed to attend attired and deporting themselves as infants; Florida business women playing baseball against one another in white overalls or red bloomers—bloomers and overalls, with commendable enterprise, paid for by the advertisements of leading merchants which the business women bear on their backs; while an Indiana business women's evening is given, according to report, an especially "snappy" touch by the Business Woman's Whiz Bang, whatever that may be.

We find business women's organized activities ranging from business women's rummage sales to business women's minstrel shows and circuses. From end to end of the country we hear business women blowing on "gazooks" at their outings, hear them at their "Hurrah Dinners" singing with gusto, with table thumping in the best chamber of commerce manner, such inspiriting ditties as "Show Me the Way to Go Home," or "Pep, Pep, the Pep's All Here."

Badged and bannered at their national conventions, we observe New Mexico business women in four-gallon hats; Oklahoma business women in headbands and feathers or full Indian regalia; Nebraska business women rigged out in yellow coats; Idaho business women as "Potatoes"; Louisiana business women as "Pelicans"; Georgia business women as "Peaches"—business women from everywhere freighted with state insignia, a Missouri mule perhaps, or a Kansas jayhawk; business women attired in all manner of childish habiliments and lugging around their toy talismans with a naïve pride that would put a Shriners' convention to shame.

We witness the spectacle at a mock Derby, with business women mounted on papier-mâché ponies, jogging about the arena while a band blares race-track music; business women of importance watch the cavorting steeds through binoculars, and mock betting is indulged in on the side. We observe them at a "Bobbed-Haired Breakfast," bobbed-haired and long-haired business women occupying opposite sides of the dining

room, vying with one another in the singing of enlivening songs; or, in more sedate mood, chanting with pious fervor the Business Women's Creed,

And may we strive to touch and to know the great common woman's heart of us all,
And, oh, Lord God, let us forget not to be kind!

We observe business women as boosters, working enthusiastically, almost frenziedly, for larger and larger business women's clubs, for a larger and larger federation, or boosting, in true booster fashion, their respective cities and sections of the country. As go-getters of the most orthodox type, Missouri and Kansas combine to furnish a late and characteristic example with eight thousand Mo-Kan Rooters—so they style themselves—resolving to get the 1930 Convention of Business and Professional Women. We read in the "Rooters'" official organ how they are "standing with outstretched arms, pleading in unison" (with their business sisters). We listen to the Mo-Kan Convention Song, rallying the hesitant, breaking down resistance two years in advance of the proposed event, with

Come, O come to Kansas City,
Come, O come to Kansas City,
Come, O come to Kansas City,
In the Heart of America.

We catch the lusty echoes of the Mo-Kan Yell:

I say I can
You say you can
We say we can
In One-Nine-Three-O
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Hoo-Ray! Hoo-Ray!

These illuminating examples of the business woman's spirit should go far to dispel any fear that the diverting figure of Babbitt is passing from our national scene. Millions of feminine Babbitts are in the making among us, if not indeed completely made.

But, it may be urged, it is unfair to judge the business woman by puerilities of a sort the business man has by no means generally outgrown.

Let us examine, then, business women's organized activities of a more serious kind. We find them ranging from Business Women's Republican Clubs in the North to Business Women's Bible Classes and Business Women's Missionary Circles in the South; including such diverse projects as the irrigation of a local cemetery (in Idaho) and the promotion (in Florida) of a Better Babies Contest. All over the country we find business women's clubs, in pathetically sedulous imitation of their business brothers—of Rotary and Kiwanis, of Lions, Civitans, and what not—furnishing rooms in anti-tuberculosis sanatoria, distributing gifts to poor children at Christmas and Easter, buying milk for undernourished grade children, assisting crippled girls of past-school age, helping support children's protective homes.

But what, in heaven's name, have irrigated cemeteries and better babies, any more than Business Women's Republican Clubs and Business Women's Missionary Circles, to do with raising the standards of business conditions and business ethics? What have doles to unfortunate children, creditable as are the humane instincts from which they proceed, to do with a better business world?

Nor do we find much encouragement that Babbitt's sister may entertain broader and more enlightened views of business than Babbitt ordinarily entertains himself, when we turn from what may be regarded in a sense as the business woman's extra-curriculum activities to subjects which engage her attention when convened in regular and sober session. Here she delivers, and patiently listens to, endless reports on Membership and Publicity, Finance, Club Rooms, Business Opportunity. Here she debates, often with great spirit, changes in club constitutions and expends enormous force, in the aggregate, though not, it must be conceded, without effect, in making the wheels of her larger and smaller business women's organiza-

tions go round. Here she discusses Banking and Investments, Credits and Insurance, Newer Movements in Merchandising, Commercial Advertising, the Province of the Promoter, Secretarial Work, Office Management, Transportation—a hundred business matters.

But where in it all can be found the faintest glimmer of interest in social-economic reform? Where a hint that monopolies, such as thousands upon thousands of business women serve, are pursuing selfish profiteering careers to the detriment of their employees and the consuming public? Where is a syllable's contribution to the ever more pressing problems of wage policy and price regulation? Where, in all this business women's reporting and discussing and rushing back and forth across the continent in Business Women's Specials is the remotest recognition of industry as an organic social process, making and distributing wealth in accordance with human welfare, and, therefore, while based on voluntary action, requiring some social control? Where in all these business women's councils is the slightest repugnance shown to the doctrine that business is business? Where is the ghost of a hint that the business world as a whole is deep-bitten with greed, dubious dealing, hypocrisy? Where in it all is any reassurance whatsoever that business women are "cherishing" ideas of helping to bring about a different state of affairs? Certainly, if in 1926 business women were still being urged to hold fast to their early ideals, in 1928 there is not a whisper among them, that I can catch, of "business ethics."

III

Are we to have, then, another sex playing the old game, for purely personal success, oblivious of larger aims?

"Ours is a rare opportunity," remarks a leader of business women in addressing recently a business women's congress.

Rare opportunity for what?

An opportunity, as women accede more and more to business positions of influence and power, to make business override life at every possible point? Are we to have women bosses—but we already have them—who work their employees like coolies, pay them as little as possible, lay them off at an hour's notice, then blandly enjoin on them cooperation and company loyalty? Are we to have women, as well as men, hiring experts to advise them how to evade their corporation taxes and how to appear to have dissolved as a trust without having done so? Will the business man's sister soon be opening price-fixing conferences with prayer; with sublime impudence be asking divine guidance on proceedings alike illegal and to the prejudice of the common interest?

In a word, instead of Better Business Women dedicated to a Better Business World, are we to have, in the not distant future, hard-boiled business women committed to a hard-boiled business world, and glorying in the fact?

I confess that I came away from a national gathering of business women a few weeks ago feeling that the outlook was none too bright. Innumerable indications had influenced me—each small, perhaps, in itself but disquieting when taken together. At one of the sessions a speaker ventured to suggest that the present situation of the army of middle-aged men and women who are seeking jobs, and seeking them in vain, might be alleviated if business were willing to give the matter the attention it deserves. Every business organization of any size, the speaker went on to say, has places into which middle-aged persons may be fitted without loss; it is largely a matter of business being willing to divest itself of one of its prejudices and to acquire a new attitude toward an old situation.

A most imposing woman sprang to her feet.

"I," she announced, in a stentorian voice and with ironic emphasis, "belong to that much abused class, the employers. Under no circumstances," she proclaimed

jocosely, but with fire, "would I employ a middle-aged person." She ridiculed the pretensions of the middle-aged to business consideration. "I want only young, fresh, *pliable* workers—" and much more in the same vein, all the old business balderdash. Never have I been aware of a more instant and arrogant resentment at the least suggestion that the business world may ever do wrong. Yet the really significant thing was the thunder of applause that broke from the assemblage of business women who had listened to her.

Arrogance on the part of business women who have been at all successful is, indeed, one of the signs that a change has come over the business woman's spirit. Perhaps it is not so much arrogance as a growing complacency. Business women have, it is true, many reasons to congratulate themselves. They have overcome many and by no means inconsiderable obstacles to their own progress in an incredibly brief space of time. But there is great temptation for them to feel that they have accomplished even more than is the case, what with their sudden rise from complete business obscurity; with governors shaking hands with long lines of them; mayors, college presidents, and railway passenger agents competing with one another in laying tributes at their feet; newspapers making their doings first-page news; politicians assuring them that they are a potential political force of incalculable power; ministers of the gospel holding special services in their honor wherever they convene in numbers—with flattery pouring in upon them from every side. It would be a calamity, however, if business women when they have barely, as a class, emerged from their swaddling bands, should be confused by all this ballyhoo and thereby robbed of a timely opportunity for a little self-examination. Where, in truth, are they headed? It is impossible to believe that they do not *au fond* possess the strong vein of idealism which women, including themselves, exhibit in other directions. Why does the business woman's social-mindedness stop short at the threshold of that very field wherein lies her greatest, indeed an unrivalled social opportunity? Is it possible that business women are, in general, unconscious of the fact that clean business, even more than clean politics, is a crying need of the day, or, conscious of it, have they been intimidated?

Without doubt more than one able and clear-sighted business woman has been afraid to oppose, however diplomatically, business courses which she secretly condemns. In New York some must have been deterred from using their individual influence toward clean business when one of the most gallant of their number lost her job through the stand she took against a certain, to her, intolerable policy in the metropolitan business institution with which she was connected—not only lost it, but is still blacklisted among kindred institutions. "What! Miss Lacey!" exclaimed a New York executive to whom the other day I recommended this gifted woman for a vacancy he was trying to fill. "Why, she's a Bolshevik!" In every commercial and industrial center there may be a Miss Lacey, I shall call her, who stands as a warning.

But however that may be, business women generally are perfectly aware of the fierce denunciations visited upon the Young Women's Christian Association when the association undertook to bend its efforts—the first and only real efforts that any association of women has made—toward a better business world.

The National Federation of Business Women was not a little embarrassed at its start by having prominently associated with it women who had been identified in one way and another with the Y. W. C. A. They feared their new organization might be blighted by a suspicion that it stood first and foremost for business righteousness. Such fears are by no means dead. Speaking a few months ago before a state convention of Middle-Western business women,

I exclaimed at the luxurious, very beautiful business women's club house where the meetings were held. It was, I was told, a gift from a wealthy business man of the city, given, my informant confided in an undertone, "on the condition we shall never permit the Y. W. to use it or share its privileges."

Yes, there are business women, eager to get on, who are watching their step. But in all probability, for every one whose apparent apathy toward the correctable evils of the business world is dictated by caution, there are a hundred who have been lulled into the belief that whatever is in the business world, is right. No realm—not even the purely religious—takes itself so seriously; and it is inevitable that a large proportion of business women, as of business men, should have been influenced by the bunkum which pervades it; inevitable that they should have been taken in by the doctrine that the business world, so far as its basic concepts and practices are concerned, is beyond criticism, almost beyond discussion.

Moreover, it must not be forgotten that when women entered the business world in significant numbers the ideas which govern it were already predominant. It was difficult for them to preserve any independence of judgment against the mighty tide of current ideas on which they saw business floated. Especially exposed to the danger of losing their power of independent judgment were women acting as secretaries. It was the most natural thing in the world that the secretary—the more immature of the two—should acquire business views identical with those of her boss, if she did not—as I have often noticed—outdo him in resolute opposition to any change in fundamental business ideas and habits. This explains, in part at least, why we find so many leading business women allied, in their stand-pat business attitude, either militantly or unobtrusively, with the forces of social reaction; for among women enjoying business consideration to-day far more have worked themselves up from a secretarial opening than from any other.

Over and above all this, the business woman, from my observation and rather wide acquaintance with her, reads little or nothing that challenges a business order she has more or less unconsciously accepted and helps to support. When it comes to those organs of liberal opinion that enjoy a considerable circulation even in this conservative land, and whose perusal might jolt her out of the growing smugness of her business views —well, does she so much as know of their existence? I have reason to doubt it. I have sometimes questioned if she even reads the daily news sheets.

It is amazing—I almost said appalling —how unfamiliar the average business woman appears to be with events and problems that are making the history of our day. I was breakfasting at a hotel not long ago with three refined and pleasant business women, all of whom, I have learned since, are outstanding business women in the localities to which they belong. In introducing myself I remarked jestingly that I came from the unenlightened state of Tennessee and was asked, "Why do you say unenlightened?" I explained, what I had supposed unnecessary, that I referred to Dayton. Not one of the three women could recall except in the vaguest way the Dayton trial or with what it was concerned; and when in our subsequent talk I alluded to an article in a current periodical, one of them inquired, "What magazine did you say?" "*Harpers*," I told her. "I never heard," she replied, quite simply, "of *that* magazine."

Nor is this typical of the business woman of the provinces alone. Among countless cases I could cite, one recurs of the woman manager of a well-known book service radiating from New York, who lately admitted to me that she knew nothing at all about books and thought the selections of the committee employed to choose choice reading for her patrons very "queer."

The last thing I should wish to do

would be to cast a gratuitous slur upon a class of women who are working hard to improve their standing in a field still comparatively new to them: assuredly women cannot hope to exert a shaping influence on business until they have won their business spurs. Neither do I wish to overlook, on the one hand, a sprinkling of business women whose culture is acknowledged; nor, on the other, the definite accomplishment of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women, with its slogan "a high school education for every business girl," in raising the standards for women entering business. But much of the credit for the latter must, I believe, go to the goodly proportion of teachers and other professional women who make up the federation's ranks; and few persons who have contact with representative business women in different parts of the country will, I imagine, be disposed to deny the low cultural level that prevails among them, with the restricted vision this level implies. Herein lies, however, if the discouragement of the present, hope, perhaps, for the future.

IV

It was Dr. Amelia Reinhardt, president of Mills College, who said, in addressing a convention of business women a few years since, "Education has always encouraged the clear-visioned professional outlook upon the tasks which women enter. . . . As I see women coming into organized business, I have a hope that their beautiful message will be the carrying of that professional spirit, the spirit of doing a service, of healing or adjusting, of rectifying or informing, into the making and distribution of merchandise, into all the businesses of the world, that they may indeed be not organizations for the accumulation of wealth in a given place, but that they shall be for the serving of men. . . ."

Women have not as yet laid a feather's weight of distinctive influence upon the business world except in its most superficial aspects; but if, for the most part, the business women of to-day have lacked cultural opportunities that would furnish the approach to business which Dr. Reinhardt envisages, the business women of to-morrow may bring it.

Thus far the most brilliant and highly trained minds, the most compelling personalities among women, have expressed themselves in other fields. Business has not yet attracted such crusading spirits as Susan B. Anthony's, the daring imagination and creative intelligence of an Ellen Key; it has developed no woman with the gift for leadership of a Carrie Chapman Catt, no genius akin to Jane Addams'. Not even a dynamic figure such as Lady Astor's has appeared to trouble the business waters. But with women more and more entering business and remaining there, not so much through economic pressure as deliberate choice; above all, as more and more are given in advance that viewpoint which sees business, not as a religion, but in balanced relation to other human activities and interests—may we not expect among them women who shall not be content to accept unreasoningly all the traditional business concepts, to imitate slavishly the behavior of their business brothers? Will there not be business women who refuse to help perpetuate the idea that the business world is no place for the finest human instincts, and that these instincts must find expression (if they find it) at home, in public life, through philanthropic channels—anywhere at all except in business itself; women who, with courage, tolerance, humor, and the willingness to endure ridicule and dislike, shall blaze business trails of a new sort?

At all events, the time has come, it seems to me, not only to ask this question, but to consider the possibility of a negative answer.

TWO POEMS

BY COUNTEE CULLEN

NOTHING ENDURES

NOTHING endures,
Not even love,
Though the full heart purrs
Of the length thereof.

Though beauty wax,
Yet shall it wane;
Time lays a tax
On the subtlest brain.

Let the blood riot,
Give it its will;
It shall grow quiet,
It shall grow still.

Nirvana gapes
For all things given;
Nothing escapes,
Love not even.

SONG IN SPITE OF MYSELF

NEVER love with all your heart,
It only ends in aching,
And bit by bit to the smallest part
That organ will be breaking.

Never love with all your mind,
It only ends in fretting;
In musing on sweet joys behind,
Too poignant for forgetting.

Never love with all your soul;
For such there is no ending,
Though a mind that frets may find control,
And a shattered heart find mending.

Give but a grain of the heart's rich seed,
Confine some under cover,
And when Love goes bid him Godspeed,
And find another lover.

IDLE HANDS

A STORY

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

THREE-o'clock-in-the-afternoon must, probably, be blamed for Barbara Hemming's fall. A hot June day in the country (much celebrated by incurably urban poets) is both root and final flower of dullness; and three in the afternoon is the worst part of any day. All the men you know, including your father, are at their offices; your aunt has drawn her shades against a headache; Celia, your best friend, is in Europe; to seek amusement you must go out into the glare. Books do not interest, and your party dresses stick to your fingers if you look them over. If three o'clock in the morning marks the nadir of physical vitality, three in the afternoon is farthest south on the saw-toothed chart of moral fervor. It may be an inauspicious moment for the commission of crime; but probably most crimes are planned at three P.M.—the devil's hour.

Barbara Hemming was not unfortunate except for being bored. She was pretty; her home was happy; there were roses in the garden and cash in her beaded bag; there would be dancing at the Country Club that night and, if she chose, Sever Lord to take her. True, she had no car of her own—in these days a grievance. A grievance, however, has to be sharper and more immediate than that to purge the system.

Williston, where Mr. Hemming supported his sister and daughter in comfort if not in luxury, was a city large enough for residential sections, almost for residential suburbs. Babs would have preferred a newer section, nearer the Country Club, but even she was removed from electric cars and straight streets and shops and civic turmoil. The house was set back from the winding, shaded avenue, the verandahs were broad and well furnished, and Antonio brooded, almost with genius, among the perennials. Nothing, as you can see, could well be duller. "Gosh!" yawned Barbara for the third time. She had come to anchor in the telephone closet, having sampled hammock, victrola, and ice-box with no relief. Perhaps if she called up Misty Gleason, Misty would take her for a drive. Misty, she learned, was at the dentist's. "Gosh!" said Barbara again, and turned over the pages of the telephone-book. It was to her fourth "gosh" that the devil specifically replied. Babs began to giggle. It was a neat idea, of an unusual nature—to intrude, via the telephone, into a group where she did not belong; to mystify a few utter strangers, while remaining, herself, masked, anonymous, safe.

It must be a really suggestive and interesting name, she felt; and as her eye ran down the page she found one that suited her: Eustace Gibney. He had an office in the Commercial Trust Building and a house on Willow Road. They must be a good office and a good house. A prosperous guy, without doubt. Not one of the local magnates, or she would have heard her father mention him. New, probably, or young. Eustace was a nice name. She wouldn't call the office, of course—catch her! The house was the right place to start a mystery.

"Wyandotte 310," said Barbara's clear voice. "Is Mr. Gibney at home?" No man, she knew, would be at home at this time unless he were ill. "Oh—not at home? No—no message. Thank you."

She was still giggling when she hung up the receiver. That was a maid; she could tell from the accent. The thing to do was to wait for an hour and call again. After that, it wouldn't be safe; Mr. Eustace Gibney might come home early. Also, it would be better to call, the second time, from a pay station. Katie had left a big jug of lemonade on the porch, but a banana-marshmallow-nut sundae would be more interesting. She would go down to Cox's, fill herself with cloying coolness, and call up from there. Barbara went up to choose her freshest dress and her lightest hat. She forgot to be hot, except officially, and ceased wholly to be bored. She had now a purpose in life. Later, perhaps, she could get a line on the Gibney outfit, which would help. This thing was opening out nicely. "That was a clever idea of mine," Barbara murmured, arrogating to herself an inspiration that was none of hers.

She made Cox's, without undue effort, at four o'clock. This time she was very brief and slightly agitated. "Mr. Gibney is not at home yet? No, I don't care to speak to Mrs. Gibney. Thank you. I'll try again." She rang off quickly, for fear of being obliged to speak to Mrs. Gibney, to whom she had nothing whatever to say. Barbara, however, was so cheered and amused by her little invention that she decided, before she reached home, to let Sever Lord take her to the Club. That would please Dad and Aunt Emily. Babs, like everyone else, had often been reminded that the world is so full of a number of things that we ought all to be as happy as kings; and now, instead of screaming inwardly at such fallacious optimism, she began to see what her smiling seniors were talking about. The world *was* full of a number of things; and apparently there were no insuperable obstacles to acquiring a few that had not been granted you. Your fingers ran down the pages of a telephone-book and suddenly clutched on groups, circles, dramas not your own.

No June day, even for Barbara, would have stared so wearily at such limp horizons if Bobby Ferrier had not been away from Williston on a business trip. Though she was not engaged to Bobby, she was not unaware that she sometime might be. If Barbara had had to work, she would have been tempted to choose Bobby Ferrier for a profession. She found him, when he was there, her most exciting occupation. You might say, indeed, that she had a real talent for Bobby. When they sent him off on business trips, she sank into the ranks of the unemployed. That the business trips were not unimportant for Bobby's future, she knew; but she was not interested in him as a citizen or a householder or a financial success—only as an activity that was usually pleasant and always successful.

Sever Lord was another matter. Older than Bobby, handsomer, established, assured. That was why Mr. and Miss Hemming liked him so much. Sever Lord did not have to go off on business trips to prove himself. When he went anywhere, it was in accordance with a decision of his own. Babs had tried, being open-minded, to attach romantic tags to Sever Lord. She had furtively circled him in her mind, with her romantic tags ready. The bull, however, had hitherto evaded the picador, and her little banderillas were left in her hands. She had endeavored in vain to see him as masterful and mysterious. The charm of maturity for the very young has perhaps been overrated. Sever was better-looking, cleverer than Bobby. . . . What was the use? The parting of his sleek hair did not interest her. Bobby's hair was not sleek, and she often rumpled the parting herself, trying to see how it would be most becoming to the child. Barbara would not have cared if Sever Lord's part had gone from his left ear to his right. She would

only have made fun of it—with Bobby, shrieking cubbishly in some dark corner. Yet Sever Lord frightened her a little. He was so darned adequate and had such good manners. She much preferred Bobby's, which were no tax at all, being nearly non-existent. Sever Lord took living up to; as in a pavane, she had to consider every step. Whereas she and Bobby were apparently each other's natural rhythm, and patterns did not have to be thought of. Disgusting of Bobby to be away! But there was the Country Club, to which Sever Lord was ready to take her, and at home there were only the stale old domestic gayeties, to be enjoyed between two ancients. Of course she chose the Club. She could not possibly telephone Wyandotte 310 before ten o'clock to-morrow morning.

If Misty had not been at the dentist's during the devil's hour, Babs would doubtless have persuaded Misty to join in the creation of the Gibney mystery. Even though Misty was not Celia, they could happily have shared the joke. Left to initiate her drama alone, Babs soon rejected the idea of admitting Misty. It was her own little refuge from dullness, and she would keep the fruits of her cleverness to eat in solitude. So many peaches on her own window sill . . . and never a bite for Misty or anyone else. Even if Bobby had been in Williston, she would not have told him—you can see for yourself that fruit of this sort is only for the female tooth. Had Misty been with her when Satan spoke, this tale would have been different. At nine that evening, when she at last saw Misty, the Gibneys had become Barbara's private show. Even then, had Bobby been present to put some meaning into the music, she might have forgotten them, and that oblivion might have lasted. As it was, she comforted herself with Wyandotte 310 for the necessity of living up, at intervals, to Sever Lord.

The evening dragged on stickily—for night had not brought coolness—and even Babs tired early. It was wonderful—and irritating—of Sever not to be sticky; his immaculateness, the undisturbed purity of his skin and his linen, were an ideal and a reproach. There was something wrong about a man who didn't have to mop himself on a night like this. For the first time, Barbara decided that Sever Lord was faintly sinister. That her decision was mainly due to perspiration, unquenchable thirst, missing Bobby, the impossibility of continuing the Gibney game until to-morrow, the absence of any conscious attraction to Sever, and youth's natural suspicion of any phenomenon fifteen years older than itself she did not know. She considered it a "hunch." There was something queer about Sever Lord; she was afraid of him. Besides, she knew very well that he wanted to marry her: always, for a girl, a curiously alienating fact, even when approved. The lover, first of all, is faintly monstrous. At eleven, she bade Sever take her home. Everything was sticking to her—as she could have told Bobby, but couldn't tell Sever Lord. Bobby and she could have compared stickinesses, whereas the things you couldn't mention to Sever were countless, just because he had been everywhere before. The real fun is in going together for the first time and discovering superlatives in common.

"Bobby, have you ever been so hot?"

"Never, kid, never."

"Do you suppose, if I pulled my shoulder straps up for ten seconds and held them, any air would get in?"

"Gee, I don't know. Let's try. I'll hold one and you can hold the other."

"What do you do when you stick all over?"

"Never have stuck so hard. Home and a cold bath, I guess. But someone'll have to peel my things off with a fruit knife."

"Who'll peel you? I haven't got anyone to peel me. They'll be asleep."

"Same here. But—gosh, Binkie" (to Bobby alone was she "Binkie"—even Celia didn't use that name) "wouldn't it

be funny if you couldn't peel yourself, and you just had to stick?"

"Bobby Ferrier, if I didn't think that in twenty minutes I'd be lying on my back in cold water, I'd kill myself."

"You might get the saxophonist to blow and blow and blow down your neck. Your dress would all puff up and you could sort of float out of it."

"It isn't my dress, it's the rest of it. Plastered."

"What about B. V. D.'s?"

"They're not so much like your own skin as my stuff."

"Well, if your stuff underneath is as red as the skin on your face, Binkie, the dye will all run and you'll be a real scarlet woman. You can make oodles of money in the circus. I'll be your manager, and we'll never have to work."

Some such comforting conversation one might have had with Bobby Ferrier. The problem of peeling, jointly faced, would have mitigated the discomfort. Her mind, of course, had not constructed any imaginary talk with Bobby; it was merely protesting, as Sever drove her softly home, that she and Bobby could have made the heat amusing.

When Sever put out his hand to say "Good-night," she waved hers at him. "It's too hot to touch anybody." Babs waggled her fingers apart as if to fan them. "Good-night. I'll see you next Friday if it gets cooler."

"Not before, Barbara?" The monster could manage an appealing tone under the hot moon. Not all appealing, either. She felt a menace underneath. Not an intentional one—only the menace of being stronger, wiser, more patient, less flighty, than she; armed at points where she was vulnerable. You have to love a man to like his strength. Barbara felt like prey—a very special and irritating feeling.

"Certainly not before. I'm going to live in the ice-box for a week. My feet are simply roasted from your engine." She got an obscure satisfaction out of her rudeness. Bobby had a flivver whose only dignity was of an archæological nature.

"Sorry, Barbara." He smiled gently and was gone. The car started forward with surpassing grace.

Twice, the next day, Barbara called Wyandotte 310. Each time, she spoke hastily and rang off as if embarrassed. She mustn't rush this thing, she felt, and for several days after that she left Wyandotte alone. Once she made Misty drive her out Willow Road, and marked the house—a good one—with a furtive eye. Bobby's absence was prolonged; the firm sent him farther west. Then a girl came to visit Misty, and there were parties: good food and bad bridge. In the midst of talk, shrill or silvery, Barbara brooded on the Eustace Gibneys. Since she had condescended to tactics, to plans of campaign, they had become, as a diversion, more dignified in her eyes. Her own elaboration of her energies made them important, ranged them, infused into them unauthentic and invented ideas. She saw shadowy Gibneys acutely, jointly conscious of an unknown voice, and plotting, on their side, as she plotted. About once in three days, now, she called Wyandotte, and was careful to vary her words so that she should not seem what she was, a hoax. Once she said, "I am going out of town; I will try again when I get back"; and once, with irritation, "But it is very queer—will you please tell him to call Center 1302 at eight o'clock?" Center 1302 (she found from the invaluable telephone-book) was a small grocery in a lapsing residential quarter, with a pay station. It was perfectly safe to ask Mr. Eustace Gibney to call Center 1302. Besides, he wouldn't.

Some three weeks after the hot evening at the Club a post card from Bobby informed her that he must go on to Cincinnati and would be back the very day of the Fancy Dress dance at the Club. In Barbara's own silent diction, that "put the lid on." She and Bobby were to have gone together as "something"—"something," you understand, that went together: a natural pair. Now there could be no planning, no concerted ac-

tion, no delicious joint foolery. Together, they were to have astonished the natives, thought up an absolutely new joke. You couldn't think up a new joke alone; besides, the fun was to have been in the collaboration—she and Bobby shoving each other, alternately, towards the brink of inspiration. Any old costume would do for her now—that thing she had worn at Easter, when she and Celia had visited the Terhunes in Chicago. Celia was now in Europe—alas! alack!—and no one else in Williston had seen it. Babs had never liked it much—a sort of silly Apache thing that necessitated a lot of make-up and was perhaps a little vulgar when complete—but it would do for this town and their rotten Club. By the way, why didn't the Eustace Gibneys belong to the Country Club? High time he did, whoever he was, if he was as prosperous and respectable as his addresses indicated. She, Babs Hemming, didn't wish to be constantly telephoning to people who were not eligible to the Williston Country Club. (When Barbara read detective stories, she preferred the murdered person to be both rich and fashionable.) Well, if Bobby Ferrier and Celia Morse would go away and abandon her, in the hopeless summer, to the Eustace Gibneys, she must make the most of them, such as they were. Perhaps if she went and made up to Mrs. Roger Clason about her Bazaar . . . Mrs. Clason knew everything and was very easy to start going—and Mrs. Clason talked so much, about so many people that, if one didn't say anything conspicuous, oneself, she would never remember to whom she had given what information. Of course she must not make any definite promises about the Bazaar. To toil for a month under Mrs. Clason's direction might easily be too high a price for secret service.

It was easy enough to get an errand to Mrs. Clason out of Aunt Emily, who had a thousand social contacts and loved letting other people carry unimportant messages at odd times. Yes, if Babs would explain to Mrs. Clason that Miss Hemming did not think she could take more than two tables at the Asylum Bridge in September, that would be so nice. It was a good message, for Asylum Bridges led naturally to Hospital Bazaars. After the Bazaar had been mentioned, and hints given that Barbara might sacrifice herself, the Country Club was easy.

"You know everything, Mrs. Clason: why aren't they getting more new blood in? Williston is growing so fast, Dad says; there must be a lot of people who could swell the dues and maybe do something extra. 'Course, we young fry realize it isn't *our* club, but it would be so nice if we could get that swimming-pool. I suppose you know just who's been nominated and who's been blackballed and everything, and I'm not asking any questions, you understand; but, honestly, if there were a swimming-pool, it would be a godsend. Couldn't there be a lot of new members taken in—people who'd appreciate it, and want to do something? The older people, like Dad, don't use the Club much; they're getting so they'd rather stay at home. But when you think of the big new houses and the lovely new sections—there must be a lot of people who'd be valuable. Willow Road, for example. Why, Misty and I were out there the other day, and just didn't know who some of those perfectly beautiful houses belonged to."

Mrs. Clason informed Barbara that to her certain knowledge half a dozen names had been proposed and would be favorably voted on at next week's meeting.

"Oh, Mrs. Clason, how lovely! I suppose you wouldn't tell me who? Cross my heart, I won't tell a soul."

"Well, you understand, Barbara, Mr. Clason is on the membership committee . . ."

"Oh, of course. And with that big Bazaar to run, you don't want to get in wrong with anybody. Gosh, I don't know how you manage to keep in with so many people that hate one another! You certainly ought to have been an ambassadress. And me talking about

swimming-pools . . . But of course we are awfully small-town, here in Williston."

"Don't say one word, Barbara, but I think perhaps one or two of these new people might help about the swimming-pool. Only you understand, my dear, I don't want a word said about the pool until the Bazaar is over."

"No, of course not. The Hospital comes first."

"Yes, my dear. That is only right. But—well, the John Klines have a great deal of money. They're coming in."

"At last? How delicious!"

"I don't know about the others . . ." Mrs. Clason forgot discretion in her dear love of discussing people's less obvious uses. Human beings, indeed, interested her chiefly as material for molding to unguessed and irrelevant purposes. If you gave Mrs. Clason a silk purse, she would do her best to turn it into a sow's ear. "The Flints—but they don't swim and haven't children: Peter Rowley (but he hasn't any money); the Eustace Gibneys—"

"Who are the Eustace Gibneys? I never heard of them." Which was strictly true.

"Mr. Clason told me what he does—I forget. I think it's bonds. Some New York firm. He's very attractive. She is rather stiff. I've been told, quite between ourselves, Babs, that she didn't care about the Country Club, and that it was Mr. Gibney who wanted to join. A little difficult, perhaps . . . In fact, I've been wondering just how to approach her about the Bazaar."

Barbara rose. "Well, if she's stiff, she wouldn't care about a swimming-pool."

"No. I believe she won't even dance. They say—oh, well, that's gossip, and we mustn't gossip, must we, Babs?"

"I suppose not, Mrs. Clason," Barbara agreed dewily. "But it's natural to like to know what new members are like. Anyhow, I'm glad the Klines are in at last."

"It was just as well." Mrs. Clason nodded solemnly.

"I can get on with old Ma Kline like a house afire," Barbara volunteered. "I'm likely to be away in October, but if I'm here, you stick me on a committee with her—see? Then you won't have to bother with her. I'll jolly her along."

"How dear of you, Babs! I certainly will. And you understand"—Mrs. Clason followed Barbara to the door—"there's nothing wrong with the Gibneys. Only I *have* heard people say that she was rather—er—provincial and morose—not quite of the same world as her husband, and apt to resent it a little. A very nice woman, but rather plain. *You* know. Perhaps a little older than he is. She *is* plain, but there probably is no truth in the rest of it. Don't say a word, will you, dear?"

"Not one. Ab-so-lute-ly. And I'll tell Aunt Emily she needn't take more than two tables if she doesn't want to. She's been having horrid headaches lately."

"Give her my love. I'm so sorry."

Barbara left, her errand done.

If the Gibneys were joining the Country Club and apt to be hanging about it after next week, she'd inevitably meet them before the summer was over. Therefore, it behooved her to have done with Wyandotte 310—but not until she had got more out of it than she had, as yet. What a nasty woman Mrs. Gibney must be! Not caring about the Country Club, "won't even dance," and a total loss for the swimming-pool. Probably wouldn't come to the Fancy Dress at all, though that would be the first real party after the Gibneys were in. Funny, the kind of thing perfectly good men tied themselves up to. . . . Mr. Eustace Gibney would probably love a nice little mystery—just adore having a strange woman calling him up. Make him feel as if he were in things, after all. Very likely they played cribbage after dinner, and he was just ready to chew his fingers. Still, she would have to go on calling Wyandotte in office hours; for the moment she did reach Mr. Gibney on the telephone her drama would be over.

Cogitate as she might, she had never been able to think of the perfect thing to say to him. It was the weak point of her invention that success would destroy it.

The next time she called Wyandotte 310 a servant told her that both Gibneys were in New York, to be gone a week. That rushed things. In ten days the Fancy Dress dance at the Club was coming off, and before that the Gibneys would be members. Better work things up to a climax. Anyhow, Bobby would be back then, and she would no longer need the Gibneys. Meanwhile, life was not too satisfactory. Sever Lord was obviously drifting towards a proposal; her father said that he heard Bobby had messed things in Cincinnati; Celia was staying abroad until Christmas; Mrs. Clason was holding her firmly to the Bazaar committee; there was a stupid misunderstanding on with Misty; the Apache costume, though it would "do," made her look impossible—the world was well-nigh intolerable.

She gave the Gibneys eight days to be safely back; then she set her teeth. Mr. Hemming had declared at breakfast that he would positively not send Babs to Europe this autumn to join Celia, and had commented on Bobby Ferrier's lack of backbone. She was really afraid her father was right about Bobby, though she detested him for being right. It was disgusting of Bobby to stay away half the summer and yet not do himself any good. Altogether, when she went to Cox's to call up Wyandotte, she was very willing to make someone else—especially some settled, fortunate, older person—as miserable as herself. When a different voice answered from Willow Road, and Barbara knew instantly that it must be Mrs. Gibney's, she did not blench, though she felt a sudden stab of neuralgic terror. Incomparably, absurdly innocent Barbara had been, with her horseplay, and only just now, lifting the receiver which held that thread of sound, led it tenderly to her ear like a filament, a fang, of pure poison, did she apprehend the sort of thing she might have "started." She had never wanted to make anything but a mystery. She had never wanted to talk to either Gibney. She had liked imagining their perplexity, she had even admitted a vision of their dismay; but she had never really desired direct combat, face to face—ear to ear, rather! Still, she braced herself: she wasn't going to babble out the truth to that odious woman who didn't dance. If Mrs. Gibney had lain in wait for the utterer of those messages, let her have it! This would be the end, and it shouldn't be wholly inglorious for the inventor. Barbara braced herself comfortably against the side of the booth.

"This is Mrs. Gibney speaking," the voice repeated, a second time—Barbara herself having emitted only "ohs."

"I wanted to speak to Mr. Gibney."

"Have you been calling him up before?"

"I'll say I have!" Barbara, in her booth, was jaunty.

"He is not here. He asked me the next time to take any message."

("Woman, you're lying," whispered Barbara, her mouth well below the cup of the transmitter. "Just for that—")

"I'm afraid I can't give any message except to him. I'll try again."

"We would prefer that you wouldn't. This is getting to be an annoyance. Mr. Gibney can be reached at his office on business, but any personal message I can take."

Certainly this would be the last conversation with Wyandotte. Therefore, she would give the woman with the nasty voice something to remember.

"I'm afraid you can't take *my* message, Mrs. Gibney."

"Who is this speaking?"

"I'd rather not say."

"Who is this speaking, please?" The tone in which the words were repeated seemed to swell the filament of sound to cable size.

Honest people, asked for their names, in however unwelcome fashion, have a tendency to reply automatically with

truth, and Barbara had no experience with aliases. Only a slight fateful tickle in her throat stopped her from saying "Barbara Hemming" then and there. She was, you see, an innocent piece of youth. She began it, indeed—"Ba—*Binkie.*" In the middle of her cough she clutched at that disguise, and the tickle, its mission done, departed.

"What?"

The voice was getting nastier . . . a plain woman, morose, no sport. Babs felt her anger mounting. Darn the creature!

"I said *Binkie.* And I really haven't anything to say to you. Don't bother your husband. I guess I can see him if I need to."

Barbara really hated Mrs. Eustace Gibney at that moment; she would have liked to hear choked angry tears coming over the discreet and wicked wires. But she was curiously determined not to lie: that was her little residue of honor. She *could* see the man if she needed to. Anyone could. And she wouldn't be the one to ring off.

"No doubt you can. But if you don't stop annoying this household, I shall have your calls traced. The police are there to protect us."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Gibney. I shan't call your house again, now I know you're sitting at the telephone. There are other ways." Still the truth, you see.

Mrs. Gibney hung up the receiver at her end. Of course, Barbara realized, she would try immediately to trace the call. So Barbara left the receiver off the hook, and left the booth. The clerks were all busy, and no one had noticed her entrance. She was very sorry for Eustace Gibney, but it wasn't up to her to straighten out his domestic tangles. If the woman had been a decent sort, she'd have made a joke of it with her husband. And anyhow, how could she make any real trouble for a man who had done nothing whatever—except have his name in the telephone-book? If you were married to a woman like that, she'd keep you in hot water over something all the time: that was your doom, if you'd been fool enough to take her to the altar in the first place. Besides—Barbara was, in truth, in spite of tabloids, movies, and modern fiction, too innocent herself to think that such transcendent innocence as was Mr. Eustace Gibney's, in this matter, could fail to prove itself. If she had ever flirted with Eustace Gibney, if she had ever spoken to him, even—but she had never come within a mile of him. They were separate as pole from tropic. It is to be feared that Barbara, walking home, dwelt lovingly on her own stainless virtue.

The Gibney drama, she told herself, was now over. In point of fact, the sun of three o'clock in the afternoon had not yet fulfilled its sinister arc, but that Barbara did not know. She was tired to death of the Eustace Gibneys. Just that; for she had no fear. It takes two people to make a scandal, and she had been splendidly alone. She hadn't even told any fibs. If she had given her real name, there might have been further talk; but the tickle in her throat had saved her. Bobby was the only person who ever said "Binkie." Oh, yes, the Gibneys were over. Thank goodness, she had never seen either of them. If she ever met them, she could be perfectly natural. As for that Apache costume, it was really vulgar, and Misty hated it, but she wasn't going to bother. Bobby would have to go in his old Pierrot mask, and, if there were any Columbines about, the Apache lady would trip them up and pretend to knife them. Barbara was almost cheerful when she reached home. The dance was only a few days away now. Perhaps she had better put in her time practicing some of the steps she had learned in Chicago. She had carefully not described her costume to Sever Lord, for fear he should match it with his own. She didn't want Sever manhandling her in any Apache dance. He would do it only too well.

Members lingered in the first starlight, slowed their cars to inhale the bruised scents of gardens behind low barriers of box and privet, chilled them-

selves deliciously in the heavy shade of elms and beeches, took the night wind on ravished upturned faces—came late up the sweeping drive towards the lights. Barbara, refusing Misty, refusing Sever Lord, refusing Bobby, went alone, Antonio driving the family car with many grunts. She wished to be later than anyone—still with some obscure desire to punish Bobby for not getting his backbone respected. Bobby might not suffer greatly, but he would watch for her, in spite of himself. The Club was already crowded when she reached it, though everyone had dallied.

From the door, unspied, she placed Misty, all petals, the very moral of an Antoine Rivoire rose; Sever Lord, impressively Cinquecento; Bobby Ferrier, shabbiest of many Pierrots; Tom, Nancy, Spike, Suzanne, a dozen parti-colored friends. So far as she could see, in the unpruned tangle of the crowding dancers, there was no other green-red-bronze Apache girl, all raggedy, with bare skin showing through careful rents, knife in her stocking, and scarf ready to blind disreputable lovers. Everyone's make-up but her own was conventional: Watteau pinks or Spanish olive. No one else had used ashes and brown pencils and Mongol powder, and mixed her scarlet with dirt and neat blue scars . . . all but the mouth, which was clean and wicked and virgin. Plenty of poppies behind ears (would Julie Somes never get over being Carmen?) but no other knives in stockings. She'd show them!

Bud Clintock, a fresh-faced gob, recognizing her, swept her away. "Gosh, Babs, you're the limit! It's you as drugs us poor sailors in furrin ports. Don't you wipe your face on my sleeve, 'cause I'm crazy about Misty to-night, and I don't want to soil her petals. You must have dressed in the ash-can. You're a riot, woman, but me for the pure life!" And after that, her slinky silken rags flittered over the floor in one embrace after the other. Only Bobby never came near her. Other Pierrots, but not that shabby one. He seemed to be wobbling after a Columbine she didn't recognize—perhaps a guest. Babs stooped to feel for her knife: a perfectly harmless thing, but it would do to pretend to slash a skirt with. She hoped she was rubbing Sever Lord's crimson velvet the wrong way. She didn't quite dare slit the pearls that were sewn on. Afraid of him? Yes, she was. That was too much—and she an Apache from the underworld of Paris. She shivered.

"Cold, Barbara? Want a drink?"

"Is there anything?"

"Plenty, if you'll come outside."

"No, I guess not."

"Just as well. With that costume"—he smiled courteously—"you've got to be sober."

"Sever Lord"—she nearly bit his sleeve—"did you ever see me anything else?"

"No. And I don't want to. But you could have taken care of one glass of punch, probably."

They caromed off Bobby and his Columbine, and Barbara smirked at Pierrot over her bare, golden shoulder. Bobby turned to her, kept his eyes fixed on her, until the exigencies of the crowded floor wrenched them away. That was all right. . . . The child could, apparently, forget Columbine-with-the-pointed-nose. Not that Bobby's stare had held any approval. Decent of Sever Lord not to criticize. She well knew that she reeked of dirty alleys and blind stone stairways. Yet he had not so much as lifted an Italian eyebrow when he first saw her, and he clasped her as if she wore Misty's petals. You had to hand it to him for tact. The comment on sobriety didn't count.

The jerky blare of the music stopped. The trap-drummer disappeared, to cool his throat, and violins entered. It was ritual, at the Williston Country Club, that there should be a minuet whenever the members took to fancy dress. Sever excused himself: they were going to need him. The unstately gobs and clowns and milkmaids and Carmens were out of it, and ranged themselves about the

central space to watch. Babs suddenly felt impatience as sharp as a pain. The tiny cleared arena tempted her. Fancy watching a minuet—these small-town morons! She bumped Queen Elizabeth in her haste. Over there, in the front tier of the huddle opposite, was a ragglé-taggle gypsy man—Steve Corbett, a little drunk, and all the better for her purpose. She slithered across the floor and grabbed him.

"Come on, Steve, we'll show them something."

She knew him to be a good improviser, and quite shameless after a little punch. He was of the blood that will take any dare, follow up any hint, and feel no prejudice against being conspicuous. "Any old jazz," she murmured to the pianist, who was fumbling his sheets of Mozart.

"Come on, Steve," she repeated. "Dance. I'm going to knife you unless you stop me. That's all you need to know."

"Knife me? Not much, woman! I'll break your neck first."

The gathering minuet dancers, who were making their little group apart, ready for entrance, stopped and stared. So did the Queen Elizabeths and the Catherine de Medicis, the hunting squires and the Robin Hoods. So did a sour Mary, Queen of Scots in black velvet and white ruff—a Mary Stuart as John Knox would have bidden her be. Sever Lord dropped Misty's arm and stood waiting in the forefront of the rainbow crowd. His eyes were curious upon Babs and Steve.

The obedient pianist jangled out his notes, and the combat began. The saxophonists nudged each other, for here were images of guile and coarse hatred, with passion informing both. She would knife him, and he would not be knifed—that was the plot. They struggled to the music. Among the watchers mouths opened and make-up ceased to flatter.

"I'm going to throw you over my shoulder—they always do," Steve murmured with a queer, thick gayety.

"Then I'll stick you in the back," she cooed, "and I win." She had just seen, out of a slanted eye, a Pierrot crouching not six feet away—a disgusted, half-angry Pierrot.

"Not much, young lady!" Slipping, sliding, to the shocked rhythm of the music, he bent her this way and that, swayed her, tried for the knife that she lifted from her stocking. Still rhythmically, she eluded him, but it was hard work, for he was very strong. His right hand held her left, with his left he was groping for the knife that she held at the end of her curled right arm.

"The rabbit punch is barred," snickered Bud, the rumpled white sailor, as she tried, in Steve's arms now, to touch the point to his neck.

Their bodies twisted, grappled, swayed, while their feet went on and on, caressing the broken music. Finally Steve gathered his strength, lifted her bodily from the floor so that the knife dropped, and her hands dangled free and harmless; flung her over his shoulder; waltzed with his captive . . . But Barbara watched her moment, and leaving herself, thigh to ankle, in his clasp, swung her slim body down, down, till she reached the knife. Her fluttering rags fell away, the rents showed the flesh of limb and body white as her bared, clenched teeth. Steve was now beyond caring and beyond dance-patterns, beyond conventions even of a stage Montmartre. Sweating heavily, all his intellect turned to physical rage, he stretched his sinews, made himself taller, wider, engulfed her wholly, so that she could not stir, could only hang against him and suffer. Then, flinging the knife away, he held her high, oblation-wise—this ragged, panting piece. The pianist let his hands fall to his sides. It had ceased to be even an Apache dance.

Sever Lord had just time to whisper to Bud Clintock, "Get my car round, will you, Bud, please?" when Bobby Ferrier's voice rose above that climax in pain. (Not so loud, but it jarred above a stertorous silence.)

"Binkie, for God's sake, come out of that!" He took a step towards them.

But Barbara forestalled him. "Put me down, Steve. *You won.*"

It needed only those words of surrender, that cue, to subdue Steve Corbett, even drunk. If he had won, it was all right, and he could go and get another drink. His physical fury ran down and stopped. Ungracefully, but effectively, he got rid of his burden.

Bobby's hand was rough on her arm. "You're going on home out of this, Binkie. See? I believe you're drunk." His voice was uneven, between a roar and a squeak.

Sever Lord watched them, waiting for his instant to interfere. Bobby and Barbara looked like a new drama, and talk was starting, but only in murmurs.

"Me, go home?" Barbara was getting her breath back, and automatically pulling her rents together where she could. "Nothing doing, Bobby Ferrier."

A sour Scottish queen stood before them. "Did I hear you address this young woman as Binkie?"

Bobby, perplexed, looked at this new figure as if the world were all mad together. He did not see Sever Lord, coming nearer by slow inches. "What if I did?" Bobby answered truculently. "Binkie's what I call her."

There was bustle now among the crowd; people were beginning to talk, to laugh, to move about, to look for more music. Yet every mind was on a leash to that group in the center, and at the least pull would be intent again. Sever Lord hardly seemed to move, but where there had been three, there were now four.

"I should very much like to know her real name."

"Don't you know Barbara Hemming yet?" Bobby asked sulkily.

"Oh, Bobby, you fool," muttered Barbara, whose tingling skin told her that her doom was upon her.

"There are some questions I should like to ask Miss Hemming."

"Well, ask away, but it's a queer time to butt in." Bobby half turned his head.

"Is it you who have been pursuing my husband in season and out of season?"

Barbara looked for help, but no help came. She must speak, and when the woman heard her voice again . . .

"I confess I didn't expect to find you at the Club," said the dour Queen Mary. "And of course I may be mistaken. But after the performance we have just witnessed—"

"Oh, let me alone!" cried Babs.

The woman pounced. "There *is* no mistake. I recognize your voice. Perhaps you will explain. My husband is here." She crooked a summoning finger backwards, but no figure responded. The summoned gentleman was, in fact, at the far end of the room under the gallery.

"I'll explain nothing. I'm going home."

"I don't wonder that you want to go home," went on the relentless voice. "Perhaps it won't be so easy for you to slip back again. My husband says that he does not know who you are. I think I should like you to explain to him, if that is true, why you have been trying, for weeks, to get messages to him and make appointments with him."

Even in her dim agony, Barbara was aware that the woman believed herself to have been royally lied to—that nothing now would ever make her believe the truth. She could not face the woman's husband—she was tired. Why didn't Bobby take her out of this, away from this horror? She was just waiting, instant by instant, for that.

But Bobby was appalled by this mature fury, these rough hints beyond his ken; his youth was confused within him. He floundered, shook his rumpled head; no words came.

Others were bearing down upon them now, enclosing them, yet hesitating. Barbara saw a red cardinal leaning over the balustrade of the minstrel's gallery, and Mrs. Clason, a heavy, heavy shep-

herdess, approaching with a frown. But Mrs. Clason had to tack slowly.

"Are you going to answer me, Miss—*Binkie?*" The words were low, but they drummed in Barbara's weak ears.

"It was nothing." Even now, she was too proud, too angry, to say more in that heathen crowd, though she knew, back there behind her swimming eyes and aching throat, that she was cast superbly for the gutter-cat's part. And Bobby wasn't even near enough to lean against.

"Nothing?"

Barbara swallowed. How could she explain her invention, here and now? She had not known that life could be like this, ever—*her* life. Then an arm went around her gently. She looked down on crimson velvet.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Gibney, but perhaps you are not aware that this incredible demonstration of yours is seriously annoying the house committee. If you really have anything to say to Miss Hemming, you had better postpone it until she is willing to listen. In point of fact"—the arm now girdled Barbara completely, stronger far than her own weak spine—"Miss Hemming is engaged to me, and I should prefer to listen to your complaints, myself. Your husband will know my address. I am taking Miss Hemming home now. She is naturally tired after her marvellous dance."

Italy bowed to Scotland, and Barbara felt herself being carried towards the door. It was a gentle pressure, but so powerful that her tired feet had only to move lightly, without effort. The guests separated to let them through. Sever Lord picked up Barbara's tinsel knife in passing. "Part of your costume, Babs," he murmured, smiling, and tucked it back into her garter with a little pat. "Get her coat, Misty, like the angel you are," he said, a moment later, at the door; and a sagging rose uplifted itself and ran.

A darkly troubled face above a violet doublet swayed gently before Barbara's eyes as they waited for Misty. "Is there anything I can do, Lord?" The voice was troubled, too. Barbara wondered why. She had never seen the man.

"Yes." Sever's answer was ready. "Go and take my place in the minuet and get them started. I'm going to take Miss Hemming for a drive before I take her home. Air is what she chiefly needs. You'll be dancing with Miss Gleason, by the way." He spoke curtly but smoothly, and turned immediately to Misty, who arrived just then, trailing Barbara's big coat. Before Babs could check up on her own gestures, her own motions, she was in the coat, and the high collar was pulled comfortably up about her neck and shoulders. So soft, that fox fur . . . Its gentleness against her skin almost melted her . . . The only gentle thing in the world was a dead animal's fur. The animal would have bitten, when it was alive.

Sever Lord's car, and Sever driving were grace and power themselves. Barbara's sidelong glance saw the seed pearls glint on the velvet, subdued now to ashes of roses by the moon. His purfled sleeve was huge, but his close-cropped, sleek hair was timeless, like the strong thin hand on the wheel. Back there at the Club was a shocked and rumpled Pierrot who had goggled at her like a fool, and let her down. Stupidity like that was baseness. And Sever Lord, whom she hated, had tucked her knife back into her garter. . . . She felt a sniffle coming.

"Round the lake at about thirty, Babs?" came the query.

What could you do with a man who was so damn' clever? How did he know that she didn't want to speed, that speeding drugged and released you to whatever was struggling and grovelling within?

"Yes, thanks."

The sniffle was unconcealed. Sever Lord's right arm slid round her, while his left hand intimated his desires to the wheel. "Get comfortable on my shoulder, Barbara. Better cry. It'll do you good. Here's a handkerchief."

Something large and white and soft appeared mysteriously in her hand. She cried, then; almost strangled herself, crying. That hot day in June, and the telephone-book, and now—this. She had called up Wyandotte 310 because Bobby was not there; she was here by the dim lonely lake with Sever Lord because Bobby was—not there. Not there: too young and clumsy and stupid to stay in the picture. She couldn't hate Bobby, even now; but he was useless to her. Twist him and turn him as she might, there was nothing she could do with him—dear, darling Bobby. She grew calmer, and finally the tears stopped. Lord's handkerchief was filthy from her make-up.

"I think we can get that woman to resign immediately, Barbara. Wouldn't you prefer it? You can't want to meet her. I doubt if she's the kind that apologizes."

"I suppose no one will ever forget," Barbara said dully. "They all heard her."

"Of course they will forget—especially if she isn't there to remind them."

The youth in Barbara strove for justice. "I don't know that she ought to be chucked out of a club because she's vulgar and cruel."

"It's a question of your preference. Personally, I don't give a damn whether she's in or out. But I'm not going to have her about if it makes you miserable to see her stupid face."

He did not tell her that she belonged to him now; it was as if that had been determined so long ago that reiteration, allusion even, were vain. He did not apologize for his announcement of their engagement; did not even explain it. Oh, no! he had only stated publicly a fact that she had long since known—all that was conveyed to her in his quiet manner. If he had started to propose now, she could have refused him. But he was evidently never going to propose—just take her for granted. She must explain it all to him, and then she would be free to thank him for services rendered, reject their continuance, and go home.

"I'll tell you just what happened, Sever."

"Oh, no, you won't—not to-night." He rubbed his cheek gently against the outside of her collar, pushing the soft fur against her face—an indirect caress, very comforting. The little dead fox soothing her. . . . "The thing to do is to forget it now, and get a good sleep. I dare say it's an awfully funny story, but I don't feel like laughing now. Let's just be quiet."

Sure though she was of the logic of her escape—yes, the only way out was to explain—she didn't want to tell that tale now, bring back all that heat and boredom and silliness, and the last spiteful talk over the telephone.

"If there's a story you want the world to know, you can tell it to me to-morrow, and I'll tell the world. You're not to be bothered with this."

"Suppose I don't want the world to know?" She was thinking of Bobby, whom she would like to keep in eternal perplexity.

"Well, it's none of their business, and they shan't know. There's no earthly reason, Babs, why you should explain to anyone. I'm ready to brazen it out if you are. I suppose you'll have to tell your father something. But you shan't tell anyone anything you don't want to—not even me."

Should she fight? "Oh, I think I must tell you, Sever!"

"Anything you please, to-morrow. Nothing to-night." He was inexorable.

Barbara sank back against his shoulder, silent. What could she do? He was stronger, at every point, than she; and his strength led her into comfortable ways. Her whole organism craved a non-discussive quietness, the gentle motion of the car, the soft fur against her cheek, the relief of complete abdication. If Sever had made love to her, she could have roused herself. Short of that, she could but sink deeper into velvet peace, letting him manage.

"Who was your purple friend at the door who wanted to help you?" Barbara asked at last. Curiously enough, she felt that the question to some extent committed her. If she could get interested in Sever's friends, she must be well on her way to the final acquiescence. Indeed, the deeper he piled his kindness, his intelligence for her to lie back on, the farther into them she sank and the less she wanted to leave them and seek her own hard couch.

She did not see the grin which Sever, unable to repress it, turned swiftly to the roadside.

"That was Mr. Eustace Gibney." Not the faintest insinuation in his tone.

"Oh."

What wouldn't Bobby have done with that situation? A giggle far within her met that ghost of Bobby's chuckle; but it was easy to keep the giggle down. She really didn't feel like laughing—most of her. Perhaps you did get over wanting to laugh for laughing's sake. Bobby never got much beyond a joke. You couldn't live forever that way. When there were Mrs. Gibneys in the world, you had to know how to meet them. She and Bobby didn't. Sever did.

"Let's go home now," she said, after a silence which Sever made no attempt to break. "I'm getting awfully sleepy."

"Right-o." He turned the car so smoothly that she barely knew it—only noticed, without pleasure, the removal of his arm. She had been more comfortable with it round her, but she would not ask him to put it back. They sped on towards home. Yes, she missed that arm; she had been absolutely comfy before he took it away—no slipping and no effort. Barbara squirmed a little.

He asked her nothing, simply looked at her and then enfolded her again. She settled down without words. She had always meant to take care of Bobby, and here was Sever Lord taking care of her. Darling Bobby! Strange Sever! But you couldn't spend your life trying to understand someone. Sometimes you had to lie back, like this, and be understood. She had got herself into this mess, and Sever had got her out. Sever would keep her out. What would happen if she ever got into another mess? Barbara admitted to herself laxly that that would probably be Sever's job, too. This was a grown-up world; terrible; full of telephone-books, pitfalls, furies. It would be dealt with, adequately, by Sever Lord. She felt a dim stir of passion towards his perfect tact . . . felt it as in a dream, confused, convincing . . . then passed into real sleep, very heavy on Sever's arm.

THE MEANING OF THE KELLOGG TREATY

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

IT IS hard to imagine anything which affects every one of us more vitally than the question of war and peace: the horrors of the one are visited on every man, woman, and child, and the benefits of the other give life its joy for the very same persons. Yet, it is an odd contradiction that in our thought on this question we are wont to be indolent and to show none of the ordinary perspicacity and sense of self-interest which we devote to the common concerns of daily life. Everyone keenly realizes the heart-breaking sacrifices which are made when the nation is at war; but there seems to be a belief that the abolition of war can be attained merely by wishing it away.

During the last few years, for instance, there has been in this country a widespread and fairly vocal desire for continued peace. This sentiment has been so strong and so popular that the Washington government was constrained to take notice of it. It was the duty of our public servants there to interpret this sentiment for peace and give it effect in some official manner. In their attempt to do so, they have presented the world with the so-called Kellogg treaty, which the United States Senate is now called on to ratify.

What is the Kellogg treaty? It is a brief and simply worded declaration that the nations which sign it agree to "renounce war as an instrument of national policy." It is a statement of intentions, signed by fifteen nations—the United States; Great Britain and the six British dominions; France and her three allies—Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Belgium; and Italy, Germany, and Japan. These nations have signed this statement, and it is this statement which the United States Senate is expected to ratify by a two-thirds vote. But, as will soon be shown, there are other questions connected with this treaty, having co-equal importance with it, which will never come before the Senate.

One of the best ways of understanding a thing is to go into its history, and the history of the Kellogg treaty is most enlightening. The idea of a signed international statement condemning recourse to war may be a very old one, but, as far as the present treaty is concerned, it seems to have originated with a professor at Columbia University, Mr. James T. Shotwell. He published a suggested draft treaty roughly similar to the present Kellogg one in the spring of 1927. There are many conflicting accounts of just how the idea reached official quarters; but the story most frequently heard is that through Senator Borah the Shotwell idea reached M. Briand, foreign minister of France. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, so the story goes, commended it to M. Briand's attention.

Professor Shotwell, in a letter to the writer of August 24, 1928, confirms the statement that he made the suggestion to M. Briand. He denies, however, being the originator of the plan "as it stands to-day." He states that "so long as there seemed to be any chance of modification, I criticized it," and that "it goes without saying that I have had no hand whatever in the diplomacy of the present negotiations."

But to return. It was in the early spring of 1927 when the idea for a treaty to ensure peace reached M. Briand. The time of the year is important, as will be shown, for it was at about the same time that President Coolidge had invited the powers to another naval conference at Geneva. France had just declined the invitation. Moreover, M. Poincaré, prime minister of France, was saying publicly that France was never going to pay its debt to the United States. In short, France was not especially popular in the United States at that time. Accordingly, the suggestion for a treaty commended itself to M. Briand and, with his customary tact, he made a proposal to the State Department on April 6—the tenth anniversary of the American declaration of war against Germany. He proposed a treaty between France and the United States alone, perpetually renouncing war between themselves.

The State Department did not at first take kindly to M. Briand's idea. It saw in it only an attempt on M. Briand's part to make the American public forget the French refusal to take part in the arms conference. Department officials with whom I spoke regarded it as a political "blind," having as its sole object the creation of a "good press" for France in this country.

But circumstances made it difficult for the State Department to act on its convictions. The pacifist organizations in the United States and many clergymen were, as usual, quite convinced that the proposal was prompted by only the highest motives and were making an intensely vocal campaign for its enactment into a treaty as soon as possible. The amorphous majority of unorganized citizens, as usual, either did not know such a proposal had been made, or else did not think it amounted to much, or, more likely still, did not yet know what to think. In any case, the State Department did not feel free to turn the matter down.

On the other hand, it saw from the start that such a treaty could not be signed as between the United States and France alone. Such an agreement would put France in a preferred position among its neighbor nations where the United States was concerned. Even if the treaty promised very little, it would give France an opportunity to say that the United States regarded France with a more friendly eye than it did the other powers. In the event of trouble it would enable France to threaten her adversaries by saying that the treaty showed that France had a prior lien on that very powerful weapon—American credit. Such was the view taken by the State Department.

Yet it was felt that something should be done. Accordingly, the proposal was sent back across the Atlantic with this significant change—that, instead of having it applicable to France and the United States alone, it be made applicable to all the great Powers of the world. This idea caused some confusion in Europe, and it seemed for a time as though it might end the whole treaty proposal once and for all. It is hard to say who deserves the credit for this move. Some say that it originated in the State Department; there are still others who maintain that the idea was President Coolidge's, who suggested it in a vein of Yankee humor, knowing that while most of the European powers would gladly renounce war with the United States, they would hesitate some time before even talking of renouncing it with their immediate neighbors.

But Europe, after some long hesitations, did not discard this last proposal, to which it attached the name of Secretary Kellogg, and which forms the basis of the present treaty. Instead, it sought to please the United States by adhering to it, at the same time securing such reservations as would provide plenty of loopholes for future continental exigencies. And the making of these reservations forms one of the most interesting chapters in the creation of the present pact.

France, naturally, as the proposer of the original treaty, led the European

concert where reservations were concerned, and a long exchange of notes between Paris and Washington was the result. At first France desired the amendment of the simple draft treaty so as to make it clear in the first place that wars of "self-defense" would not be banned; secondly, that the violation of the treaty by any of the signatory powers automatically released the other signatories; and, finally, that nothing in the treaty impaired the covenant of the League of Nations, the Locarno treaties, and the "treaties of neutrality"—the pacts which created the Little Entente in Central Europe.

The State Department thought that if these amendments were secured, there would be nothing left of the Kellogg proposal. A high official of the department told the writer, for instance, that if these points were even admitted the treaty would be made "ridiculous." But here is what finally happened. The treaty itself was not amended, but the French points were virtually admitted by Secretary Kellogg in his address before the American Society of International Law in Washington on April 28, 1928.

Out of it a curious state of affairs arose whereby these points actually became reservations, although they are not part of the pact itself. This is made possible by the fact that the treaty is so loosely worded as to be nothing more than a "moral" pledge and so as to mean very little in international law. Normally, reservations which are not part and parcel of a treaty and which are only to be found in a diplomatic note would have scant standing in a court of law. But in this case it was felt that the sole value of the treaty lay not in its binding effect—which admittedly is practically nil—but in the "moral" effect which the knowledge of its existence would have on public opinion—which, it was hoped, would be very great. Therefore, it was argued, the special interests of the parties concerned would be adequately cared for if they were incorporated in diplomatic notes, provided that these notes received the same attention from the public as did the treaty itself. It thus follows that these reservations demanded by France are actually, if not legally, co-equal with the pact itself. But the Senate will not pass on them. The Senate has only the pact before it, and this is so simple and so general as to make reservations, in the old sense, impossible. The Senate can either ratify or refuse to do so. In the case of this pact, whose only significance is "moral," the Senate can pass on only a fraction—and not the most important fraction at that.

II

These reservations, being such an important addition to the treaty, deserve more than cursory mention. Take the one excepting wars of "self-defense," for instance. France undoubtedly intended it to mean self-defense in the case of physical attack or national invasion. But the pages of history are full of wars of so-called "self-defense" when this phrase was used to promote a war of "national policy," say to satisfy the economic needs of a growing nation. Such an interpretation may very well be resorted to again when a nation is faced with a serious economic crisis. In such a case we should find a nation arming itself, invading the enemy's territory, fighting its alleged "oppressor"—all on the grounds of the "self-defense" of its economic interests. It is almost impossible to frame a satisfactory definition. Even if it were altered so as to read "self-defense against armed attack and invasion only" it could be abused and a "defensive war of aggression" be waged. Germany, it should be remembered, still maintains that French cavalry and airplanes crossed her borders in August, 1914.

Does not this reservation widen the loopholes for wars of "national policy"? Does it not give official sanction to a very dangerous half-truth? And does it not become an active source of danger when,

in the final and accepted note of M. Briand on the subject, it is put as follows:

> Each nation is the sole competent authority to decide whether circumstances require it to resort to war in self-defense.

Surely, there is here justification for the view that the Kellogg treaty has been twisted into an agreement which gives its signatories the unqualified right to declare war on their own unsupported assertions that it is a war of self-defense. In the words of the *Manchester Guardian:*

> Mr. Kellogg proposed a pact to renounce the use of war simply and without qualification as an instrument of national policy. What finally emerges is a pact which not only textually admits the right to go to war in self-defense, but the preliminary discussion on which gave the right of self-defense a scope and an emphasis which makes it doubtful whether the loopholes for war are not on the whole wider than before the discussions began.

Speaking at the recent Williamstown conference, Professor Edwin M. Borchard of Yale, a former assistant solicitor for the State Department, said:

> The treaty as now qualified by the French and British reservations constitutes no renunciation or outlawry of war, but, in fact and in law, a solemn sanction for all wars mentioned in the exceptions and qualifications.

When, it may be asked, have nations been granted such official *carte blanche* for the pursuit of their policies as they have in this pact?

There is another French reservation which has not attracted so much attention in Europe, but which seems to be a rather dubious one for the United States to sanction. That is the reservation which, in effect, excepts from the scope of the treaty the so-called "treaties of neutrality" which France has concluded with the new countries of Central Europe and which are frequently referred to as constituting the "Little Entente."

France has agreements with Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Jugoslavia, and Poland. They are designed to carry out a sort of "*Einkreisungspolitik*" of Germany. They aim to prevent Germany from realizing whatever expansionist ambitions she may have and, in general, to insure the maintenance of the territorial arrangements of the Versailles treaty. It is not my purpose to praise or to disparage the territorial arrangements of that treaty. The United States has no official opinion about them one way or the other. The United States Senate refused to ratify the Versailles treaty, and its refusal was vindicated at the polls in 1920. Perhaps public opinion has changed since then. Maybe the United States now desires to agree to defend the eastern frontier of Germany, the Polish Corridor, and the other territorial arrangements which Great Britain has steadfastly refused to support by arms. If public opinion desires this it can be done openly and frankly in a legal and official way.

These "treaties of neutrality" are very close to France. They are cardinal points in her foreign policy. She has virtually agreed to go to war in support of them, for on them she places her reliance that she can keep Germany down. We have no quarrel with that, but should we, even by the slightest gesture, accept French plans and policies in that direction? France, in effect, says to us, "Yes, we agree never to go to war except in those cases where we are most likely to have to go to war." Is it proper for us to give official sanction to such a statement? Does it not really "cut the heart" out of the Kellogg treaty?

I have just analyzed the two principal reservations to the Kellogg pact—that which excepts wars of "self-defense" and which makes each nation its own judge of what constitutes "self-defense" and that which excepts from the scope of the treaty all questions pertaining to the chief danger spots of the world. There are others—notably Great Britain's representation enunciating in effect a British Monroe Doctrine zone, where no interference is to be tolerated. This

adds to the exceptions to the treaty; it removes from its scope another wide area whence international complications might spring; and seems to help reduce the pact to nonentity. Moreover, there are no reservations for the zones of American interest, such as the Panama Canal. Indeed, there are no American reservations at all.

The text of the pact itself seems to be highly ambiguous. The treaty forbids recourse to war but establishes no penalties and no standard of violations. Nowhere is it stated what constitutes a war of "national policy" and nowhere is it detailed what will happen to a nation which has recourse to one. The very phrase—"wars of national policy"—seems unsatisfactory, and it is hard to see how the Senate can sanction it. From any reasonable standpoint, the War of the Revolution was a war of national policy. The Civil War certainly was. Can the Senate say that it was not? If the North had not fought it, the nation for which the Senate now speaks would no longer exist. If the South had won, we in the North should to this day be impoverished and weak. Can it be maintained that the blood shed and the treasure expended on that war were spent in vain? As President Coolidge said in his speech of July 29, 1928, at Cannon Falls, Minnesota:

> Our country was all involved in a great national tragedy from which it could extricate itself only by an appalling national sacrifice. . . . The conditions which brought about the great conflict were national conditions. . . . If there was to be an extension of freedom under constitutional guarantees it had to be brought about by national action. . . . This could be accomplished only through an immeasurable sacrifice made in the tears of our women and the blood of our men.

Certainly those words would justify a description of the Civil War as one of national policy.

I have tried to show that the Kellogg treaty has no binding force, and this is admitted even by its strongest supporters; that it is so surrounded by exceptions as to be robbed of its value; and that connected with it are reservations, such as that pertaining to self-defense, which are sources of danger and provide official, international loopholes for waging wars of conquest. Why, then, is it desired?

III

The nations of Europe seem to desire it most, in spite of the fact that their representatives in this country certainly realize the impossibility of its fulfilling its purpose. They want it because to them it means American participation in their affairs. This has been shouted from the house-tops; it has been proclaimed in many public ways; it really needs no proof. The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, for instance, in one of his many dispatches on the subject says:

> It cannot be overemphasized that the European nations accept the Kellogg treaty as a means to let or get the United States into the world councils. . . . They count on America to help handle and suppress conditions which might cause violation of the American-made compact.

An experienced foreign office reporter, M. Jules Sauerwein, foreign editor of *Le Matin*, writes from Paris on the same subject and in the same American newspaper. M. Sauerwein has for many years been in intimate touch with the French foreign office and his writings are consequently of at least a semi-official character. He says:

> The United States takes a world-wide responsibility which she shunned the risk of during the last ten years. Inasmuch as it is now agreed that all existing treaties, especially the covenant of the League, are confirmed and strengthened, and considering that the signatory nations regain liberty of action against violators of the compact, the United States government becomes the moral guardian of the Peace Treaty and subsequent treaties.

The "moral" phase of the question has, as I have said, great force. On another point this reporter is also instructive.

M. Briand (he says) in the latter part of the negotiations was very skillful in bringing the United States to recognize as valid all existing treaties. Now France and America stand as charter members of this new moral association of nations.

Is this realized in the United States? Does the Senate intend to "recognize as valid all existing treaties"? It refused to do so ten years ago. I shall quote M. Sauerwein again, for his view seems so typical of why Europe considers it to her self-interest to have us sign this treaty.

One should not exaggerate nor belittle, (he continues) the risks and entanglements which may result for the United States from this new burden she assumes in international politics. . . . One should not underestimate the responsibilities and duties which will fall on the United States. Especially the citizens of that country should avoid the illusion that risks of war can be eliminated by contagion of pacific ideals. One must indeed be optimistic not to see in different corners of Europe real possibilities of war.

After discussing in some detail Lithuania's desire to seize Vilna, Hungary's ambition to enlarge her frontiers, Germany's hope to abolish the Danzig Corridor, Italy's dream to win Tunis, Corsica, Nice, and Savoy, Jugoslavia's plan to hold Saloniki, and Bulgarian plots to secure Constantinople, he concludes:

If one adds the fact that the Bolsheviki work constantly to create conflicts, we can see what a grave thing, but what a magnificent thing, the United States has undertaken in seeking to prevent another war in Europe.

Candidly, is this understood in this country? Do Americans intend to take this role in Europe or Asia or South America or in any other corner of the globe? Would they approve of the Kellogg treaty if they saw it in this light? I think it not unreasonable to say that they would not.

The same thing has been expressed in different ways. Sir Austen Chamberlain, foreign minister of Great Britain, discussing the treaty, said in the House of Commons on July 30:

If the American nation ranges itself behind its own treaty, then indeed the signature of the treaty will be an additional and most formidable deterrent of war, and it will be in addition a most valuable security for peace.

The New York *World* on the same day uttered a similar warning:

Americans must not think that Mr. Kellogg's treaty brings us to a goal; what it brings us to is merely a good starting point.

In this editorial it explains that membership in the World Court is the logical next step.

What, if anything, has Secretary Kellogg said about this? The New York *Herald Tribune*, in an editorial on July 19th, charged that the treaty involved us in the quarrels of Europe and entailed great sacrifices on our part without bringing us anything in return. On July 21st Secretary Kellogg, in a press interview, indicated that it did no such thing, arguing that since it is without sanctions it is similarly free of legal commitments. Is this not a plain *non sequitur* in view of his belief that the importance of the treaty is not legal but moral?

The fact is that "European public opinion believes that as a consequence of the new treaty the United States will join in any League action to employ military and naval force against any nation pronounced by the League authority to be an aggressor or, at the very least, will respect the naval blockade and the financial and economic boycott which the same body may pronounce against any power. In either case we should become, legally, co-belligerents with the League powers." The above is quoted from a letter written to the New York *Times* by Mr. Frank H. Simonds on August 6th. His standing as an utterly unbiased observer of European affairs needs no comment. Mr. Simonds continues:

Thus the distinction between President Wilson's proposal and that of Secretary Kellogg would appear to lie in the fact that while the former legally bound us to share in European operations, having participated in

the discussions which led to undertaking them, the latter would bind us morally to share the similar operations which had been decided upon in our absence. As between the two, it seems hardly to be questioned that the former was the less dangerous.

President Coolidge, in his speech of August 15th to the Wisconsin department of the American Legion, raised the interesting and pertinent question of what would have happened had the Kellogg treaty been in existence in 1914. Discussing this hypothesis, he declared:

> Had an agreement of this kind been in existence in 1914, there is every reason to suppose that it would have saved the situation and delivered the world from all the misery which was inflicted by the great war.

Does not this tax the imagination just a little? Let us analyze the situation recalled by the President and see what would have happened. Germany would have been the first signatory power to violate the terms of the treaty. Under the terms of the Briand reservation that each nation is alone competent to judge the question of self-defense, she could have argued that both France and Russia were perfecting their armaments year by year, and that it was purely a measure of self-defense for her to start hostilities at a time when she was still strong and so could prevent her downfall a few years later at the hands of her neighbors. She could not argue this way successfully in 1914; but with the Kellogg treaty in existence, she could have made a case before the bar of public opinion which it would have been very hard to refute.

What else would have happened? As soon as hostilities were begun, all the signatory powers would have been at once freed from their obligations under the pact. In other words they would have been exactly where they actually were when the War broke out. It is hard to see how Lord Grey's course could have been changed, for instance. He would have felt bound to reflect public opinion in the United Kingdom and act accordingly, even if there had been a more binding pact than the Kellogg treaty in existence. With the automatic freeing of all the Powers from their obligations under the pact, it is hard to see how his attitude would have been changed at all.

It is argued for the Kellogg treaty that its existence at the time of the last War would have resulted in the United States' entering the War sooner than she did. It is pointed out that public opinion in this country would have felt obliged, on account of the treaty, to take an active part in the hostilities of Europe. It seems debatable whether or not this would have been a good thing. It must certainly appear that a nation as large and as diverse as this one should take plenty of time to make up its mind before going into a large foreign war. But it also seems highly questionable that the pact would even have had this effect. If the pact at that time had been ten or more years old, it is surely permissible to imagine that it would have been forgotten—just as the Bryan arbitration treaties have been—and would have had no hold on public opinion. Even if it had not been a dead letter, we should have been released from it as soon as Germany violated its terms—that is, if, under the rather loose language of the pact, it could have been determined that Germany had violated its terms.

Therefore, the only difference which the Kellogg pact would probably have made might have been to place Germany on a sounder and more appealing ground from which to base her plea that her actions were based on self-defense, of which she, under the reservations to the pact, was the sole competent judge. The reader can judge for himself whether or not this would have been a good thing. It certainly seems, however, that Mr. Coolidge stretched a point in saying that the existence of the Kellogg pact in 1914 "would have saved the situation and delivered the world from all the misery which was inflicted by the great war."

IV

So far, then, as its actual bearing on the last War is concerned, the beneficial effect of the Kellogg pact would probably have been very small, in spite of the fact that the possibility of physical involvement in European quarrels should not be entirely forgotten. It is certain, however, that if at the moment of another European crisis we refused to act we should be exposed to precisely the same storm of criticism and reprobation which attended our rejection of the peace treaties. Europe has given us clear and unmistakable proof that she regards the Kellogg treaty as obliging us to interfere and that her interpretation of it is totally different from ours. And interpretations, where so vague a pact is concerned, are of prime importance. Formally to agree to such a pact, when opinions on both sides of the water are so wholly different, is really not to agree at all, but to sow the seeds of more trouble and misunderstanding.

It is difficult to see how the Senate can disregard such clear warning. If it ratifies the treaty it justifies inevitable criticism from Europe later on—criticism which will be far more severe than any which would attend its refusal to ratify. It has been argued that Europe would be very much distressed if the Senate should refuse to ratify, and would loudly criticize us for refusing to back up "our own treaty." This cry would undoubtedly be raised if the Senate refused. But it would have only the scantest foundation in fact and so could not be persistent. The proposal was first made to us by M. Briand, foreign minister of France. Assuming that the idea did originate with an American, Professor Shotwell, that American has disclaimed the finished product and had no brief to speak for the United States in the first place. In a discussion of this sort, only official sources should be considered. Moreover, if it is recalled that M. Briand was the first official to make the proposal, does it not seem that the phrase "Kellogg treaty," which originated in Europe, is a misnomer? Was not Secretary Kellogg quite right when, soon after the signing ceremonies in Paris, he modestly disclaimed being the sole author of the pact? If the Senate refuses to ratify, it is indeed hard to see how Europe with any justice can charge us with not backing up "our own treaty." The American Secretary of State has not and was never intended to have the same amount of power as the foreign minister of a parliamentary state, and it would do no harm to have European opinion realize this.

If the question of ratification be considered solely from the standpoint of incurring European anger, must it not be set down that it would be better to refuse to ratify it now rather than wait till later? And from the standpoint of historic American foreign policy, does not rejection seem the one intelligent course to follow? The treaty may be a good enough thing for Europe; but it cannot be repeated too often that the position of the United States in world affairs is wholly different from that of the individual European state. This statement does not seek to deny the assertion that we have an interest in what happens in Europe. But our interest is bound to be peculiar and our actions are certain to be different. We are so happily situated by geography that what happens in Asia or Oceania or South America is of nearly equal interest to us with what happens in Europe. Being so far away and so remote from strife, we can apply ourselves to improving our civilization and, perhaps, setting a real example to mankind. In any case, our influence in the affairs of others should not be fettered and predetermined. On the contrary, should we not adhere strictly to the simple rule that the United States should never agree in advance to support or oppose any Power or group of Powers?

I think it can already be shown that this Kellogg treaty would fetter us. The treaty negotiations, thanks to Secretary

Kellogg's inaction, were used as a pretext by the pacifist lobby in Washington last winter to prevent congressional action on the cruiser bill. Moreover, a forecast of what Europe may well be saying to us when the treaty is ratified, seems to be contained in the following statement, issued last summer by a member of the British cabinet, Sir William Joynson-Hicks:

> We are signing this compact at your request, a compact to end war, and yet we understand that you are increasing your navy. I think we are entitled to say to America that deeds speak louder than words.

Now, our navy may be too big and it may be too small, but do we want to give other nations a right to say what size our navy ought to be? Should we listen cheerfully to the argument that because of the Kellogg treaty we must make ourselves navally impotent? Yet that is what Europe seems to expect.

V

I have tried to show in the foregoing the dangers to world peace contained in the Kellogg treaty and the sacrifices which it would compel us to make to Europe without receiving anything in return. These are in themselves ample argument for the Senate to refuse to ratify. But there is one last argument, which seems to me more impressive than all the rest.

As I have said at the beginning, the last few years have seen a widespread interest in and deep desire for peace. It was for our public servants in Washington to take advantage of this sentiment, interpret it, and give it effect. It was a grand opportunity, with the public in a highly receptive mood, to clear up some of the misconceptions about war. In my judgment they wasted that opportunity.

They could have said, for instance, that so great a luxury as the abolition of war—and what luxury could conceivably be greater?—cannot be obtained without sacrifice. They could have pointed out in some public and impressive way that these sacrifices must be made by those who would benefit most from the abolition of war—the rank and file of the people.

They might have suggested, for instance, that those newspapers which increase their circulation and their revenue by sensationalizing war stop doing so. They might have pointed to the ever-increasing number of business houses, which since the War have been promoting American foreign trade at the expense of such nations as Great Britain, for instance, to whom foreign trade is far more essential than it is to us. They might have made it clear that there are certain business men who, by asking the Department of Commerce for aid in promoting the foreign sale of their product, are actually building up causes of war. These very business men, to be sure, would hotly deny such a charge. They would be perfectly sincere in so doing. But in some cases at least they are making for economic pressure, and their activities are, in fact, contributing causes of war. Yet they do not realize it and neither do the most active and energetic pacifists. That is the worst of it: the chief causes of war are unconscious and unthinking; they spring from apparently peaceful pursuits. But are they not far more dangerous than the navy, which is merely an obvious symbol of the treasure to be defended? Is not the ending of war dependent on a brave and clear realization of ultimate responsibility and, truthfully, can it be said that the Kellogg treaty even contributes to such a realization?

If these and similar commercial activities were curtailed, real sacrifices in money, production, and employment would be the result. Perhaps this curtailment would not be worth doing; perhaps war is cheaper in the end. But why not face the real facts and, after facing them, make the decision? An active, growing state collides with its neighbors. The vast ferment of life and of human activity brings war on—not the neatly worded understandings of

diplomatists. To have pointed this out would have been realistic and courageous.

I do not suggest that any attempt should have been made actually to cut down those activities which make for economic pressure and so often result in hostilities. Such an attempt, at this stage, would have been doomed to failure. Education is necessary, but the government could have called attention to the situation, and so have paved the way for reducing the activities of our growing nation if it saw fit to do so. Instead, they gave us the Kellogg treaty which is an attempt to get something for nothing—and that, as every child knows, is impossible.

In the meantime hundreds of newspapers are hailing the treaty as a great step towards permanent peace, and thousands of persons are being made to believe that something really has been done when, of course, nothing has or can be until a price is paid. A sense of false security is thus created and official sanction is thereby given to a most portentous misconception.

The conception of renouncing war by governmental fiat seems inherently absurd. The great forces in modern society—and especially American society—are quite independent of the government. We are in great measure our own masters. The banks, the newspapers, the great organizations of business—that whole body of influences which affect our thoughts, our food, our clothes, and our incomes goes forging along no matter what Washington says. We, as individuals, cannot dodge the responsibility for war; we cannot put it off on a few office holders, no matter how conscientious or well-meaning they may be. That may have been possible once; it is no longer possible to-day.

It seems to me that this attempt to get something for nothing, which is actually a program to give something for nothing, entrenches war more solidly than ever. War fears truth and realism; only understanding and mutual sacrifice can end it. Is it not apparent that the Kellogg treaty, with its many textual dangers, only thickens the haze, deepens the pitfalls, and once again postpones the day when some really clear thinking is done? Is it not manifestly true that the trouble with the Kellogg treaty is not, as some of its friends have said, that it is too idealistic but that it is not nearly idealistic enough?

A DAY WITH CHARLIE CHAPLIN

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

I ARRIVED in Hollywood one afternoon when the sun was blazing its white-hot rays upon the multi-shaped roofs of the fairylike cottages of the city of film fame. From a distance, from the heights of the Cahuenga Pass, Hollywood presented itself not like a city but like a monster exhibition of Spanish architecture. Every form and every variation was exhibited in colors grading from a glaring yellow to a shining blue that rivalled the blue of the sky. I had come by car through the Utah deserts. The sudden transition from the cold to the pleasant, almost enervating warmth made me conscious of the fine road sand which had filmed my face and body.

I drove up to the front of Chaplin's studio (having made a telegraphic appointment with the comedian whom I hadn't seen in more than a year). Half a dozen cars whose license plates showed they had come from that number of states, were parked there. In the Chaplin office, on a bench by the wall, weather-beaten, sun-browned men and women were waiting patiently for a glimpse of the great little man who had made them laugh.

"Why do you let them wait inside? And why doesn't Mr. Chaplin come out to see them? It would only take a minute," I asked one of the secretaries. She only raised her shoulders eloquently in answer.

After shaking hands with Tom—Tom Harrington, who had been Chaplin's secretary, bodyguard, valet, and protector for many years—I asked:

"Where's Charlie?"

"Haven't seen him in two days. He hasn't been down to the studio at all."

Chaplin was making one of his pictures but he could not always resist the temptation to run away and to try to forget that he was working. A hundred men and women were walking about impatiently on the "lot," all dressed up for their respective parts. The camera men had trained their apparatuses and were waiting at their posts; for no one knew when Charlie would suddenly appear and begin to work as if nothing had happened, as if he had left off just a few minutes before.

Taking possession of one of the dressing rooms, I plunged into the large swimming pool where a few mermaids were already disporting themselves—snatching a swim while the boss was away.

I had not been in the water more than a few minutes when a loud yell announced Charlie's arrival. The mermaids clambered out, leaving me alone in the pool, and rushed to the dressing rooms to get into their clothes.

Charlie, a little thinner, a little older than I had left him the year before, sat down on the edge of the pool and, taking his shoes off, began to wiggle his small, beautiful, feminine feet in the cool water. To the inevitable Tom who approached to whisper something in his ears, he motioned over his shoulders:

"That's all for the day. To-morrow at seven o'clock."

Standing up to my neck in water, we talked of this and that for a while. Then Charlie suddenly suggested:

"Let's go and see Doug."

We talked while I was dressing. I wondered what had gone out of the man. He was much quieter than usual. He was making a great effort to keep up his spirits. There was something indescribably sad in his face. His nervous fingers twitched continually.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" I asked.

But I had struck the wrong note, for instantly he began to cut capers, jump, sing Jewish dialect songs, and show me a new trick he had learned to do with his hat. He was defending himself, shutting himself in. I responded to his mood. A few minutes later we were ready to go. As we were about to pass the door I remembered the waiting admirers and the automobiles in which children were broiling in the sun for a glimpse of the man they adored. The memory of the eyes of a little boy of about eight who had been looking steadily at the door, afraid if he should turn his head for a second he would miss the great chance, made me stop Charlie and say:

"I have joined the Boy Scouts."

"You?" Charlie laughed.

"Yes. And I have sworn to do a good deed every day. It's getting dark and I haven't done one yet."

"You will soon do one," Charlie said. "Traffic in Hollywood has become impossible, and you know how afraid I am to cross the street."

"Charlie," I suggested, "there are forty people waiting outside who have come thousands of miles to see you. There are little boys and little girls who could be made happy. When they return home they will tell the world—their little world—that they have seen you with their own eyes."

Charlie grew pale. "I have been away for two days because of that. There is an old man with a terrible face, and he has been camping in front of my door for a week now. I can't do it."

Knowing Chaplin's sensitiveness to faces, I understood his reactions. But I had already passed an arm around his and was dragging him almost bodily into his office.

"Here's Mr. Chaplin!" I said to the assembly while the comedian was grinning and showing his teeth and trying to appear unconcerned. A man arose from the bench and instead of approaching Chaplin and looking at him with the same curiosity the others were doing, he called out from the door, "Come in, everybody!"

What an indescribable tumult! What cries of joy and delight during the next few moments! Chaplin had dropped his shyness and was shaking hands all around and telling everyone how glad he was they had come. He was distributing autographed photographs of himself to everybody—autographed photographs that bore no resemblance to the twitching, gesticulating, clumsy, nimble figure of the screen.

An old man, whose beady eyes danced shrewdly and whose swollen lower lip hung flabbily above a long chin, came in leaning on a knotted stick. Instantly Charlie lost his composure and gaiety. He looked at me appealingly, like a child in danger demanding protection of a stronger person. It was *the* man! He approached within a few feet of the comedian and examined him closely; as if he were looking at a new kind of potato bug. Then making a wry face, he turned around and said to the others:

"That ain't he!"

Man, woman, and child became silent. Had they been panning for gold and been told that the nuggets were only brass, they could not have been more disappointed.

"Throw him out!" Charlie cried. "Throw him out!"

But even before Tom had invited the man to leave the office, the crowd had pressed the old man out of the door, and I could see in the faces of the children how eager they were to throw things at his head.

I took the quivering comedian to his dressing room and looked out of the window to see what was going to happen.

One by one the cars were started, some going to the right and others to the left. And though they wouldn't believe what the old man had said, he had robbed them of absolute certainty. They were as willing to believe as they were willing to doubt. The old man walked away and, though he was hooted and cursed by the youngsters in the car, he shook his head and screamed at them:

"It ain't he!"

"You did your good deed?" Charlie jeered at me.

"If I did nothing else, I got rid of the old man," I rejoined.

A veil fell from the face of Chaplin. He was his old self again. He was no longer worried, no longer depressed. He looked well, his eyes were sparkling, his fingers had stopped twitching, and when he called Tom and his administrator, Reeves, his voice rang as gaily and as familiarly as of old.

When Chaplin is in a good mood he is called "Charlie" by everybody. When he is in a bad mood he is never addressed, even by his most intimate friends, otherwise than as "Mr. Chaplin." Reeves talked to him with just a tinge of reproach in his voice.

"The appearance of that old man cost me ten thousand dollars," Charlie said laughingly.

"Why didn't you tell Tom or Reeves to get rid of him?" I asked.

"Hadn't thought of that. Heavens! I hadn't thought of that!" Then turning to his employees, "Well, to-morrow, eight o'clock."

Tully, Chaplin's secretary, put in an appearance. He asked for something or other. But Charlie did not take the trouble to answer him.

We were soon at Doug's. The square mile of land was crowded with turrets and bridges and walls of Oriental design. Men and women dressed in Oriental garb were loafing singly and in couples. Seated before a piano, a charming young girl, dressed in nothing much, was pounding out Oriental melodies, creating atmosphere. Doug was in shorts. His brown, muscled body glistened under the mellow light of the setting sun. Unconcerned with everything about him, the acrobat-actor was keeping fit physically by jumping from one spanned net into another one, doing the trick much better than a number of other actors. But when I watched more closely, I saw how the others were "pulling their punches," deliberately not doing as well as they were able, to flatter by their physical inferiority the pride of the great man. A second later the competition narrowed down to Chaplin and Douglas; and though the husband of Mary did his best, he was easily outclassed by the nimbler, lighter man. The hangers-on and yes-men turned their faces away not to see the defeat of their idol. If anyone had expected to ask a favor or a good word from Doug that evening, the opportunity was lost. A little later, while we—Doug, Mary, Charlie, and myself—were having some coffee Charlie said:

"I have been the 'old man' for him to-night. He, too, will lose two days."

While we were talking of old things, I thought of the old spontaneity in the slapstick comedy of Chaplin and the naïve heroisms of Fairbanks. No one could have hurt them more than those who told them they were artists and had made them self-conscious.

I told Charlie the old story of the centipede. Taking a morning stroll, the centipede was met by another insect who asked, "In the morning which foot do you put down first and which do you put down afterwards?" The centipede didn't know; but the following morning he couldn't walk, because *he did not know* which foot to put down first and which afterwards.

Doug was curious, Mary was pensive, Charlie was happy. He had overcome his self-consciousness for that day. When we walked out, he said:

"You were the second 'old man' to-night. I bet you a nickel Doug won't work to-morrow. Last week when he showed me the drawbridge of his castle

for the picture he is doing, I said, 'This is a nice thing to lift in the morning and take in the milk bottle.' He wasn't able to work afterwards for two days. He was angry because I had ridiculed his fantasy."

On Sunset Boulevard garish automobiles were taking home the stars of first magnitude. Less garish cars took home those of the second rank, and those who hadn't yet reached the firmament were walking on the hot pavement. Most of the men and women were still in their makeup and some even wore the costumes in which they had worked during the day. False beards. False mustaches. Wigs. Faces painted blue and red. Ladies in Louis the Fourteenth dresses walked side by side with primitive men, Indians, cowboys, and Chinese mandarins. A celebrated dog attended by two keepers was being taken home in a luxurious limousine. Soon another limousine passed. An equally celebrated canine was being whisked home to his comforts. Hollywood disputed the respective merits of these two stars and gossiped about their affairs with the same malice with which Hollywood gossips about its two-footed stars.

Seated behind a table in one of the restaurants, a number of acquaintances came to shake hands with me. To my surprise I discovered that several celebrities had never before met Chaplin officially. Ridiculous! but the rules of etiquette in Hollywood are enforced more rigidly than anywhere else. Strange that actors, who not many years ago experienced the snobbishness of Society, should now live according to the formalities which once oppressed them so!

We were soon alone.

"Spend the evening with me," Charlie suggested.

I had some business to attend to, but his voice was so appealing; the great loneliness of the man was packed into those few words. There was a look of gratitude in his eyes when I told him that I hadn't intended otherwise.

We had hardly begun to eat when the old man with the beady eyes and swollen lip appeared in the door of the coffee house. Charlie's spoon dropped out of his hand. The old man remained at the door, looked around, but his eyes rested only for a second on the comedian and then roved from one table to another. I got up and approached him.

"Tell me," I asked, "why did you say it wasn't he when you looked at Mr. Chaplin? What made you say such a thing?"

"Of course it isn't he," the old man replied. "Don't I know him? I would recognize him in a hundred."

"Him? Who?" I asked.

"My son!" the old man replied. "I have been looking for him now for five years. He disappeared from home. People told me he got into the movies. When I came here last week someone told me that Mr. Chaplin was my son. And it ain't true. Don't I know him? He was a head taller five years ago than Chaplin is now."

Charlie was trembling from head to toe when I took the old man to our table. When I told him the story he wanted to know everything. An hour later, when Charlie and I walked out, he asked:

"What is it, father love?" And then added reminiscently, "No father of mine has been looking for me so assiduously."

The inevitable Tom approached us again. Charlie whispered something. Tom ran away while we waited for him. A moment later he appeared with a cap. Charlie pulled the cap over his eyes, a little at an angle, and, his appearance changed so, he was unrecognizable. With a twist he set his tie a little aside. One of his cuffs was sticking out from his sleeves. His gait changed.

"Let's go down town to Los Angeles and look around."

"Much chance you have! You would be spotted everywhere."

"No, I won't," Charlie answered.

I turned around to look at him. What a transformation in the man! His

trousers were baggy, his shoulders were sagging, a cigarette hung from one corner of his mouth. He looked no different than a hundred other young men passing to and fro from work and loafing around the corners. We walked side by side, Charlie inventing a fantastic tale about a boss who wasn't treating him right.

"If he ain't giving me a raise next week, I am going to quit! By God, I am going to quit!" He said it several times. "And I told that Union delegate, 'It ain't fair!'"

He had worked himself up into the mood of the man whose gait and clothes and speech he was imitating. His voice vibrated with anger. We stopped at a corner to listen to a Socialist soapbox speaker. And no man shouted louder his approval of what the orator was saying than Charlie.

"Gee, that's right! Every word of it." And talking loudly to me, he attracted the attention of the others. "My boss bought two new cars inside of a month. By God, with everything going up the way it does, something's got to be done!" And he repeated the "something's got to be done" so frequently that a few people who had been noncommittal till then agreed with him, and only when everyone had repeated, "something's got to be done" did Charlie leave the place.

I wanted to laugh. It was an excellent imitation. The mood had been well sustained. But the look in Charlie's eyes! I couldn't possibly laugh about a man's misfortunes.

"It's a shame. Why is it they pay good moving-picture actors thousands of dollars a week when they wouldn't pay a good carpenter the same price? It's a shame the way them moving-picture actors get everything just because they amuse the people. And we who do the work don't get anything or hardly anything."

"Well, some of them are worth it," I said, following the mood. "Take for instance Charlie Chaplin."

"Shucks!" Charlie answered. "He ain't worth it! And besides, he is getting so much fun out of his work! What fun do I get out of mine? Gee, if I played like him I wouldn't care whether I got paid or not!"

When he had dropped out of this mood, while we were sitting in a little coffee house frequented by workmen, Charlie told me the story of how he had gone to San Francisco incognito to try to win a prize offered by a moving picture house to the man best imitating Charlie Chaplin.

"I did my best," Charlie assured me, "but couldn't even win the booby prize. The man who won the first prize was perfectly awful. If that's what I look like in other people's eyes . . ."

And he wouldn't say another word. However, when we walked out he straightened up, put the cap at a different angle, shoved the cuffs in, and was immediately recognized by the passersby who greeted him and followed us to the next corner.

I didn't know that Kono, Charlie's driver, had followed us everywhere with the car. We stepped into it as casually as if we had known it was there all the time. Speeding rapidly against all traffic rules (for Charlie's car is recognized by all policemen), we went to see a prize fight. I couldn't hold Charlie down to his seat. The people sitting in the tiers above us were continually yelling, "Sit down!" Charlie was following every movement in the ring. He had picked his favorite and so completely identified himself with him that whenever the man was hit Charlie cried out with pain. When the man was hit in the stomach Charlie bent like a jackknife. When the man was hit in the jaw Charlie held his face with both hands. When the man was finally knocked out the little comedian literally fell into my arms.

At the door an old friend of Chaplin's said to me:

"He always picks the losers."

Chaplin looked at him with big childish eyes, watery with pain.

"Have you ever been in the ring?" Chaplin asked.

"No."

"Well, I have been. And I was always the loser. And do you know why? Because the winner had always eaten better than I had the day before." Then turning to me, he said, "Don't you ever become a successful man."

"What about yourself?" I asked.

"I am sorry," Charlie said apologetically. "But it was either that or die."

"And isn't it the same with the others?"

"It is," he assented. "But it's terrible."

Back in town we noticed a young couple looking in the show windows where complete bedrooms for $169 were exhibited. Charlie turned around and said to me:

"Suppose I give them a check for $169. What would happen?"

"They would probably buy the set."

"But then it will only be a bedroom set for them and not an ideal. They would not have anything to talk about. They will eventually get it. It's like my house in Beverly Hills. Now that I have it, it's like everything else."

Pulling his cap down, he began to invent another fantastic grievance. He was a street-car conductor. The pay was bad. The hours were bad. For three years he had wanted to marry but couldn't. What hope was there for a street-car conductor?

But he didn't carry this mood as well as he had carried the previous one, for he was soon talking about his next picture. He was even worrying that he wasn't recognized as frequently as he used to be.

Two young girls marched slowly in front of us as if they wished to be overtaken.

"Let's give them a good time."

The four of us stopped in front of a jewelry window. They were two working girls on a lark. It was Saturday evening. We were soon sitting about a round table in an ice cream parlor. The two girls, playing us for easy marks, picked the most expensive things on the bill of fare. They hadn't recognized Charlie. He was boasting to them of his earnings. He told them he was a fencing master. He had taught Valentino to fence. The "wop" wasn't all he was cracked up to be.

What a look in the eyes of the girls! They didn't believe a word he said. They looked at me appealingly. Finally one girl asked of me:

"Are you a fencing master too?"

"No, I am a locksmith, a fancy locksmith."

"Why don't you lock him up?" she said. "Don't leave such a thing loose."

A red-headed, Irish, freckled miss, she appealed tremendously to Charlie's sense of humor. She was sharp, witty, and didn't let an opportunity pass without making some cutting remark. When Charlie had boasted about the tremendous sums of money he was making at his profession and the girl hadn't believed him, he plunged his hands into his rear trousers' pocket and brought out a roll of bills of large denominations.

"Gee," the other girl said, "may be all he says is true!"

But the freckled one had risen from her chair at the sight of so much money.

"Come on, Maggie, I don't want to be mixed up in any such thing. The cops may be after him any minute."

We were back in the car, driving towards Hollywood. It was close to midnight by now, yet the streets were as animated as in the daytime. There were fewer persons in costumes, but Hollywood had lost nothing of its fantastic appearance. The outlines and the shadows of the Spanish bungalows and the pagodas, and the strange colored lights that piereed through the shades of the windows made Film Town appear even less real than in daylight. Though the night was so far advanced, it seemed only like a prolonged twilight.

"I am hungry," Charlie suggested, and then said something to the driver.

He was possessed by a new mood—a mood that appeared much more real than before. The race, he said, was to the swiftest. He argued that those who were too weak to stand up, fell. He agreed thoroughly with the superman theory. Christianity had hurt the world by making the humble one and the unsuccessful one appear in a favorable light. It was all against nature, against the trend of history. In a garden one weeded out the strong to give the weak one a chance to live. Life was a stern affair. Doctors maintained the cripple and the weakling. They were against the interest and the welfare of the strong, the only ones who should be protected and encouraged. All other ideas were but sickly sentimentality. He was occasionally overcome by such sentiments, but when he came to his senses he knew better. Other men had started life with him on the same plane. Most of them had had fewer handicaps than he. He succeeded because he was stronger.

Talking like this, we entered into a rather luxurious Russian cabaret which was totally empty. We were the only guests. The waiters fell one over another in their hurry to serve us. From a side door there appeared a half-dozen Russian women dressed in gypsy costumes and three men in Cossack costume. One of the men went to the piano, the rest began to sing wild Russian songs. The voices were indifferent and there wasn't a single attractive woman in the group.

When the first song was finished, they sat down to rest but one of the women remained standing to sing a solo. When that number had come to an end one of the men rose to his feet and began to dance the Dagger Dance, throwing and fixing in the floor the points of the daggers as he turned and whirled. By the time the dragging dinner was half through, each member had done his individual turn, and the pianist had rolled out a long sentimental Chopin ballad. I thought they were through. I felt awkward to be entertained by so numerous a troupe. The place was absolutely empty. These were Russian princes, counts, and princesses, trying to make a living. Their Slavic faces and their eager eyes were continually directed at us.

The whole thing began over again. The choir sang, the Cossack did his dagger dance, one after another the gypsy-costumed girls got up to sing their songs, and the pianist played another sentimental ballad. And still no other guest had come in. We had finished our dinner. We were anxious to go. But it wasn't polite to leave while someone was dancing or singing. And the Russians never left any space open between numbers. The echo of one song was still ringing when another song was begun.

Charlie looked at me appealingly as if I could do something. It was one o'clock in the morning. It was two o'clock in the morning. Not once was the door opened by a client. And the Cossack was dancing the dagger dance. The girls were singing gypsy songs. The pianist was playing the sentimental ballad—a continually moving circle with not a moment in between or a chance for us to leave. We couldn't possibly offend them and get up while Prince So-and-so or Countess So-and-so was doing a solo. I felt as if in a squirrel cage.

"Let's go," I said to him.

He spread out his hands appealingly as if to say, "How can we?"

A dozen pairs of eyes were fixed on us. The sword man was dancing. The pianist was pounding out another sentimental ballad. I was ready to get up and cry out in pain; ready to commit murder, when the door opened and two ladies, looking a little the worse because of the hour of the night, their white dresses crumpled and in need of the cleaners, and two men perfectly groomed, with their silk hats a little at an angle,

entered joyously. Seldom has relief come at a more needed moment.

"Welcome, welcome!" Charlie cried out, bowing low.

Before these people had sat down we dashed out. Kono was sleeping, his big dark head rested on his arms upon the steering wheel.

"What about that strength of the strong?" I mocked Charlie. "What about that relentlessness? Why did you stay longer than you wanted?"

"I am so sleepy. I am so tired." And crumpling on the seat, Charlie collapsed.

Kono took charge of him. I walked back to my hotel. On Sunset Boulevard, at every fifty feet or so, I met some man or woman walking in one direction or another—men and women who had come to Hollywood with great hopes and great ambitions, and who were now walking the streets because they had no lodging for the night. A little later a luxurious limousine would take the celebrated dog star out for his morning ride. I looked through the window of the Russian cabaret. The two couples were still there. The Russians were dancing and singing furiously. For a moment I thought of opening the door to save these poor wretches; but I remembered I had already done my good deed, and there was a long day ahead of me.

OBSERVATORY

BY HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

THE dome is darker than a Gothic nave.
Sancta Sophia pierced to frame a star
Would loom no vaster. No Cromagnon cave
Conjures cold ghosts so fearful as these are.
Strained eyes inured to interstellar spaces
Turn patiently upon the clamorous door
Yielding to baffled and incurious faces
A new sensation. "Saturn's ring's a bore,"
A voice declares. He'd missed a movie too.
"The Ford boiled over—that grade sure is hell."
Vacuous laughter. "Well, let's see the view."
And then calm words reverberant as a bell
Of one who spoke from lunar Caucasus,
"The sun is rising on Copernicus."

A FAMILY DOCTOR SPEAKS HIS MIND

BY WINGATE M. JOHNSON

IN a recent issue of this magazine appeared an article by a doctor, himself a specialist, setting forth the great advantages of group practice in medicine. It is but one of numerous expressions of discontent with present conditions in the medical profession. Most of these have been written by laymen, however; and I felt like saying "*Et tu, Brute!*" when I read this doctor's forceful appeal to the public to abandon the individual or family doctor and to substitute a firm of specialists organized as a so-called clinic.

The arguments for group practice as set forth by this writer, and by all its other advocates, may be boiled down to the statement that the field of medicine is too big for one man to cover, and that a patient can secure a more thorough examination by a group of specialists, working as a firm or "clinic," than he could get from one man, and at a lower cost than a number of examinations by independent specialists.

The rapid increase of group practice and of specialism is a by-product of the World War. In an effort to systematize and standardize the work of its medical men the government provided short intensive courses for those men who were not already specialists. The hospital units were an embodiment of the group-practice idea. After the War was over numerous groups of physicians formed medical firms or clinics when they returned to civil life.

There is enough doubt regarding the advantages of group practice as a means of supplying the medical needs of the average family, and enough objections to it, to make it advisable for the medical profession to thresh out the question among its own members. Remember the homely old proverb to the effect that a family does not improve its social status by washing its dirty linen in public. The medical profession might well profit by a full and free discussion of such questions in its own proper meetings before inviting laymen in to umpire its family squabbles. It is well known that the public is always eager to hear some new thing, but not always so ready to hold fast to that which is good.

Since, however, a specialist has set the example, and since the general practitioner seldom has time to defend his rights, I, for one, want to take advantage of some vacation leisure to speak in defense of my own group of medical men.

At this point let me give a brief autobiography by way of qualifying as an expert witness on behalf of the family doctor. It has been twenty years since my graduation from Jefferson Medical College. After eighteen months as interne in a general hospital, I entered practice in a rapidly growing Southern town. Ten years later I spent six months in post-graduate work in pediatrics, under the late Dr. Holt. Returning to my old field, with the intention of resuming my beloved family practice, I allowed myself to be swept off my feet by the rising tide of specialism. A number of my medical friends urged me strongly to limit my work to children, saying that I had prepared myself to qualify as a specialist and

really owed it to the profession to do so. Against my better judgment, I tried the experiment and spent the most miserable five months of my existence until, able no longer to stand the tug of my old families, I renounced my claims as a specialist and once more took up general practice.

Some years earlier I had gradually eliminated from my work all surgery except of the most minor sort; venereal diseases; anesthesia, except for my own patients; and special work in the eye, ear, nose, and throat. After beginning general practice a second time, I was soon compelled by overwork to give up obstetrics. Now my work consists chiefly of pediatrics and internal medicine, but I am still proud to be known as a family doctor. Four pediatricians have since come into the town, so I am not needed to round out that branch of medicine.

I can truthfully say that there is no element of envy or jealousy in my remarks. I gave up the life of a specialist for that of a family doctor because I wanted to. After knowing for ten years what it meant to have the love and loyalty of as fine a group of families as any doctor could covet, I could not discard them like an old suit of clothes and cultivate an entirely new clientele. There is something about treating a family as a unit, and being considered, as it were, an honorary member of it, that appeals to me as can no specialist's reward.

II

I am perfectly willing to admit that for many patients a well-conducted clinic run by conscientious men is the place to go, and I have sent many of my patients to such places; but to argue that they should altogether replace individual practitioners is as absurd as to say that all our retail grocery and clothing stores should be replaced by ten-floor department stores.

Moreover, I am not willing to admit that in the usual clinic the average patient can get a more thorough examination, at less expense, than he would at the hands of a well-trained, competent, conscientious general practitioner, with enough clinical experience behind him to be able to advise his patients wisely as to what special examinations are needed, and the power to evaluate properly the various findings of X-ray and laboratory experts, as well as the reports of specialists.

I am not considering the doctor who merely looks at a patient's tongue, feels his pulse, and writes out a prescription; though men of this caliber are found within the clinics as well as without. After all, a clinic is usually the extension of one man's personality, and the final results of the various special examinations are added up by one man in order to get the answer to the problem.

There are two glaring fallacies frequently set forth by those who advocate group-medicine as a substitute for the individual family doctor. The first is that all patients who consult doctors need exhaustive examinations to find out what is the matter with them. The second, that modern medical skill can solve all medical problems—that "it has taken its practice from the realm of guesswork to the realm of certainty."

While it is true that some medical problems are very complicated, it is fortunate that most of them can be solved with comparative ease by any competent, well-trained medical man. I know of no better way to prove this statement than to take up, case by case, my last full day's work before beginning a vacation.

The day's work began—not including the numerous telephone calls before I left the house—by witnessing the removal of a diseased appendix and gall-bladder from a man who had had attacks for some time, so typical that it was not necessary to have an X-ray examination to confirm the diagnosis. In the same hospital I visited a man eighty-four years old with the classical symptoms of arteriosclerosis. Not all

the clinics in America could add many years to his life.

My next three cases were children with influenza. Two were quite typical, but the third was of the intestinal variety which closely simulated appendicitis. Long clinical experience, aided by a blood count made for me gratis by a hospital technician, enabled me to recognize it.

The next patient was a young school teacher with influenza. Surely the intensive training all medical men have had in that disease since 1918 should insure its recognition without the aid of a group of diagnosticians.

At this point came an urgent call to a good friend and patient, who died suddenly of angina pectoris before I got to him. Within the past two years he had visited two of the best-known and most highly rated clinics in the country in search of a cure. They changed neither my diagnosis nor proposed treatment. Any good general practitioner in the country could duplicate this case many times.

Following this I saw a patient with influenza, then one with tuberculosis (easily diagnosed by physical examination, but confirmed by a sputum examination, done by my accommodating technician friend). She is improving under the standard treatment of rest, fresh air, and good food. If any clinic can improve on this combination, I am open to suggestion.

In another hospital I visited a man whom I am treating for a peptic ulcer—a diagnosis made clinically, but confirmed by the X-ray. In the same hospital was a woman with arthritis involving her knee and wrist. Her case has been a puzzling one, requiring the aid of the laboratory, X-ray, and an orthopedic man in consultation.

My next call was to see a baby with a fermentation diarrhea. The last patient before I went to the office was a man with a very sore mouth, due to Vincent's angina, or "trench mouth." He had been to a clinic for examination before I saw him, though I had seen and diagnosed numerous similar cases, with laboratory aid, and had treated them with some success. I admit, however, that he brought back with him an idea about treatment which was a new method of applying an old principle. This I found helpful in his case, and I expect to apply it to future cases.

In the office I saw first a woman with a deformed toe, whom I referred to an orthopedic man. Next came a young man who complained of "indigestion" and "nervousness." His appendix had been removed, eliminating the chief organic cause of indigestion, and his symptoms were very indefinite. He had recently begun a sedentary occupation after being accustomed to regular exercise. It required no clinic to tell him what to do. Then came a girl with an ingrown toe nail; a child with tonsillitis; another with *impetigo contagiosa* (an easily recognized skin infection); a woman with pain in the muscles of her back, perhaps due to obviously infected tonsils; and two children for vaccination. Three insurance examinations completed my office work for the day.

After the evening meal, besides rounds at two hospitals, my only call was to see an old lady with a small but painful tumor, whom I referred to a surgeon.

This is a faithful summary of one day's work, typical except that I rarely escape with only one evening call. By the way, our advocate of the group-medicine idea of family practice neglected to say what happened to a patient seized in the middle of the night with kidney colic or acute appendicitis. The operator at the clinic telephone would probably be off duty then, but somehow such attacks have an inconvenient way of coming at unearthly hours.

I have gone into tedious detail as the best method of showing that the usual run of cases coming to the general practitioner are not so complicated that the services of a whole corps of specialists are needed for their diagnosis and treat-

ment. With the possible exception of the young lady with the pain in her back, the process of going through the hopper of a clinic would have been an utterly needless expense for all these patients. Obscure cases which tax every resource of modern medicine are occasionally encountered; but what conscientious physician will refuse to recognize his limitations?

III

A second fallacy held by advocates of group practice is that modern medical skill can solve all disease problems. After having seen in a number of cases the most highly-rated clinics in the country fail to reach correct conclusions, I realize afresh that Hippocrates "knew his onions" when he said "Experience is fallacious and judgment difficult."

Let me cite three cases in proof of my contention. A few years ago a good friend and patient of mine went to one of the most celebrated clinics in America for examination and treatment. In writing the director of the clinic, I told him that the patient was one of the most typical cases of cardio-vascular-renal disease (practically the same as arteriosclerosis) I had ever seen. In due time an exhaustive document came from him, recording all their findings. He regretted that he could not agree with my diagnosis, giving it as his opinion that there was no trouble with the heart or kidneys, but that the patient's sole trouble was a secondary anemia. He did not state, however, what the anemia was secondary to. After being kept in bed for a month on forced feeding, which he did not need, the patient was sent back with directions for me to continue daily hypodermatic injections of the then-favorite sodium cacodylate. Within a month I had the grim satisfaction of seeing my diagnosis confirmed by repeated fragments breaking off the walls of his circulation—one rendering him blind in one eye, and several others going to his lungs. One proved fatal.

Another case was that of a woman who, after suffering for several months with headache and frequent attacks of vomiting, had been taken to a famous clinic in a large city, where she was "studied" for two weeks. Her gall-bladder and appendix were then removed, and she was sent back home. No relief was obtained, however, so she was sent to one of our hospitals. There the discovery of a double choked disk gave the clue to a brain tumor, from which she soon died. When I wrote the surgeon who had operated on her of this finding, he replied that he was very much interested to learn of the new development in her case. This reminded me of an incident of my hospital interne days. One of our classmates, who was serving in another hospital, paid us a visit, during which he boasted of the large number of major operations he had been allowed to do. After he left, one of our number expressed the feeling of us all when he said, "I don't mind listening to his lies, but I do hate to think that he thinks I am sucker enough to believe him." I hate for this surgeon to think I believe that the tumor developed after the patient left him.

A good friend of mine, also a general practitioner, sent a patient with a history of repeated heart attacks, to a celebrated clinic. The man came back with a letter from the head man of this group, stating that he found nothing wrong with the patient's heart, and considered the attacks purely nervous—in other words, hysterical. The next day, however, the patient was so inconsiderate of the great man's reputation as to drop dead in an attack.

These cases might be multiplied but they are enough to show that no one man nor group of men has a corner on knowledge. By way of contrast to the arguments of the group-practice advocates, let me quote from an article in a recent *Journal* of the American Medical Association, by one of the greatest medical teachers in America:

The greatest difficulty confronts us in attempting to determine whether a given group of symptoms is functional or structural in origin. The symptoms and even the laboratory observations may be the same in two cases, yet one may be organic and the other functional. Every surgical clinic affords proof of the errors arising through this mimicry, and every practicing physician has regretted experiences that prove to him the fallacy of the ordinary criteria of disease. What can help us in such a doctor's dilemma? Perhaps that heaven-born gift, intuition, the subconscious psychologic insight which comes to us when we study the patient personally. It is because it tends to neglect that subtle insight that I am not favorably disposed to the hopper method of studying cases which obtains in certain clinics. Such a method precludes the utilization of the sixth sense.

Another objection to the clinic method of handling patients is the loss of the sympathetic bond between patient and doctor. To the clinic doctor the patient is only a problem; and the scientific attitude toward him is apt to be developed to such a point that his emotional side is forgotten. I once knew of a good woman who went to one of the greatest clinics in the country for relief from intolerable headaches. In her youth she had been married to a dissipated wretch who died in a few years. A blood test showed that she was infected with syphilis—a legacy from her husband. It had attacked her nervous system and was responsible for the headaches. The chief of the clinic—whose name is a household word in America—told her, with frankness unbelievably brutal, the exact nature of her trouble. He told her, furthermore, that her only chance of recovery was by the intravenous injection of salvarsan, that even so she would probably not live long and might become insane before she died.

It would have been far more merciful to shoot her dead. The poor woman, as innocent of wrongdoing as a newborn babe, when she heard the name of her disease felt that her soul as well as her body was doomed. Almost immediately she lost her reason, refused to eat, and soon died, crying pitiably to those who came about her, "Don't touch me. I am unclean, unclean!"

Any worthwhile practitioner should have been competent to have had the blood test made—and surely a tactful, kindly man could have given her the necessary treatment without letting her know what it was all about.

Still another argument against the group idea is that there is great danger that in the multitude of counsellors there will not be any one man to feel actual responsibility for the patient as will the individual doctor.

IV

To any intelligent reader who has kept up with our magazines and best sellers for the past few years in even the most desultory fashion it must be evident that the medical profession has been getting more than its share of criticism. This is partly due, no doubt, to the general restlessness, discontent, and irreverence prevalent since the War. The keynote of most post-war literature has been dissatisfaction with things as they are. Our profession, of course, cannot expect immunity from the universal virus of skepticism and iconoclasm. Indeed, no one rejoices in the lifting of the veil of mystery that for centuries has hung over the healing art more than the honest doctor, for he has no trade secrets. The whole world is welcome to any aid and comfort he can give it.

It seems, though, that the doctor has been the target for more attacks than anyone else. There must be some reason for the almost sudden change in the attitude of the people toward the natural guardians of their health. I cannot help but feel that the rapid multiplication of specialists, real and self-styled, and the commercialization of medicine by group practice are at least partly to blame. The change may be for the best interests of all concerned

—but there are many who are not convinced that it is. It is true that the present fashion is to emphasize the importance of the specialist and to minimize the general practitioner. The specialists complacently accept this arrangement, and so do many practitioners. But why should they? Does it not require just as much brain power to minister to the whole body as to treat a section of it? And does it not require as much personality to keep a family satisfied as to use the magic word "specialist" as an aid to confidence? It is true that close and continued application to one part of the body or to one branch of medicine brings increased skill therein, but it also tends to give a distorted view of the whole organism.

Many thoughtful observers believe that the wave of specialism has passed its crest, and there are signs that the general practitioner is coming back into his own. The highest possible authority on the subject, the Committee on Medical Education of the A. M. A., estimates that a good general practitioner is capable of handling from eighty to ninety per cent of the illness for which patients seek medical advice.

If I have left the impression from what I have written that I do not believe in the necessity for specialists, let me correct it immediately. I doubt if there is a doctor in our city who refers more patients to specialists than I do. Undoubtedly, there are many individuals who need services that can be rendered only by one or more specialists. I do not pretend to know how to correct an error of refraction in an individual; I do, however, crave the privilege of first seeing my own patient, taking a complete history, and making as thorough examination as I am able. Then, if the case is obscure, or if the evidence points to the seat of the trouble in a specialist's realm, I am glad either to call him in consultation or refer my patient directly to the appropriate one.

Let me emphasize once more that what I have written is not in an attitude of sour grapes. I have chosen the life of a family doctor because I feel that it enables me best to serve humanity. The specialists have not encroached upon my practice to an appreciable extent. I have all the work I want to do, frequently more than can be done without taxing my endurance, and think that I have the hearty support of as many families as I can well care for.

So much is being written and said about the passing of the family doctor, however, that a general practitioner who is not well balanced is in danger of developing that most dangerous condition, an inferiority complex. Long recognized as the foundation of the medical profession, there is apparent danger that he will be crushed by the weight of the structure which has been reared upon him. Nearly all the developments of the past quarter of a century have taken heavy toll of his work.

The rapid rise of specialism and its spectacular appeal to the public have caused many patients to diagnose their own cases rather than go to their family physician for a general examination and let him decide what special work is needed. A recent writer in this magazine charged that his father was murdered by the most celebrated throat specialist of his day, "who killed my father by telling him to get up and go about his business because there was nothing the matter with his throat. Actually he was suffering from a heart rendered temporarily weak by erysipelas and dropped dead at his bedside immediately after the specialist had left the room."

A throat specialist was getting decidedly out of his territory when he undertook to treat an acute heart condition. A competent general practitioner would have known better than to have ordered such a patient out of bed. As long, however, as laymen will diagnose their own ailments so far as to ignore men capable of viewing the body as a whole, and themselves decide upon the specialists they think they need, they

should be willing to take the consequences.

If people could know how loyalty on their part begets loyalty on the part of the doctor, the overwhelming majority of families would continue to recognize one individual doctor as their own medical adviser, and let him know that he is depended upon as their guide, philosopher, and friend in all matters medical; and that he is expected to call in a specialist whenever he may think necessary. The families that adopt this course would never in an emergency or an epidemic flounder around frantically and vainly for help. One special point I wish to make is the wisdom of going once or twice a year for a thorough examination whether one feels sick or well. Most modern garages stress the advantages of monthly "general inspections" of automobiles. Surely the human machine is entitled to at least an annual "general inspection." A general practitioner who is not capable of making a periodical examination does not deserve to be called a family doctor.

I do not mean to belittle the specialist, but rather to magnify the family doctor. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, the family physician must be the bulwark of defense against the ills of the average family. Since this is true, why should he be relegated to the rear ranks of the medical army?

RATIONS

BY MARGERY MANSFIELD

AT seven-twenty I awake
To get my day's dole of the sun;
For forty minutes the gold square
Of light moves on across the dun
Of bedroom walls,
Because the sun for forty minutes crawls
Across the triangle of sky
That I can see from where I lie.

The sun's a milkman, selling golden milk,
The sun's a draper, measuring out pale silk.
He lifts his kindly head above court walls,
He looks at me and calls,
"Come get your sunlight, here's your piece of sun,
I'm sorry it's so small a one,
But see, I splash the gold on thick
And pattern it as fair
As for a larger square,
Laying the shadows intricate, and then,
I snatch it down again,
And go upon my way.
(We carry large and smaller squares—for every purse.) Good-day!"

THE GIRL WHO TRIED EVERYTHING

A STORY

BY SUSAN ERTZ

THE English Visitor met her first on the tennis court. There was only one on which one could play without tripping over the tape, or on which the Riviera sun did not blaze down upon the head, and it was in great demand. The English Visitor deplored the recent but immense enthusiasm of the French for a game that had once been uniquely English, and played when he could. He played well enough, and the three Frenchmen who daily invited him to make a fourth found him competent. But they never could play two sets running, for always, just outside the court, there waited the Girl from St. Rafael. She waited patiently, racket in hand, a white cotton dress slipped on over her bathing suit. She looked on stolidly until the set was finished, then at once, with an expectant smile on her face, stepped upon the court. Chivalry is chivalry, and there was no gainsaying her. Everyone knew she walked four miles every day from St. Rafael—she had a room there in some inferior hotel—to play tennis and bathe at the Hotel of the Pines, and talk to the visitors if they would talk to her. Some people said she was half-witted. She was a big girl, with a fine strong frame and firm white skin that refused to darken like other people's. Her arms and legs were big but shapely, her face stolid but handsome, her closely cropped hair polished and shining. Certainly there was something lacking there, some sensitive nerve was wanting, some necessary consciousness of self had remained undeveloped. She played tennis abominably and without shame, but they gave her the worst player as partner, and it was soon over. When they told her to run, she smiled and remained where she was, making awkward passes at the ball. All she had was strength, and when she hit the ball at all she hit, as one of the Frenchmen said, "like a kicking horse." She looked at everyone out of large, meaningless blue eyes and smiled woodenly.

There was an athletic instructor at the Hotel of the Pines, a pleasant, muscular young man who gave swimming lessons and held Swedish drill classes for children and adults. He could stand on his head with hardly a quiver for ten minutes. The Girl would stand and watch him, utterly unself-conscious in her one-piece bathing suit. One day she too knelt down and put her head on the ground.

"Up with your feet!" cried the instructor. She tried, but flopped over. He helped her, and the English Visitor who was watching thought he saw a look of satisfaction on her upside-down countenance when, for a second or two, she stood alone. She tried again and again, she was always trying, and in the end someone always came to her aid and held her feet up. Then she was satisfied.

One day they put steps on the raft, and the instructor gave an exhibition of fancy diving. The Girl, who couldn't swim, paddled out to the raft in a canoe and looked on. Then she tied the canoe to the raft and walked majestically up

the steps. She stood on the very top, her fine body a target for many pairs of eyes. The instructor, who had just dived, was in the water.

"No! No!" he shouted. "You will hurt yourself."

Without a word she turned her back and flung herself off. As a backward dive it was signally unsuccessful; as a piece of cool courage it was immense. And great was the splash thereof. The instructor helped her, gasping, back to the raft. Three times she did this, then got into the canoe again and, with a look of mild satisfaction on her face, paddled back to the beach. She was never seen on the raft again. Some deep-seated and obscure honor seemed satisfied. She contented herself with standing waist-deep in the water, trying to swim. Before dinner, her handsome, stolid face flushed from the day's exertions, it was her habit to sit in the bathing pavilion until someone offered her an apéritif—as someone always did—and she would sip it contentedly. A little later she would be seen trudging off to St. Rafael.

There were a number of artists, and an art dealer, among the people at the Hotel of the Pines and the cottages round about. The former were hard at work, the latter was resting. One day, however, he suggested holding an auction sale of pictures at the hotel, one-half of the proceeds to go to permanently disabled soldiers, the other half to the artists themselves. The idea was approved. All the artists agreed to send at least one picture, all the visitors promised to bid. The dealer was a good-humored little man who ran, very successfully, an art gallery in Paris for modern paintings, and he knew the artists, and they liked him.

The English Visitor was interested in painting and talked to the dealer a good deal. One hot day, a week before the sale, they were sitting out under the trees when the Girl came and joined them. She went straight to the dealer.

"I would like to paint a picture for the sale," she said, without preamble.

"You, mademoiselle? But do you paint?"

"No. But I would like to paint a picture for the auction sale."

"Have you ever painted anything?"

"No, I have never painted anything at all."

The dealer smiled delightedly.

"Very well, mademoiselle, all the same you shall paint a picture for the sale."

"What shall I paint?" she asked, fixing him with her expressionless blue eyes.

The dealer threw a humorous look at the English Visitor.

"What shall you paint? Let me see. You shall paint two lemons on a plate with a knife beside them."

"And a table for them to rest upon?"

"But certainly, a table for them to rest upon."

"And tell me how to paint them."

The dealer squirmed with enjoyment.

"Paint the lemons very bright yellow, with a bright red line all around them. Paint the plate gray-white, the knife gray, and the table brown."

"Yes. And how big shall I paint it?"

The dealer outlined a picture with his hands.

"So big."

"And will you hang it for me?"

"But certainly, mademoiselle."

She turned to go.

"I will bring it in two days, monsieur," she said and walked away.

The dealer turned eyes that bulged with amazement upon the English Visitor.

"But it is immense! It is exquisite! It is formidable! You heard? That unfortunate young girl is—" He tapped his forehead.

"Don't you know who she is," the English Visitor asked, "or anything about her?"

The dealer made a gesture with his hands.

"They say she is a mannequin in some shop in Paris. You see for yourself, the figure is elegant—but for the brain, I do not know."

Two days later the English Visitor and

the art dealer were again talking under the pines when the Girl approached, holding something gingerly in her outstretched hands.

"*Voilà*, monsieur." She presented him with a canvas upon which the paint was not yet dry.

Eagerly the English Visitor leaned forward to look. The Girl had done exactly what she had agreed to do. Upon a distorted brown oblong there rested a lop-sided gray plate without shadows or high-lights. Upon the plate were two voluptuous, lemonlike shapes painted in bright, pure yellow and outlined, with extreme neatness, by a broad red line. Beside the plate there lay, innocent of perspective, a long gray object that was quite obviously a knife. The Girl stood at the dealer's elbow, regarding the canvas as a cow might look at her first calf.

From a little distance the art dealer's small son perceived that something was going on of which he knew nothing and with a rush precipitated himself towards his father. Failing to stop in time, he dashed into the chair, and the picture flew out of the dealer's hands and fell, paint down, in the gravel.

There was a cry from the girl—a cry from the heart. She picked up the canvas, looked at it, and tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Oh, but it is too bad, it is too bad!" she cried, unable to control her sobs. "Look, monsieur!"

The art dealer turned from the child he was scolding and took the picture.

"But it is not so bad, mademoiselle," he assured her, kindly. "See, it will soon be all right."

With infinite care he removed with the point of his knife the particles that adhered to the canvas. Where the paint was scraped off he replaced it, as one replaces a bit of turf on the links. She had laid the paint on generously.

"There, mademoiselle, it is as good as new."

She inspected it and smiled, the tears still wet on her cheeks.

"It is perfect again," she said. All was well.

"You will come to the auction sale, of course, mademoiselle?"

"But, certainly, monsieur."

"If you leave the picture with me I will take care of it and see that it is well hung."

Her face fell.

"But—"

He understood.

"You would perhaps like to keep it yourself until the day?"

"If monsieur would be so kind."

A little later the English Visitor saw her showing it to the athletic instructor, and all and sundry who were on the beach at that time.

On the evening of the sale she walked in from St. Rafael, wearing a simple white dress embellished with fine drawnwork. Her large and stately head was wrapped, turbanlike, in a bright silk scarf—a fashion with ladies on the Riviera that summer. She went at once to her painting, which occupied a commanding place on the wall and, without glancing at the others, sat down as near her handiwork as possible. People smiled discreetly. The art dealer had told them all about the picture. They were prepared to have a little fun. Everyone meant to bid. The girl was poor—and it would be a good joke.

As the poet began to read his poems three newcomers came out of the dining room and sat in the front row. They had come by motor, had dined late, and had not changed their clothes. The English Visitor said to himself when he saw them, "The Midlands—probably Manchester. This place is getting too well known by English people. It's a pity." They were father, mother, and son. Father and son looked dull and bored, but the mother was alert, stout, be-spectacled. She had that eager, confident, craning look of one who fears to miss anything, and so misses everything. The father and son stared, with half-open mouths, at the poet and the singer, while the mother looked devastatingly

comprehending without understanding a word. Then the actor began to auction off the pictures after a graceful little speech. One by one they were taken down from the wall and brought to his desk. Ten, perhaps, had gone, before the Girl's was brought up. There was a general craning forward, and a rustle and buzz that was not lost upon the woman from Manchester. She put up another pair of glasses and examined the painting.

"Good Lord!" said her husband, "Looks like some kind of disease."

"Sshhh!" said his wife. "It's that very modern French school. It's very clever. See how interested everyone is. These things fetch enormous prices now. I wish you'd bid something, Henry."

"Twenty francs," said that gentleman, aloud, with a devil-may-care look. What did it matter? They didn't know anybody, and nobody knew them. He had to get some fun out of this somehow.

"An English gentleman has bid twenty francs for this excellent picture. That is already a beginning."

"Forty," said someone. "Fifty," said the English Visitor. He was sorry for the Girl. A hundred, a hundred and fifty, two hundred, three hundred, the bidding went.

"Five 'undred," said the man from Manchester, after a nudge from his wife.

"Keep on," she whispered. "See how interested they all are. I shouldn't be surprised if it was by that man Braque."

The bidding went up to a thousand.

"Two thousand, five 'undred," said the man from Manchester. The English Visitor watched, amazed. A jumped-up shopkeeper, he thought. But why—? The Girl sat unmoved, looking straight in front of her. Three thousand, four thousand—the art dealer was in it now, he had sized up the situation.

"That's only about thirty pounds at the present rate of exchange," the woman from Manchester whispered. "Keep on. If these French people bid like this, it means something."

"Surely this remarkable painting will not go for a mere four thousand francs," said the actor. No, they were off again. Four thousand five hundred; five thousand—"Five thousand five hundred," said the art dealer, who felt that in any case, the joke was worth it. The man from Manchester began to be both impressed and annoyed. These French people were always talking poverty, but there seemed to be plenty of money about. He'd show them there was money in England too. "Six thousand." The dealer ran him up to eight thousand and decided it was time to let him have it. The picture was knocked down to the man from Manchester for eight thousand francs. The stir and excitement was tremendous. People even cheered and clapped. Later, when the woman from Manchester saw her husband part with eight large thousand-franc notes she was still convinced she had done right.

The Girl, four thousand francs the richer, was preparing to walk back to St. Rafael. The art dealer took her hand and congratulated her, his eyes beaming with enjoyment.

"It is a pity, monsieur, that it did not go to ten thousand francs," she said, as she wrapped a shawl about her.

He searched her face for a hint of understanding, but in vain.

"Still, I hope you are pleased, mademoiselle. None of the other pictures fetched as much."

"That may be so. I will paint another for you next year."

"I shall remind you of that, mademoiselle. Good-night."

"Good-night, monsieur."

The English Visitor, watching, saw her with an impassive countenance stuff the francs into her bag. Then she set out, unaccompanied, for St. Rafael.

The art dealer, mopping his hot face, watched her go.

"My God! It is formidable," he said, staring after her, his eyes bulging with amazement.

The English Visitor felt he couldn't improve on that.

"It is indeed," he said, "formidable."

GERMANY AFTER TEN YEARS

BY EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

ANALYSIS of a contemporary political body is about as satisfactory as learning anatomy by watching a gymnasium class, and as accurate as the diagnosis of actual maladies whose possessors insist on breathing and walking about. If they would only die, a proper post-mortem would perhaps reveal what had really been the matter with them. Since they insist on living they must be satisfied with guesses.

Ten years ago this November there occurred east of the Rhine what historians call a "revolution." But it must not be envisaged as resembling the French or the Russian Revolutions. It was essentially the act of a people that instinctively and by education prefers "quiet and order" to political freedom and the right to play the piano after ten P.M. Generally speaking, few persons were hurt: there was no *Thermidor*, no guillotine, no Marat or Robespierre or Lenin. It was a German revolution, a respectable, orderly, self-controlled, decent, middle-class revolution. Yet it accomplished one thing. Out of a federal Empire of twenty-five sovereign states under the hegemony of the strongest of them, Prussia, it ejected the twenty-five sovereigns and patted the residuum into a federal Republic. The sovereigns had to go, but no one dreamed of calling them to stern account for the fearful mess they had recently made of the *res publica* committed to their charge. That mess the vast majority of Germans still ignore or deny.

All of this merely by way of illustrating how essentially unrevolutionary the German Revolution was, and to explain why the succeeding Republic is still cluttered up with time-honored junk left from the *ancien régime*.

Yet this Republic, exhausted by the worst of all wars, laden by history with a somber heritage, liked by few and hated by many, the push-ball of the successful Allies, automatically squeezed of any prosperity in the form of reparations, has not only lasted ten years, but has grown into mind and muscle until to-day even the malcontents are ruefully admitting that the "child" has outgrown its puerperal dangers and will live.

That it has done so is due in part to the historical moment (unpropitious to monarchies) but much more to the stubborn good sense of the people. Middle-class, unrevolutionary, self-satisfied they are; but they knew what they wanted and substantially they got it.

Beneath Prussian militarism and the uniforms of former rococo royalty there had always existed a living German tradition of sturdy, commercial, middle-class independence—the spirit of the Hansa Bund and the free imperial cities. Even under the late Empire, places like Hamburg and Bremen took pride in their "republican independence."

This spirit did not cause the Revolution: it did not want the Revolution. But it appropriated the Republic. The "general" in a spiked helmet gave place to the "general manager" in a frock coat.

Middle-class Germany, assisted by those German masses whom nothing but the most benign of socialist creeds dis-

tinguishes from the other burghers, saved the Republic from four serious dangers.

The first was perhaps the most immediate and vivid. It was the danger of succumbing to the tiger caresses of the nearby Russians and "going bolshevist." The German extremists—personally highly gifted—hoped to make, not a shoddy shift, but a first-class, all-wool revolution. As their symbol they chose Spartacus, the gladiator rebel of ancient Rome! But Miss Germania succeeded not only in escaping him, but in persuading the socialists who still possessed the real power—Ebert, Noske, Scheidemann—to accept the responsibility for using the battered old army in hunting Spartacus down. Once recreated, the army could be depended upon to defend the hand that fed it. It has done so. The communists polled in the May election of this year about one-ninth of the total votes—which suits the middle class exactly. Nothing is so efficacious as a strong communist party in keeping the moderate social democrats pliable and conservative.

But the German leaders weathered a second danger. Ready as they were to utilize the reactionary army and the emblems of the late God-graced Empire against obstreperous workers, the "general managers" had not the tiniest intention of restoring the former fauna of court and barracks to its unapproachable eminence. In former days even a Herr Privy Commercial Councillor was a kind of second-class subject whose daughter could not intelligibly aspire to honorable matrimony with the littlest *Herr Leutnant* of the Guards. Under the new regime, Frau Major's Widow So-and-so would be only too happy to be courted by the chief heir to the West German Coal Mines or by the senior manager of the United Bath Mat Manufacturers, G. m. b. H.

Therefore, when a certain Herr Kapp made an armed attempt to restore the cheery old atmosphere of Potsdam, the middle-class leaders were not sorry to see the working classes paralyze the movement by one of the most extraordinary efforts known to history. Later, when former Quartermaster General Erich Ludendorff repeated the attempt as a prelude to the extirpation of the Jews, the Free Masons, the Christian religion and general culture from Germany, the "general managers" and their delegates, the cabinet ministers, actually scotched that little mutiny by the threat of meeting the participants with the stony-faced Reichswehr.

Restoration in its gold-laced monarchical pomp, or even in Ludendorff's Bavarian breeches, did not seem to chime with the general need for international peace, commercial understanding, and foreign credits.

That the Republic survived the inflation famine and the epidemic of psychopathic arithmetic which accompanied it is, however, a token of incredibly sound nerves. The inflation may, as some experts aver, have cost the nation little or nothing as such *; but it involved a capital shift of a most painful type and, as its residuum, left the educated professional class—generally considered a nation's finest—completely pauperized. As a strain on a people already fearfully debilitated by the pernicious anemia of war losses and underfeeding, it was without equal. As a test of national stamina it has never been duplicated.

It is true that to the reigning "general managers" inflation often brought no loss and, in some cases, concrete advantages. There is evidence for the belief that some at least of the commercial and industrial leaders saw both where inflation was going and how it might be stopped, but preferred to let it take its course rather than submit to French demands and pay reparations. The breakdown of passive resistance in the Ruhr and the offer of the Dawes Plan coincided with the total deliquescences of the currency. The leaders met in council, promoted a few simple laws, announced

* See Robert Crozier Long: *The Mythology of Reparations.*

that a new currency had been created, waved their hands three times—and the entire people accepted the miracle. No nation with less patience and unreasoning faith could have survived so magnificently.

But the greatest triumph of the Republic was in the mastery of its own emotions. To those familiar with the world situation during and immediately after the War there is nothing surprising in a remarkably heroic but hopelessly beaten nation resolving to bow its head and make the best of a bad job. But this condition does not take into consideration a people animated by a passionate self righteousness.

The Germans entered the War more enthusiastically than the Allies. Almost to the end they were heartened by tales of unbroken victory. When the break came they were entirely unprepared for it. Their leaders saw the opportunity popular ignorance offered and invented the "stab-in-the-back legend" in order to protect themselves. Worse, this people had been nourished for generations on a supposed superiority. In submitting to the victorious Allies, "the land of *Kultur*" was bowing down to "inferiors," who for some inexplicable reason were in a position to dictate terms to "unbeaten Germany."

Time and time again during the last decade, various hotheads were on the point of leading the Republic into some new adventure which would almost certainly have sealed the national ruin. At the time of the Russian invasion of Poland, during the Ruhr occupation, it took a steady head to prevent passionate demagogues from leading a misinformed and desperate people against the "hereditary enemy." That the wiser councils of Stresemann and the business leaders prevailed proves both the sagacity and docility of the German masses.

And so, in four different ways, the Republic has withstood danger that might have been mortal.

But Germany has gone farther: it has entirely recovered its political equilibrium, and most of its political independence. France and Britain already seem half willing to discuss a premature evacuation of the Rhineland; in any case, the occupation ceases automatically in 1935. And although unarmed, the Republic has a foreign policy of its own, which, within limits, it can choose for itself. Though Western Europe is still somewhat suspicious, the United States seems to place unlimited trust in the sister Republic. And such trust is no mere abstract gift.

Industrial production rises like molten lava in a volcano. Working along American lines, the German manufacturers are turning the wares out faster than ever before—almost faster than the world will buy them. And although the dominant few are exploiting a peculiar economic situation and extracting the utmost in high profits from their own propertyless fellow-citizens, the standard of living, except for a portion of the former propertied middle class, is hardly lower than before the War and, for many types of worker, considerably higher. The shop-owning class flounces in motor cars and furs.

The quality of this fact emerges from the thought that since 1924 Germany has been paying reparations at a rate rising this autumn to six hundred twenty-five million dollars annually, and transforming her machinery with money borrowed at exorbitant interest. Yet despite this, it is the opinion of many experts that, while Germany could pay the sums foreseen in the Dawes Plan, an opportunity for reducing them will be granted before long. And in the meantime, despite expenditures for new plants, over and above reparations, not counting all money borrowed, the nation saved in 1927 a sum not much less than two billion dollars. No such example of economic rebound has ever been chronicled before.

For all these reasons, and aided by time, the Republic has gradually won the confidence of the vast majority of its citizens. It is doubtful if, in 1923, half

the Germans were convinced republicans. To-day I imagine not less than eighty per cent would express a preference for the present form of government. The remaining fifth are anything but a united team. On one side are the communists, shouting for the dictatorship of the proletariat. As bass to their treble are the super-patriots and fascisti, who bark their hunger for a "dictator" into the stiller political interludes. While apart, sulky and mysterious, defiant, irritable, are the dissatisfied government officials and educators—the chief representatives of the oligarchy that has irretrievably fallen from power. The army and navy cannot stomach the loss of prestige, the civil servants the loss of power, the professors the loss of pomp and social eminence which the Revolution caused. Yet little by little, as the years go by and William lingers in Holland, they too forget and silently fall into line. A high-school teacher who last August 11th neglected to celebrate Constitution Day with fitting reverence was solemnly rebuked by his students. . . .

For these and other reasons I think it a foregone conclusion that the German Republic will stand.

II

All the same, it will not remain the same in structure and content as it is to-day. Only seldom do Germans voluntarily agree about anything important; but nearly all of them believe that something ought to be done about the German Constitution. The difficulty is merely, to decide in which direction it should be changed.

The German political system was borrowed and pieced out from the American, the British, the French, and the Swiss forms of government. These systems are all "democratic," and there the resemblance ends. As the adage runs: in America the President rules, in England the Cabinet, in France the Chamber of Deputies, and in Switzerland the people. Now in Germany the people elect a president for a French term of seven years, who has all but American powers, but whose ministers are responsible to the Reichstag in a truly British fashion, and whose decisions can be overridden by popular referenda on Swiss lines. And here disagreement begins.

The old officials who formerly ruled the country in a rather irresponsible fashion consider that the Reichstag, consisting of a single elected House, has too much power, and the President too little. They would like to see the President name the Cabinet regardless of parliamentary approval—that is, they would so long as Hindenburg remains President. They made no such suggestion in the time of his predecessor, the socialist saddler, Friedrich Ebert.

A few democrats would like to see the President stripped of the powers vested in him under Article 48 of the Constitution, namely the right to rule without legislative acts in case of danger to "public safety and order" until the Reichstag is able to meet and expressly command him to stop.

On the other hand, the business men would like to have the present Economic Advisory Board (*Reichswirtschaftsrat*) transformed into a real legislative body whose members would have even more complete sympathy with the requirements of big business.

Doubtless, there is much to be said for all these reforms. But, since there is no serious move to carry through any of them, matters go on, more or less satisfactorily, as they are. Underneath, the distrust of parliamentary methods grows and grows.

And it is not much better with the administrative system. The German Republic is a federation composed of eighteen states, many of which still send diplomats to represent them in the others. Some of them, like Bavaria, are aggressively sovereign on all occasions, and from time to time have to be brought to their senses by threats of economic boycott. Others are weary of their loneliness and seek incorporation with Prussia.

For Prussia is nearly fifty per cent larger than all of the rest of them together. No one knows just where the rights of the central government—the *Reich*—begin and where those of the several states—the *Laender*. The *Reich*, excepting for the hundred thousand strong Reichswehr, has no sufficient executive. Yet the *Reich* levies and collects nearly all the taxes, and the *Laender* receive them to spend, not on a proportional basis, but according to the political pressure they can bring to bear on Berlin—which is nice for the *Laender* but makes administration expensive, as Agent General Seymour Parker Gilbert has not failed to proclaim. And so there are many plans about financial and administrative simplification, a process which some people like ex-chancellor Hans Luther would like to begin by annihilating republican Prussia for the benefit of reactionary Bavaria and Wuerttemberg; while others would do away with all the hereditary States and Statelets in favor of a centralized system like modern France. Once again there is no cause for haste.

The meatiest bone of contention is, however, the electoral system. It is much too complicated to describe in short compass, but you can take it from those who know that it is *the* perfect system—entirely just, so far as human ingenuity can make it, and so contrived that only party units or residues of less than sixty thousand votes fail to count in the apportioning of seats in the Reichstag. In other words, in Germany the majority of voters rule. That is, they would rule if there were any majority. There isn't. The German voters are no more united than the German philosophers or the German students or the German reformers. In this year's election to the Reichstag thirty-three or thirty-four parties were in the field, and about fourteen managed to elect one or more deputies. Out of about 490 legislators, the most numerous party, which is that of the social democrats, numbers 154, and the smallest party has 2 members. It would take all of the three strongest parties to form a workable majority and of course these parties, representing major currents, cannot possibly unite. Most working majorities have at least five or six parties behind them. Keeping them together is like collecting live guinea pigs on an unfenced lawn.

It is a perfect system on paper. But it creates a party machine at least as impregnable as any in the United States, prevents any real contact between voter and legislator (the former votes for a list, not for a candidate) and enables any strong group of malcontents, cranks, or reformers to elect just enough representatives to keep the others from doing anything against the wishes of the selfsame malcontents, cranks, and reformers. Compared with the parliamentary position of the present German Reichstag, that of the American Senate, with a few insurgents holding the balance between the two parties, is efficiency personified.

Most Germans believe the law ought to be changed. But how can you expect the representatives who, under any other system, would almost certainly lose their jobs, to vote to change it?

III

From the outside the German Republic looks like a capitalistic republic similar on the whole to France or the United States. But the closer you look, the less striking is the resemblance. Close examination shows the German Republic to be essentially a compromise between the old empire and the Western democracies. The voice is the voice of Stresemann, but the hands are the hands of President Field Marshal von Hindenburg.

Germany of to-day, under Western forms, embodies any number of traditions and conceptions that have carried over from the past. The former caste system still exists. It is visible in the docility of the masses, their almost hysterical respect for "quiet and order," and their inferiority feeling in the pres-

ence of the former aristocracy of title, military rank, or recognized learning. The industrial leaders that came to the fore under the old system naturally modelled their outlook and conduct upon the feudal *Kultur* aristocracy into whose company they had, through riches, forced their way. There still prevails in factories and forges a distinct class feeling which the very conscious "class struggle" has registered but by no means created. I know German bank partners who, on principle, would not dream of associating outside the office with their own managers.

Hand in hand with the caste system went political absolutism and an hypostasis of the State over and above the people. The State was a kind of huge umbrella protecting the "subjects," ordering and shaping their several wills and purposes according to a wisdom revealed only to a small group of natural rulers—politicians, philosophers, and policemen—who held the umbrella stick.

This paternalism has been slow to vanish before the constitutional pens of Weimar. It is obvious in the financial support of religion by the State, in the rather inordinate police power, and in the wish on the part of millions to be saved from political responsibility by a "Dictator."

From the State everyone expects protection and the healing of moral and material ills. No one cries out when the State furthers aggressive commercial monopolies, subsidizes "national utilities" in private hands, rescues financially embarrassed firms, acts as guarantor for the foreign clients of other firms, *viz.*, for Soviet Russia, allows business interests to participate directly in official decisions likely to interest them, calls upon the National Economic Council for advice, and permits what look to foreigners as exploitatory practices, with benevolent complacency.

Yet this benevolence to capital is more than offset by corresponding protection accorded to labor. Except in the matter of taxation, where the German masses bear almost inhuman burdens, the workers' position is amazingly advanced.

Under the Republic, the German worker benefits by (1) compulsory health insurance; (2) old age and accident insurance; (3) unemployment insurance. Numerous laws prevent abuses—the employment of children, the use of women and minors in types of labor beyond their strength, excessive working hours, lack of reasonable protection against accident. Collective bargaining is a recognized feature: practically speaking, there is not an open shop in Germany. Moreover, provision is made for governmental arbitration in all wages differences, with a definite procedure that allows the strike and the lockout only as a matter of last resort. And finally, there is the Shop Councils' Law which provides that two seats on every board of directors in the land must be elected by the employees. This gives labor access to the books; that the actual results have been meager is the fault of the workers themselves; they were not prepared for authority. To-day there are in Saxony alone seventy schools where young workers are taught to be efficient "directors." In time their power will be felt.

Furthermore, the *Reich*, the Federal States, and the several cities are almost all in business on their own account. A complete list of such holdings is hard to obtain, but they include power plants, railways, traction companies, mines, farms, aluminum factories, china factories, and banks. The general form is a company whose stock is entirely owned by the State or municipality; or again, mixed administrations in which the State holds only the majority of the stock, the remainder being in private hands. Direct ownership and administration is, I believe, limited to a few model farms, etc.

And finally, the Reich keeps the coal, potash, and nitrogen industries under permanent control, fixes the prices, and influences production and distribution.

Here is small place for individual *laissez-faire* and, as a result, practically

every group of industrialists or merchants in the entire country is united into a price or production cartel (there are more than two thousand) whose purpose is the creation and exploitation of a monopoly. Thanks to these monopolies, the cost of living in Germany is outrageously high in proportion to incomes.

But free competition is not more abhorred by the owners than by the workers. Development along American lines, so far as it affects organization and mentality, is almost necessarily excluded: the trade unions oppose it as bitterly as the National Association of German Industry.

In considering the future of Germany this hostility to individualism must be permanently kept in mind.

But there are other factors:

Within Germany there is a strong communist party and just across Lithuania lies Germany's ally, Soviet Russia, the only communistic state in the world. The German problem is to remain on good terms with Russia while keeping domestic communism within limits. And on this account the present Republic undoubtedly tends to be more conservative than one might otherwise have expected. The rulers at any moment can be deterred from radical reform by the specter of communism.

On the other side, one finds the new Reichswehr (combined army and navy) acting in insolent indifference to the civil government, which is too weak to call the officers to account (especially now, when they enjoy the protection of President von Hindenburg); a body of higher judges and state attorneys whose political bias reminds one of the Governor of Massachusetts; a solid phalanx of civil servants whose notion of procedure is inherent from pre-war days when an official was not responsible to the Reichstag or the public; and a few hundred thousand youths highly organized in "patriotic associations" whose avowed purpose is the changing of the Constitution in a reactionary sense.

The German Republic is to-day a canvas within a marvellous frame. On top it is limited by the intangible privileges of capital, at bottom framed by the meticulously written rights of labor, at the left by the menace of communism and at the right by that of super-patriotic revolt. Somehow or other, all practical developments have to be kept within these bounds—to say nothing of those other bounds fixed by the Allies at Versailles.

Germany is not even free—a portion of the territory is occupied by foreign soldiers, one of its frontiers is "permanently" disarmed, the opposite frontier is declared "unacceptable." The country is pledged to pay tribute for an undefined period of years, still struggles under a fantastic shortage of capital, and is extremely vulnerable to foreign disapproval.

Is it any wonder that most of the public life seems empty agitation, a Penelope-like weaving and unweaving?

IV

Synthetic material about expected developments is extremely slight. Very eminent novelists like Thomas Mann limit themselves to an apostolic credo expressing "belief in their country" (it would take a brave man to say anything else). Of critical material there is an abundance. Between Ludendorff and the disciples of Moscow you can find anything you like. But it rarely comes down to nails. An exception is a recent book, *Politische Prognose für Deutschland*, by the learned doctor, Willy Hellpach, politician and savant, physician and one-time democratic presidential candidate. In seventy entirely fascinating essays, Doctor Hellpach examines nearly every phase of German political and social structure, from the role of the Jews to the foreign policy of the future. His mind is shrewd, his emotions less trustworthy, since he suffers acutely from the romantic patriotism common to the generation that reached maturity before the War. Hellpach seems chiefly

animated by the wish that post-war Germany shall, so far as is possible, carry on the tradition which prevailed before. The revolution is to be, not a chasm separating past and present, but a bridge leading back to essentially venerable tradition. On this account he considers the change in the national banner an error, but the privileged position of the army, the civil servants, the plutocracy, and the churches, entirely normal, and only advocates reform from a "parliamentary" to a more "direct" democracy. He considers heroes the socialists who in 1918–1919 betrayed their doctrine to preserve order. He hardly conceals his contempt for the Poles, dislikes and secretly admires the French, looks up to the English, considers that Germany's foreign policy ought to be based upon a pivotal friendship with the United States and with Russia. In short, his extremely challenging work is a very shrewd defense of just what has occurred.

Now, were the Republic a kind of isolated Land of Oz, approachable only by people carried thither by cyclones, the internal development might go speedily forward, and what look like supersaturate political solutions would begin to crystallize. But Germany is in *Mittel Europa* and cannot even dispose of her own taxes as she likes, to say nothing of her army and navy. For this reason, incipient conflicts will be slow to erupt; and a cautious observer can at most only indicate some of the points where explosion is liable to occur.

In the first place, there is a struggle between politics and economics. Though the old State blatantly placed its power behind private business, it never for an instant relaxed control. As the State (meaning the Umbrella Holders) was above parties, so it planed above the factories and department stores. Prewar Germany was not a plutocracy. But when the old oligarchy was dethroned, the men of machines and money were not slow in seeing the advantages of emancipation. Germany is one immense workshop; over sixty per cent of the population are employed in industry and manufacture. Therefore, the new leaders proclaimed that the "era of politics" had given place to the "era of economics," and that what was wanted was government of business men, by business men, for business men. Certain of the more imaginative leaders are already dreaming of a world spanned and controlled by a network of purely trade organizations, a vast interlocking corporation "managed" by men in a tower, who usually turn out to be strikingly like the dreamers. In other words, they foresee a development which envisages, first, the gradual overcoming of the national state, then, perhaps, the creation of the "European Industrial Territories, Ltd.," and finally, business control of the world.

In numbers such men are few. In money, imagination, and courage they must not be underestimated. It is just possible that they possess prophetic gifts. But woe to a world which they might rule!

On the side of economics we find also the mass of workingmen. At the last election forty-two per cent of all votes were cast for socialism or communism—for the butter on the bread. It is safe to say that at least half of Germany stands for a new order in which purely economic, materialistic interests will be permitted to organize society. Only, to the *internationale* of capitalists in towers, the workers prefer the "real *internationale*" of party secretaries and People's Commissioners.

Bitter is the opposition to this "economic" conception of the State. On the whole, the dispossessed oligarchy, the army and navy, the civil service, the professional classes, the impoverished bourgeoisie, and the big land-owners, with such peasants as they can attract to their standards, unite in hating the privileged positions reached by self-conscious capital and organized labor. It is they who call out for the strengthening of the presidential office, they who

desire the Reichstag prerogatives limited, in the hope of thereby strengthening their own position as mere consumers and men of mind. Here is the seed-bed of reaction. Those rich employers who subsidize the patriotic organizations do so with the idea of using them against labor. In their hearts they want no "Dictator." For, confessed or not, the ideal of both capital and labor is becoming international. As the years pass both labor and capital grow stronger and, with them, the "economic conception" of the State. But they still pay tribute to the "patriots."

United as they are against the middle class and the peasant, between themselves labor and capital sway back and forth in a mighty conflict. Labor strives for wages, for shorter hours, for lower taxes, for a bigger share of the national budget in the way of social improvements and, in last analysis, for the control of industry and the State. Capital on its side, already fairly influential in State control, seeks to win back the ground it has already lost to the workers and widen its zone of influence by international agreement. Neither side imagines for a moment that the era of "free competition" will ever return. As the editor of the best business weekly wrote a short time ago, the *choice in Germany is not between economic liberalism and State intervention, but between State control and the State in business*—two forms of activity that already exist. This means that (1) either the owners will admit the right of the State to control prices, etc., as the price of permitting monopoly, or (2) the State will itself compete against the monopoly or perhaps expropriate it. On the other hand, State assistance to labor may well be purchased at the cost of relinquishing the freedom to strike. It is just possible that on this new basis the "political" and the "economic" school can get together. For the moment I predict a concrete gain for labor in the form of wage increase or tax reduction, or both.

And, finally, there exists in the very brain of the Republic a neurosis of a most serious kind. Here again we find the conflict between old and new. At this point alone the chances of the old are still bright. For in spiritual matters alone can aristocracy successfully resist the claws of the democratic *Zeitgeist*.

Bismarck's Empire was born in violence, thrived on social oppression, and died as it was born. That many Germans should be anxious to forget it as a political phenomenon is a healthy sign. But on its inner side, despite its successful efforts to twist the free mind to its material ends, it coincided with a marvellous flowering of the spirit. It is this spirit that many so-called reactionaries are seeking to preserve against the invading utilitarian philosophy.

To-day the amount of energy available in the Republic is largely taken up in getting a living, paying reparations, borrowing money, and trying to slip the shackles riveted at Versailles. On this account development of a fundamental type will, in my humble opinion, be slow. For several years, reforms are likely to be postponed and main issues avoided as sedulously as in an American presidential campaign. The oppositions will remain, they will sharpen, and each side will maneuver for position. Yet the longer the Republic stands, the more it will, in my opinion, be drawn into the Western European currents, and the outcome of the eventual struggles may very largely depend on the development of France and Great Britain. For the first time in its existence Europe has become too small for nationalism—and Europe is beginning to know it.

THE COST OF PROSPERITY

ARE YOU AND I BETTER OFF THAN WE WERE?

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

NOT long ago a despatch from Washington announced that "the highest standard of living ever attained in the history of the world was reached last year [1926] by the American people," and gave as basis for the statement the government's figure for the income of our population, which income was set at ninety billion dollars. The "high standard" thus indicated is unhesitatingly accepted by almost everyone; but even if we do accept as a fact the ability of all persons to spend more and to buy more things than ever before, it may be worth while to consider what some of the by-products of the processes involved have been. Overwhelmed by the material advance made in the past five decades or so and by the vast amount of Pollyanna literature with which we are flooded by politicians and business executives with axes to grind, we are apt to lose sight of the law of compensation and to think of all change as unalloyed improvement.

Change may or may not be "progress," but whether it is or not it is bound to involve compensatory losses. Man may have advanced far from his ancestor which lived in the primeval slime, but that lowly progenitor could breathe either in air or water and if he lost a leg could grow another. To-day man can make his voice heard three thousand miles away, but he dies if you hold his nose in a water basin and is a cripple for life when he loses a foot. What he gains in one direction he drops in another, unpopular as Nature or anyone else may be when they tell him so. One is not necessarily a pessimist, therefore, when one chooses to consider what losses may have been entailed by attaining to the present "highest standard of living."

Two points are notable in the popular belief as to that standard. One is that all classes in the community are supposed somehow to share in its beneficences, and the other is that the measuring rod used is material and economic. The leaders in the "marvellous advance" are automobiles, radios, vacuum cleaners, electric washing machines, telephones, etc. It is assumed that spiritual and intellectual progress will somehow come also from the mere accumulation of "things," and this assumption has become a sort of American religion with all the psychological implications of religious dogma. In business circles, mass production, on which our present prosperity is based, is not considered merely as a transient and possibly an unsound economic phase, but as the creator of "the highest standard of living ever attained," and, as such, as little to be doubted or questioned as God the Creator before Darwin. At any rate, mass production is so closely linked to the ninety billion dollars that the two may be considered as the heads and tails of the same coin, and the by-products of one those of the other.

It may be noted that, although ninety billion dollars is a staggering sum to contemplate, we receive something of a shock when we read farther that the

average income of all persons "gainfully employed" was $2210 a year. When we turn to another statistical source and find that nearly ten thousand persons paid taxes on incomes of from $100,000 to $1,000,000 a year each, two hundred and twenty-eight on incomes over $1,000,000, and fourteen on incomes of over $5,000,000 each, we begin to wonder whether the masses are getting quite their share of the benefits of mass-production. It is evident that however great the "national" wealth may be, there is something very queer about its distribution, and that the gulf between the average man and the rich man has widened with appalling rapidity.

In this article we are not concerned primarily with that point nor with the average person "gainfully employed," whose income is evidently not much above $2000, but we may glance a moment at the condition of the latter in order to get some standard of income measurememt. In 1917 the street railway employees in Seattle submitted a minimum budget for living in a dispute with their company over wages. They figured that $1917.88 annually for a family of five would allow, among other things, $12 for the education of the children, $30 for reading matter of all kinds, and $120 each for insurance and old-age savings. The company was able to reduce this to $1505.60 by eliminating all reading matter, including newspapers, reducing education from $12 to $11, old-age savings from $120 to $100, and insurance from $120 to $30. Carfare was reduced to $35.70 annually, with the somewhat ironical result that the members of the families of the men engaged in running the street cars were allowed only enough to use a car themselves on an average of once every six days! As $5 a year per person was allowed for "recreation" and $4 for all "miscellaneous," we need not linger over the average man in our total population who is "gainfully employed" when considering for the moment the high standard of living. We are here concerned with the persons between those and the ultra wealthy—the persons who both suffer from and enjoy factors in that standard.

One of the outstanding features of life to-day is its frightful and steadily increasing cost. Apart from taxation, it is much higher in the United States than in any of the other seven countries in which I have spent longer or shorter periods in the past few years. This is in part due to the intentionally prohibitive tariff, in part to the terrific increase in wages, and in part to the increase in the kind and number of things we are supposed to have in order to be happy.

Those who defend the present wage schedules are forever telling us that they do not increase the cost of living because of the increased output per man and the increased savings in cost due to new machinery and mass production. Much of this, of course, is sheer bunkum. For the housekeeper who pays a cook anywhere from $65 to $100 as compared with $25 to $30 fifteen years ago there is a clear loss in the family budget with no increased output whatever. The cook gets the full benefit of all the labor-saving devices, and the mistress pays for these and the advanced wages as well. When the other day I had some bookshelves put up and paid two of the stupidest workmen it has ever been my luck to encounter $12 a day each there was no compensating advantage whatever. I am told I might have got it done for less had I taken the trouble to find a "scab" workman out of work. In the first place I do not know where to find one and in the second place it would not have been necessary fifteen years ago. I could then have gone to any union shop and had the job done reasonably. No, a factory may increase wages and lower costs, but the ordinary householder cannot do so in all that affects the running of his home and family. The increase of wages, in many cases to prohibitive levels, is the heaviest single burden, except rent, to the man of moderate means to-day.

But to a great extent the increase in

living cost is due also to the increase in the number of things. We live so fast and heedlessly that we seldom consider how much of our present annual expense is made up of costs incurred for things that few of us used fifteen or twenty years ago. Of course the automobile bulks largest in this respect as a single item. In the well-to-do New York suburb where I lived for some years before the War comparatively few people had cars. Most of the commuters of the class then spending $8000 to $10,000 a year—the equivalent of $15,000 to $20,000 to-day—always walked to and from the station, taking a hack in bad weather. To-day there are over twenty million cars in the country, or about one to every family. If one examines the real-estate advertisements one finds that now a small modern house will have its vacuum cleaner, its washing machine, elaborate wiring with outlets all over the place, its cedar closets, electric refrigerator, radio, automatic heat regulator, its several bathrooms, and a garage for one, and not seldom two cars, to mention some of what are considered essentials. I do not question the comfort and convenience of at least most of these things, but their steady multiplication adds heavily to the burden of the man who has to pay for them in order to maintain his family according to the "American standard." For all with incomes of from $5000 to $50,000 the burden is almost equally felt, for standards of expense are in proportion to income and annually mounting.

II

The demand for luxury even in the transaction of ordinary business is adding tremendously to the overhead expense of doing it and so to the cost of goods or services. A railway station must be as magnificent as a Roman bath. Our shops must be housed in Renaissance palaces on expensive streets. We are told that expensive office furniture is the safest investment in the world. A "front," whether of clothes, furnishing, building, or location must always be put up so as to indicate wealth back of it all or the business may not be considered sound, profitable, and "up-to-date." Salesmanship has become increasingly expensive. I was recently talking with a woman who has an excellent salary (forming, of course, part of the overhead of her department), in one of the supposedly less extravagant shops. She complained of the expense she was under because of the high standard of salesmanship demanded by her customers. Fifteen years ago, she said, if she had dared to appear in the costly clothes the house now *makes* her wear, she would have been promptly discharged. She has to go to the theaters, know the latest plays and books, and be able to chat with her customers, not about her goods, but socially by the half hour. Her sales are splendid—with prices according.

Fifteen years ago almost every physician, dentist, or oculist had his office in a room in his own home and rarely had an assistant. Now almost without exception they have to take an office in some apartment house at rents of from $1200 to $3000 a year, and employ at least one uniformed nurse in attendance—expenses which, of course, are borne by the patients. To a considerable extent this is the fault of the patients themselves. There is an instinctive tendency to feel if a doctor still has his office in his home with only a maid to answer the bell that he is either not up-to-date in knowledge or is unsuccessful for some reason. I know of one very able medical man who has deliberately done so and who has tried to keep down his professional expense for the benefit of his patients, but several of these patients have more than hinted to him that they would prefer to have a more expensive car standing at their door when he makes his call!

To an incredible degree we have most of us unthinkingly adopted the cost standard as the value standard. Some time ago a prosperous and practical in-

ventor disclosed some of his adventures with popular psychology. He had invented a small article which, with fair sales, could make a large profit when retailed at ten cents. He sent out a number of street hawkers to sell the article, half of them with the thing priced at ten cents and the other half with a twenty-five cent price. The latter sold immediately whereas few were sold at the lower price.

Often the influence of this false standard is more insidious and disastrous. I was discussing the matter the other day with an internationally known scientist. He was at one time—but is no longer—a professor in one of our leading universities. He said that when his first child was born he was getting a salary of $2500 a year. The leading obstetrician in the town charged $500 for a "baby case"—one-fifth of my friend's annual income. When the financial situation was explained the doctor told him that his assistant was just as able a medical man as himself and would charge only $100, and that he himself would be on the telephone ready to come in a moment if anything went wrong. My friend, after wrestling in his mind for some time, decided to have the assistant, but he told me that he hoped never again to go through such hell as he endured during the hours of birth, when he thought that if anything went wrong with his wife he would feel all his life that he had sacrificed her for the four hundred dollars' difference. Yet I consider that this man has the sanest and most balanced mind of all the men I know.

The situation outlined is a very real and, both financially and psychologically, a serious one. When anyone we love is ill we feel impelled to have the best attention for him, a half dozen specialists if necessary; and the standard of the best, more subtly than we realize, is the cost standard. We have become hypersensitive, and this sensitiveness is terrifically costly. I myself was born in New York of a well-to-do family. My mother's father was rich as things then went. Yet it could not have cost at most $100 to bring me into the world. There were no graduate nurses, no maternity hospitals, few, if any, specialists. The ordinary family physician, at $2 a house visit, and two women such as we call practical nurses did everything, in the home. To-day, what with doctors, nurses, and the hospital charge, the cost would run to about $1500 for a family of the same social grade, or fifteen times the old cost, whereas the ordinary income has less than trebled.

III

The increased cost of living from these and other causes is having marked effects. It is, for one thing, largely destroying the old idea of thrift and saving in the classes with which this article deals. In the first place, there is the natural human desire to possess many of the new things available for their own sakes, and often because Mrs. Jones has them, and they belong to the new standard. But there are more insidious forces at work. Mass production requires an enormous and steady output to be profitable. There is a saturation point for nearly every article. Fresh vegetables are eaten up in a day or two, but clothes or cars may last several years. There is no reason why many of the mechanical contrivances we buy should not in themselves last many years. From the standpoint of the producer there is always the danger that the public may have enough of any particular article unless he is made to want more. This is accomplished in several ways in the technic which has been developed by psychologically trained sales experts. The consumer is cleverly induced to want an article that he had thought he could do without or could not afford. If he has already owned one, as an automobile, the slogan becomes that every self-respecting family should have two. The model is changed every year and social vanity is played upon; or an appeal is made to the powerful motives of fear, shame, and pride. In selling many of the mechanical con-

trivances a more brutal method is employed. Manufacturers stop making essential parts so as to require the owner to buy an entirely new and perhaps only slightly altered model. When other methods fail and you really have no money, the advantages of the partial payment plan are glowingly placed before you.

Again, we are told by leaders of the world of mass production that thrift is out of date. One of the greatest manufacturers in the country recently wrote that "use" not "saving" should govern our ideas with respect to our national and other resources. Another leader writes that "one reason for America's prosperity and one reason, in my opinion, why that prosperity will continue, is that we have committed ourselves to a standard of living far beyond our wildest pre-war dreams. . . . We cannot make good except by producing more wealth, and always a little ahead of us is advertising with its alluring images of still other good things that work will buy. Americans have passed out of the period where they care about petty economies. They want convenience. They want action. They want comfort and style. It is impossible to call Americans back to petty thrift, and I personally am glad of it. . . . I live now in New York where everybody expects to be overcharged and where nobody counts the dimes, much less the pennies. . . . We have ceased to count our pennies in America, and I certainly hope we never return to the days of the most graceless of all virtues, a niggardly and penny pinching thrift."

One wonders just what spiritual joy there should be in being overcharged. Also, most of us have still to count the dimes. The other day I wanted a mere bite of luncheon in a hurry. Going into the only business men's restaurant in sight, I paid one dime to have my hat checked, another to the boy who insisted on handing me a towel in the washroom, and another for the cover charge; and I wondered what, over the old days, was the advantage in paying at the rate of a hundred hard earned dollars a year for an ordinary snack of lunch without getting anything to eat.

There are other factors at work to make thrift appear hopeless and so to destroy the average man's peace of mind as he contemplates old age or possible long incapacity from illness. One is the fact that savings do not seem to go anywhere when made from a modest income. Although the cost of living has easily tripled in thirty years, the income from most sound investments has not gone up at all. When one saves a thousand dollars and contemplates the $50 or even $60 a year that that will bring in income, and thinks how many fifties or sixties it will take to support him and his family, he wonders whether it is worth while to pinch for so meager a result. Moreover, owing to advancing costs and the changing scale of living, there is no telling what the cost of living may be not merely in one's old age but even ten years hence.

Before the pace of living started on its now annually accelerated speed, a man could forecast with reasonable certainty what income would enable him to maintain his relative position in his stratum of society for the fifteen or twenty years of life that might be left to him when he retired. Now, apart from other factors, an invention one year means a luxury on the market in another two or three, and that luxury becomes a necessity, like the automobile, in another three or four. In a recent study of the income and expenses of nearly a hundred families of the members of the faculty of the University of California it is shown that the average savings per family including life insurance are $360. The annual cost of medical service alone among them is $325. A New York professional man who considered this article, when read to him, unduly pessimistic, admitted that although he lives on a scale indicated by his rent of $2500 a year he is unable to save anything. The surprising extent to which the hope and even the thought

of providing for old age has gone from the mind of the moderately well-to-do was still further shown by this man's comment that life insurance was the equivalent of savings. Life insurance is excellent and essential, but only in its more expensive forms does it permit the insurer himself to enjoy the benefits of it, and straight life policies are no protection for one's own old age. Even if one insures against accident, sickness, and death, there are many emergencies in life which can be met only from one's own saved money. Is it any wonder that there has been a rush in the last decade for common stocks and speculation when the newspapers continually tell of stupendous profits (an advance in "values" of nearly two and a half billions in August alone), when business leaders decry thrift, and the cost of living gives us a kick from behind? I know many men who have large salaries and many who have accumulated fortunes but I do not know a single one who has accumulated more than the merest competency except from gift, inheritance, or advances in stocks. For some years the stock market may have been an ever-present help in time of need to many, but stocks cannot continue to the end of our lives to climb an endless escalator; and as one looks forward to an eternal making of money to buy an endless succession of new things, or even merely of new "models," one wonders whether the "highest standard ever attained" is really worth all it costs and whether if Wordsworth could to-day see the richest nation in the world he would not be more than ever convinced that "Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers." Yet still the high-powered sales forces urge "buy, buy, buy and make yourselves and everybody prosperous by it." We are hearing a good deal about prosperity without profit. We may soon be giving consideration to prosperity without peace of mind. It is a fact not without its significance, perhaps, for social trends and tendencies that in these past few weeks since the disaster in Florida and Porto Rico, less than one person in a thousand in the richest city in our country, a country formerly quick to respond to the call for help, has contributed even one of those dimes we are told are so unconsidered in New York.

IV

Let us turn to some of the other social effects of this high standard. It is obvious that with a national income of even ninety billions, a hundred and twenty million people cannot buy everything. Some things have to go if we are to have new things constantly and pay double or treble for the old. We are electing, in many cases perforce, to let go the home. This is due partly to the cost of housing and partly to that of servants as well as general costs. In the urban centers, at least, gild the pill as we may, the people who fifteen years ago had comfortable homes are by no means as comfortable to-day. The New York papers advertise "beautiful one-room homes" consisting of a room eleven by fourteen with a bath, a bed that folds up into the wall, and a cooking shelf in a dark closet. The one I have in mind costs as much in yearly rent as twenty-five years ago the dignified three-story eleven-room house on one of the finest streets in town cost my father—that is, $1200. Even if one succeeds in finding a five- to seven-room apartment, with one or two of the rooms of good size, at $2000 (which is by no means easy to do), one has only half the space at about double the cost of two decades back, and nothing like the dignity, quiet, or privacy. Moreover, the maid service, when it can be afforded, is at two to three times the former cost.

In the pre-war days a good neighborhood was usually sufficiently large to permit of extensive walks in it. To-day in New York even a very expensive neighborhood is as frequently as not an oasis of a block or two, or even an apartment house or two, in the midst of a desert of dreary and depressing slums. The rookery quarters of a medieval city

may be picturesque. The slums of New York are merely drab and sordid. To those accustomed to a house or even to the spaciousness of a better-class Paris apartment the usual New York apartment seems hopelessly cramped and lacking in all character and dignity. The rooms seem almost to open into one another and the family to be always on top of one another, whether taking their baths or entertaining guests. And guests are infinitely more of a problem than they ever were. Overnight guests are out of the question for most people of moderate means. It is hard enough to get an apartment which affords decent living for the family, much less a guest room. The lack of service, the dependence upon one maid, when any, instead of upon the invariable cook and waitress of even the modest families of twenty years back, has made entertaining a genuine and not seldom an insolvable problem for families living on such incomes as before the War would have made hospitality merely an easy and gracious function of the household life.

Moreover, within the family itself, the close quarters of the modern apartment afford infinitely more opportunity for friction of tempers and temperaments than the old homes. A third-story front bedroom as an escape from the family sitting room two stories below had almost the aloofness of a mountain peak. The unsatisfactory character of the new homes, or the unsatisfied natures of their tenants, is proved beyond dispute by the restlessness engendered. This October in New York alone a hundred thousand families, involving at the lowest estimate three hundred thousand people, moved from one apartment to another. What memories can cluster about his "childhood home" for a child who is thus annually dragged from one to another by parents in search of cheaper rents or the latest installations in the way of electric ice-boxes or garbage incinerators? Perhaps sunshine, air, quiet, spaciousness, decency of neighborhood, dignity, privacy are aristocratic requirements, vestiges of a now lost mode of comely and gracious living. At any rate, they are now the most expensive "things" to acquire, when they can be acquired at all, in a great modern city. Yet two decades ago even in New York and Brooklyn they were readily obtainable on such modest incomes as $3000 or $4000 a year.

V

What has been the effect on the professional and intellectual classes? Of course where they have linked themselves to big business or made their work fit into mass production they have weathered the storm of the high standard very well. No one need worry about the general counsel of a motor-car company, the artists who draw the syndicated comic strips, or the movie stars. But there are whole classes who do not or cannot thus fit in. A nationally known trust company officer recently wrote that most of those who disliked the present situation and who were given to dire comment or prophecy were merely those who had had comfortable incomes before the present high standard hit us and who had been unable to adjust themselves to it, that is, make *large* incomes. But according to the present modes of dividing the national income, how *can* these classes thus adjust themselves except by abandoning their work and going into business?

Our glance at the minimum wage budget prepared by the street railway men has shown us what can be done on $1900 a year: $12 a year for education, $30 for all reading matter (one-third of which would be consumed by one daily paper), and $12.20 for tobacco and all recreation. The average pay of all clergymen throughout the United States is $735 a year. How are they to adjust themselves? To attain even to the minimum budget of the street railway worker they would have nearly to treble their income, that is, to give one-third of their time to the work of their ministry

and two-thirds to making money solely. Even if they could do so, what would they get as their share of the "high standard"? We have seen that even the street railway company had to cut out all reading matter, even newspapers, from the homes of its men if they were to live on $1505. Yet under the high standard the country allows its clergy half that sum and complains that the church is failing in leadership.

Let us turn to another class, which is great numerically and should be great in influence. The average pay of teachers throughout the country districts of the Middle Atlantic States, including that manufactory of millionaires, Pennsylvania, is $870 a year; in the villages it is $1244. Let us bear in mind the bleak budget of $1900 of the street railway men and remember also that the conductor of a railway freight train gets about $3750 a year and the engineer about $4700. What are the opportunities and prospects for a man of scholarly tastes, attainments, and pursuits? Summing up the results of the investigation of ninety-seven members of the University of California faculty already alluded to, the investigator says that "it seems safe to say that a young man entering a university faculty after three to five years' apprenticeship as a teaching fellow or a candidate for a higher degree, can command a salary of less than $2000 for the first two years; $2000 to $3000 for the next three years; $3000 to $4000 after six to fifteen years of service. . . . Fourteen years of service are necessary to bring two-thirds of the faculty to security of tenure and a salary of between $4000 and $5000." Including the necessary undergraduate college course and the apprentice years, this means in all twenty-two to twenty-five years of preparatory service, at the end of which there is one chance in ten of getting a salary of from $5000 to $7000. How are these men to adjust themselves? Most of them do do extra work to earn money as, in forty per cent of the cases, do the wives also. In the days before the "high standard" a vacation was a vacation, a period in which the professor, fagged from nine months' drilling of immature minds, could rest and catch up on his professional reading, get fresh points of view and prepare for the next nine months' bout with inquiring or resisting youth. Now, we read, one-third of the faculty could take no vacation at all; 40 per cent took less than two weeks, and 60 per cent less than four weeks; yet yesterday the men in the building trades in New York laid down their demand for every Saturday off on full pay, equivalent to six and a half weeks' vacation from purely physical work requiring practically no mental preparation or recuperation. Is it any wonder that a professor at Berkeley on $3000 a year goes into business at $20,000 a year, that a professor from an Eastern university on about $6000 a year becomes president of a business company with $75,000 a year drawing account, and that another turns from teaching history to writing advertisements, to mention the three who occur first to me?

Let us glance at writing under the high standard. Big incomes can be earned by anything adapted for mass production, such as best-selling novels (with possible movie rights), articles for the mass-circulation magazines, certain sorts of "syndicated stuff," and so on; but that sort of writing is not the most valuable for our national culture as a rule. The cost of living is certainly from 200 to 250 per cent of what it was in the decade before the War. "Index figures" are misleading. It is of little importance to the average man whether pig lead is up 25 or 50 per cent. It is of prime importance to him that, as I can show by my checkbook, a cook who cost $30 a month then costs $75 now, that a suit of clothes which cost $28 then costs at the same store $74 now, and so on; to say nothing of all the new things to be bought. Of course, the changes in wage schedules would differ from newspaper to newspaper but in one which gave me the figures for before the War and now I find that editorial salaries

have advanced 50 per cent, junior reporters and book reviewers the same, poets 25 per cent, whereas, rather oddly, space writers get actually 10 per cent less than before. I am told that writers for the high-grade magazines get about double. Comparing the flat price paid for scholarly volumes in two similar works twenty years ago and now, I found that the scholars working to-day were paid no more than before the War. On a royalty basis, owing to higher book prices and larger sales, authors probably fare better than fifteen years ago, though strict comparison for many reasons is difficult. On the whole, taking the ordinary man of letters who lives by his output and who writes books, articles, reviews, and does the other various literary jobs, it would seem that in order to maintain himself in the same relative position in the social and economic scale he would have to increase his output materially.

This would seem to be borne out by the "case method." Let me note a few cases. A. Lectures two and a half hours daily; writes all the afternoon; in the evenings writes the lectures to be delivered next morning. B. Works on a literary job every week-day and four evenings; writes Sundays. C. Has succumbed and gone into business because his wife could not do all the housework, bring up three children, and have any energy left. D. Husband and wife, both known for their valuable writings on important subjects. Have given up their home out of town because they could get no servant, and wife could not do all the housework, bring up the one child, and do her writing. E. Books and articles always in demand by publishers. Can sell all he can write. Works all day, many evenings and Sundays. G. Brilliant man of letters, died in his forties from overwork. H. A scholar and important cultural influence, died of a stroke caused by overwork.

These are or were all people who have done work of the best grade and who have national and, in several cases, international reputations. There has been no question of aspiring to compete with the incomes of business executives, merely an effort to provide to some extent for the future and to live with something approaching the decency easily open to them before the high standard hit the country.

Business rewards are greater than ever for those who are successful, but granted the social value of the business man's services and granted also the "dignity of labor," it may well be asked whether a standard of living is really intrinsically high which thus places additional burdens on the shoulders of whole classes of the country's spiritual and intellectual leadership, its clergymen, its teachers, and writers, in order to lighten the load of the carpenters, cooks, and chambermaids? It may be truly said that Society has always expected the intellectual classes to content themselves to a great extent with rewards that are not pecuniary. That is so, but the tremendous advance in the standard of living and the tremendously increased gulf between the man of large income and the man of a moderate one has served to depress these classes in the comparative scale far below the point of two decades ago. I have every sympathy with labor, but its increased share of the national income should come from the accumulating surplus, the location of which is very clearly indicated from the income tax lists, and not from mulcting the professional and clerical classes scarcely a step now in the economic scale above labor itself. I cannot see that the standard of life for the community as a whole is going to be made higher by taking a vacation and a cook away from the college professor and giving them to the conductor or the bricklayer, while the rich business men get incredibly richer.

Before we leave this phase of the question, let us glance at some of the office workers under the new standard. What mass production methods have done in the way of deadening routine for the factory workers is too well known for

repetition, but what is going on in office work may be less generally understood. The new idea of the relations between employer and employee in mass production is that the employer buys "production," that is, "output," from the employee. Thus we read in a book on office technic how improvement was made in an up-to-date office. Motion pictures were taken of the clerks opening the morning mail. As a result of a study of these pictures, the motions of the clerks were "reduced from thirteen to six and the output increased from 100 pieces an hour to 200 an hour. A further refinement in the manner of arranging the opened and unopened letters on the table brought the rate to 250 an hour. Output was still further increased by the use of a 'motion studied table' to 300 an hour."

Stenographers, of course, have been included in this speeding-up process. We read that "in measuring production of this kind several systems are in use. One is that of measuring production by the square inch, with a transparent celluloid, but in most cases a cyclometer is used, which is attached to the machine and records the number of strokes." Production is counted by "points," each "point" being equal to a certain number of strokes, and pay is given accordingly. 250 strokes are deducted for an ordinary error and 1275 strokes for an error on the envelope. 10,000 strokes are added for "a perfect desk," that is one on which, every minute of the week, every implement is so placed as to permit of the greatest speed. Medals and vacation allowances are given for records, and contests are held—though, as to these last, the expert admits that "as a general rule, office contests are not to be recommended. Spurts of speed of any kind are bound to have their reactions and the contest is *often succeeded by a certain amount of lethargy after the goal has been won.* [Italics mine.] But for clearing out an accumulation of work or to rouse the office force they may be very effective." One rubs one's eyes and wonders whether he is reading about America under the highest standard of living ever attained or England at the beginning of the industrial revolution. Stenographers share in the high standard to the extent of from $1250 to $1800 a year.

VI

It would be possible to go on almost indefinitely listing our by-products. For example, having everything from furniture to buildings always of the latest is doing away with a whole range of human emotions. When I was at Yale in 1898 I lived in a new dormitory then one year old. Twenty years later when I went back to see what memories the old place might bring to me, I found that the dormitory had been torn down and replaced by a "modern" building. Our schools and their furnishings, altered or rebuilt every few years, make an Eton or a Harrow look painfully shabby perhaps and "unprogressive"; but the boy who sits at the same desk where Shelley or Byron or Chatham or Gladstone or Wellington sat, or lives in their rooms, will dream dreams and gain an inspiration never afforded by the latest efficient furniture from Michigan. It is the law of compensation at work, and what is gained is not always better than what is lost. So far, what has been gained under the high standard is mostly material and what has been lost is mostly spiritual.

It might be thought that with a really high standard, the extra nerve strain of life would be compensated for by extra opportunity for rest, leisure, and quiet, but exactly the reverse is the case. There is less leisure, except perhaps for the old poor and the new very rich, than there was twenty years ago. It is also infinitely harder than it was to find any quiet spot in the country at possible cost to which one can retire to rest one's tired mind and soul. The automobile offers an instructive example of how an end can be defeated by its apparent means. When there were few cars they afforded people a chance to get

away into the peace of the country, but now their very numbers have ruined the quiet of the countryside. People motor out of the big cities for quiet, only to find that they themselves, multiplied by thousands, have killed the very thing they sought. Last week I inquired of a surgeon who had gone to his house in the country a hundred miles from New York if he had come back rested. He replied emphatically that he had not, and that his place was ruined by people who raced their motor boats with engines unmuffled and made it noisier than even his house in town. As to what will be the condition when aeroplanes become really common, one shudders to think.

Is it any wonder that as other by-products the statisticians tell us that the age of marriage is steadily being postponed, with all that that implies physiologically and psychologically, that the birth rate is falling, that heart disease, divorce, and insanity are all increasing? As we contemplate these and other by-products we may well ask, what makes a high standard of life rather than of living? Granted that we now have billionaires where even millionaires were relatively scarce a generation ago, that labor has risen a little farther above the subsistence level, and that science has given us innumerable toys and conveniences, has not the gulf in comfort widened infinitely between rich and poor? Is the great mass of professional and intellectual workers and of moderate-salaried people as well off in the things that really count as they were a generation ago? For the common fund of our civilization has the advance, such as it is, in the condition of the laboring class offset the comparative decline in the great and almost forgotten middle-class? Has the nation as a whole gained or lost in contentment, peace of mind, assurance of the future, rational enjoyment, and spiritual as well as material comfort? Is it worth while to be continually driven to meet the rent, life insurance, the installments on one's purchases, in order that big business may declare its billions in stock dividends?

There are evidences that a great change may be in prospect. Mass production requires a steady and enormous flow of sales. On the one hand, the jaded buyers are showing signs of restiveness and of becoming tired of wasting their lives in buying, buying, buying, and paying, paying, paying. They have to be whipped into it by more and more expensive salesmanship. On the other hand, office and sales forces are getting tired of being speeded up as they compare their share in the high standard with that of the men above them, and have to be whipped by the most improved technical methods into greater and greater activity. And all for what? That mass production shall not falter or fail. The overhead costs of distribution have become staggering. If the public begins to economize and does not buy, then we are told that mass production will fall down and in the crash to follow no one will have money with which to buy anything. Better than that, we are told, is to buy what we do not really want or cannot afford.

There is no rest from the effort to make money in ever larger and larger amounts. There is no prospect of comfortable retirement in old age. For many who never thought of it in the old days there is the ever-present specter of illness or incapacity. As has been said, our prosperity can be maintained only by making people want more, and work more, all the time. Those, and they are many, who believe that our recent prosperity has been mainly caused by the phenomenal expansion of the automobile business tell us that it will soon be necessary to find some other article which will similarly take the public fancy and create billions of sales—and billions of expense to men already tired of doing nothing but meeting new expenses.

"The highest standard of living ever attained in the history of the world"?

A DANTE OF THE BARNS

A STORY

BY ELLEN DU POISE

MIKE'S neighbors loitered clumsily about his beloved barn, so neat and silent under the blue and gold arch of a June morning, so tragic now with that distorted secret dangling at the heart of it. It was an awkward business trying to realize what had taken place behind that brightly hinged door, locked now against morbid intrusion. Words failed them, and their hands were useless. Then, too, Mike's barn was no longer just a barn. What had happened in it had put an aloof curse upon it. It defied them now with all the strength of its horribly acquired dignity, a haunted dignity that hushed their voices and turned their wonder into fear.

How could a thing like that have happened under a roof so obviously blessed by the golden weather of God? But it had. They had but to walk up the path between the currant bushes to the yellow cottage on the knoll and they would have the gruesome proof of it. And they did clump up, unmindful of the pink petals ruffling the grass and the larks skimming in melodious circles over their heads. They wiped their feet with ceremonious care on Mike's doormat and shuffled in to gaze at Mike himself, lying in waxen serenity in his unused parlor behind the stiff green shade, carefully lowered to keep out the sun he had loved so well.

They resumed their murmurings in the clean, pebbled yard. Why had Mike done it, he who so suddenly had everything to live for? There it was: farm paid for, crops flourishing, that tough sister of his back with her mother in Wisconsin, that awful baby dead . . . to say nothing of the indisputable fact that he had barely three days before become the lawfully wedded husband of one of the prettiest girls in the county. That, as Ephraim Seeley, Mike's former employer, put it was the "crowner." Everybody seemed at sea except Heppy Yarrow, the crabbed old witch who had kept house for Mike; and her explanation simply darkened the matter more than ever. "I've seen folks go dotty with happiness before in my time," she muttered, but nobody wanted to pay attention to her.

But they all agreed about one thing, and that was that very suddenly at the age of forty Mike had everything to live for. Why had he construed it as everything to die for? Would things, even the thing his wife knew and that his neighbors would never suspect, have been different had Mike not tried to express the Celtic warmth of a twentieth-century idyl in the thirteenth-century verse of another lover and a mystic at that? In other words, a golden head troubled Mike even as it had troubled that other fellow in Florence six hundred years before, and he, too, tried to ring it with the untouchable stars. This was the part of Mike's story that was heights above the seemingly all-encompassing wonder of his puzzled neighbors, and even of his young wife herself; and it is the whole story and here it is.

For twenty years Mike Tobin clerked in his father's stuffy little grocery in Manowoc, Wisconsin. He hated it but stuck to it out of sheer pity for his father. His mother was the reason. Mrs. Tobin was gaunt and wiry and ageless. Her tongue was like a series of clashing knives, and she relentlessly managed everything both in the store and out of it. She held her husband and son in joint scorn, mainly because she was a good Catholic and they weren't "anything." An Irishman who wasn't a Catholic never was anything.

Then there was Belle. Belle was Mike's gay, plump sister and she cared for nothing but bright ribbons and men. Sometimes the mother scolded the daughter shrilly for laughing too loudly and intimately with the drummers who came to the store, but it did no good. Nothing, Mike reasoned, ever did any good; and the shriller one was about certain, inevitable things the less space there was in the air for the little melodious things that ought to have a chance.

One Sunday morning Mr. Tobin took Mike aside and said, "I'm goin' away, son. I can't stand another minute o' this."

Mike stared. "Where you going, father?" he finally asked.

"You'll know in good time, son, an' I have an idea that sometime later we'll meet, but afore that I want you should have a bit o' life with this," and he counted thirty one-hundred dollar bills into Mike's hand.

And Mike wondered as he went from his father why the possession of the money over his heart should make him so uneasy and sad. That was in the morning. At noon Mike found his father in the locked store, his head pillowed on the counter, a bullet through his head. Mike stood there and looked at him a long time before he called his mother. He had gone a long way, but what was left looked so peaceful. . . .

Mrs. Tobin threw aggrieved hysterics. If he had been a good Catholic he would never have dared do it, even in a fit of temporary insanity. Belle sobbed and tried the effect of black ribbons in her burnished hair. After the funeral Mrs. Tobin discovered the loss of the three thousand dollars and trebled her temper to make up for it. Mike kept silent about the money and bent his red head under her vitriol, but the bending worried him. His discontent darkened and deepened into a desperate resolve.

And so one spring morning when the fields outside Manowoc were clovering out to the glitter of bees, and the green hills arched the horizon like an invitation, Mike took a walk. He walked through what was left of Wisconsin and straight across Iowa to where Dakota stretched, tawny and flat like a sea to be adventured over. And Mike, tramping the plains, often thought of the sea. He had never seen it, but it must be like this prairie, this rippling, dipping prairie with its feathery sweep right up to the horizon and the clean winds blowing up from a pink froth of dawn and settling into the wide red depths of sunset. The slender black chimneys miles apart emitting thin, gray smoke might have been the static funnels of waiting ships. Yes, this land was a kind of sea, and Mike drew the acrid air in and out of his lungs, fancying salt in it.

He chopped wood from one farm to another and more often than not slept under the stars. It never occurred to Mike to use a penny of what his father had given him. That should be used, if used at all, for some high and mighty purpose. Besides, this freedom was all he wanted. The miles flowed behind him, and every morning a newer and brighter sun gilded the grass undulating before him.

Then Mike became conscious of something sprouting within him, something like a sensitive plant putting out tender, tentative leaves. "I must be growing a brain," he would mutter uneasily to himself, "and something ought to be done about it." He began gathering up old newspapers and almanacs and stray leaves from abandoned

books. He pored over them during long, sunny afternoons, his head pillowed against the fragrant comfort of a haystack. He memorized stray quotations from Shakespeare and Tennyson. He discovered Joan of Arc, a girl who commanded an army from a horse and got burned for her trouble in an unpronounceable town in France. An octopus was a kind of eight-footed fish, and the amber stem of his pipe was once a yellow mass floating in the Baltic Sea.

And so it went until September. Then Mike began to feel uneasy. There were frosty warnings in the air, and the shorn fields reminded him that granaries were full and that the fields were empty. Time to look out for a haven. He began eying the farms as he passed and several times he caught himself eying one as if he were the owner of it. Why not? His father would be glad to have him spend the money that way. Mike felt elated. He would push on to Crittenden, one of the most prosperous of Dakota towns, and look around. But ten miles this side of it, he was stopped by Miss Beatrice O'Brien.

It was a yellow afternoon in September. The sun rained down from a cloudless sky, puddling the clipped land and showering the roofs with honey-tinted radiance. The road was warm under the glittering dust. Then out from the shadow of a weatherbeaten wall rode Miss O'Brien. She rode like a young Joan who had forgotten her destiny and was content to be just charming. And how charming she was, mounted high on a sorrel horse, her lithe legs emerging from a short skirt of brown corduroy, her breast curving under a blouse of bronze silk, her amber eyes sparkling under brown brows, and her shining hair shadowed by the tip-tilted cockiness of a brown hat! A troop of untidy school children clamored after her, and at her side dangled a coil of new rope, rope which glistened knowingly in the slanting sun, as if it shared a subtle secret with the gleaming girl who had hung it there.

Mike lost his breath but recovered enough of it to follow her down the shimmering road. As he tramped along behind her he mused about her in terms of those romantic clippings he had pored over during the past weeks. She was Rosalind . . . the Lady of Shalott . . . Joan . . . a Russian princess who had dipped amber from the Baltic Sea. . . . Now, Mike had seen other girls astride horses, pretty ones too, but they had never affected him beyond a temporary marveling at their soft way of being pretty. Why did this particular one affect him this way? Was it because she had in the most sudden and perfect way possible climaxed a summer that had unshackled his body and put a luminous promise upon his soul? Perhaps. At any rate, Mike lived a thousand rosy hours in one as he followed Beatrice O'Brien along that cooling road and through the Seeley gate.

She was there when he entered, motionless on her bright horse, absently fingering that pale coil of rope. When she saw him she leaped lightly to the ground and deftly slipped the bridle rein over his arm.

"You're the new hired man, I guess?" she said.

"I guess so," answered Mike, uncertainly, wishing he could run and leave his voice there alone with her.

She laughed, and as she laughed Mike felt relieved. Angels could talk, but he had never heard of one laughing. He breathed more easily as he led his divinity's horse toward the barn. He emerged twenty minutes later, the Seeley's hired man.

The Seeleys were one of the most prosperous couples in the county. Ephraim was big and hairy and honest, with one of the loudest voices ever given by God to a man. Martha, his straight, starched wife, dwindled into meek silence under the impact of it. Not that Martha was the meek type. Hadn't she dreamed and brought all but one of her dreams to pass? As a girl in a little village in Ohio, she had

dreamed of marrying a stalwart, god-fearing husband, the two of them pushing forward into some new country where she could have a large white house with a veranda around it and two or three children on which she could tie pink and blue ribbons. Everything had materialized except the children, but, curiously enough, this unsatisfied longing did not embitter her. It kept her hopeful and sympathetic and enabled her to tolerate Ephraim's noise with maternal apathy.

This particular September evening Martha was slipping a pan of her famous biscuits into the oven when Ephraim blustered in with Mike in tow. Mike stood in the settling twilight of the wide kitchen, his red hair making a tangled aureole around his head. His blue eyes were shining shyly, and every feature of his gently contoured face seemed to sharpen eagerly with the desire to measure up to this estimable couple's expectations.

"Well, Marthy, here he is!" boomed Ephraim. "His name's Mike and he'll stay the winter if you feed him right."

"Where'd you find him?" asked Mrs. Seeley, fussing with an apron string.

"He followed the school ma'am home, and I nabbed him."

Martha Seeley smiled up at her husband's newly acquired hired man. His timidness, coupled with his sensitive mouth and his easily clouded eyes, appealed to the maternal in her. "I'll show you your room," she said simply and beckoned him upward.

Mike made a violent toilet that evening in the little room under the eaves. He stood in front of the wavy mirror a full hour, shaving and sopping water on his rebellious hair to make it stay down. He re-knotted the purple satin tie around the collar of his gray flannel shirt and polished his shoes with an old piece of rag carpet. And he tried to keep his mind off the angel he would have to face across the supper table down there in that terrifyingly intimate kitchen. It took Mike a decade to descend the stairs, and another passed before he dared raise his eyes above the white flutter of a sleeve across a forest of blue china.

"Will you please pass the cream?"

Mike slowly and painfully became aware of a blue cream jug under his nose and of five extended fingers. He pushed the jug and was rewarded by seeing two of the five fingers close around the handle. Just as her laugh had reassured him in the barnyard, so the functioning of those two fingers reassured him now. He looked up only to lose his breath again. She was being absolutely unearthly in creamy silk, and about her neck swung a large heart-shaped topaz on a golden chain.

"School going any better?" asked Martha Seeley politely.

"It's worse," answered Miss O'Brien, wearily crumbling gingerbread.

"Do have some of these preserves," suggested Mrs. Seeley, turning to Mike. "They're made of little yellow tomatoes."

Mike ate them because their color was that of the stone swinging at the white throat of Miss O'Brien.

"Chore time, Mike," announced Ephraim finally, wiping his mouth on the back of one hairy hand.

"Mi-ke . . . (Ah, the tinkling audacity of that drawling voice!) I think *Mike's* a perfectly lovely name. It's so Irish. Papa's Irish too, but my mother was a Canadian. Oh, Mr. Seeley," she cried, switching the amber battery of her eyes from Mike to Mike's employer, "mayn't Mike have Prince as part of his chores? I think they'd get along fine together."

"All right with me," agreed Mr. Seeley pushing back his chair.

"There's another thing, Mike . . . that rope. Don't let it get down in the mud or anything. I use it to picket Prince while I'm teaching."

"Yes, ma'am," mumbled Mike and managed another look at her. A protective pity welled up in him. Teaching must be awful for a creature as delicate as that.

Now Beatrice O'Brien wasn't an angel. She was simply the pretty daughter of a Crittenden lawyer. But Mr. O'Brien had invested too much money in sterile Dakota land, and if Beatrice wanted to wear silk on week days and dangle topazes about her slim neck, she must earn them herself. . . . Here she was doing the only thing she could do, which was teach school, and in the country at that. It was dull. The Seeleys where she boarded were nice but dull too. Now here was this new hired man, this Irishman with his tall, broadly shouldered body and his sensitive face under the bold red waves of hair and something in his eyes that made her think of a word she had come across in a book once—troubadour. It might be fun.

But there was no fun. For five months there was nothing warmer between them than the steaming dishes on the supper table and a hastily tossed bridle rein. And it was Mike's fault, for he met every attempt of hers to lessen the constraint between them with a speechlessness which was pure worship. He would stand in the barn with her tawny wreath of rope over his arm and dream. And thus it was that there was five months of dawn that reminded him of her faintly flushed purity; five months of sun that he faced reverently because it was the color of her hair; five months of stars, two of which lived in her eyes.

Then came that complicated Saturday in March when that other poet entered into it. It was raining. The Seeleys had driven Beatrice into town and had stayed there to do the marketing. Mike was sitting in the kitchen reading a book which he had filched from the parlor. It was a bulky treatise on etiquette, and as Mike read he sighed. The road a gentleman traveled was an intricate one. A gentleman jumped to his feet when a lady entered the room. He pulled out chairs for her. It was all so beyond him that he dropped the book and relaxed into somnolence. He felt better floating off into a high, white place where chairs were unnecessary and where one could adore one's lady on a pedestal.

He was aroused by a violent knocking at the door. In reply to his shouted "Come in!" it opened, and a black-coated, genteel-looking little man entered. He seemed to drip hair and water. Both trickled down from under his rusty derby hat and rivuleted across the stiff bosom of his smudged shirt.

"Wife home?" he asked, blinking his weak eyes at Mike.

"I'm the hired man," explained Mike. "Folks are in town."

"I see," drawled the stranger thoughtfully. "I see."

"Bad day," volunteered Mike, pushing a chair toward his visitor.

"Yes," he answered, taking the edge of the chair as if contamination lurked in the back of it. "It's hard on my business." He paused and coughed importantly.

"Lightning rods?" hazarded Mike.

The little man's sandy hair bristled, and his beard twitched. He wagged an indignant finger in Mike's face. "It's only the ignorant who sell lightning rods. My line, my dear sir, is books," and he drew a large volume bound in black leather from a green cloth bag and laid it reverently on Mike's knees. *Gems from the World's Best Literature* marched across the cover in heavy gilt. The agent tapped it knowingly. "When you've read that, my dear sir, you've read something from everything."

Mike turned the thin leaves gingerly. It looked too complete. He was about to hand it back when this caught his eye: "*When first the glorious Lady of my mind was made manifest to mine eyes, even she who was called Beatrice . . .*"

"How . . . how much?" stuttered Mike, trying not to tremble.

"Ten dollars," answered the little man slyly.

Mike thrust a ten-dollar bill into the hands of the agent, who faded from

sight as precipitately as possible. He left Mike sitting with his finger pressed ecstatically against a name. When he grew calmer he read around it. It seemed that one May day along about 1274 an Italian named Dante Alighieri met a certain Beatrice Portinari at a party in Florence. He worshipped her on the spot and when he got home he began writing a piece which he called "The New Life." It was marvellous stuff. Just think, in Italy, over six hundred years ago, this Dante had been up against the same thing as he, Mike Tobin, was up against on this Dakota farm right now! Only Dante had been able to express his feelings. Mike couldn't express his, but there would be no harm in allowing this poet to do it for him, and didn't the girls have the same name, that rare, lovely name, which Dante said meant *"she who confers blessing"*? And how true they were, these splendid almost unsayable things that Dante seemed so easily to say!

No sooner do I lift mine eyes to look
Than the blood seems as shaken from my heart
And all my pulses beat at once and stop.

Mike read this over and over, and each time it wrenched him with wonder. Dante had said it all in about two dozen simple words—said it forever. And it clarified things even if it did make Beatrice O'Brien more of a golden blur than ever. She was pinnacles above him, and it was up to him to allow her to stay there. And when Monday evening came, and he saw her once more under the flickering lamplight, a pale wisp in a fragile frock, gently buttering one of Martha Seeley's flaky biscuits, he thanked God for making a poet who could sing like that. It made things so much easier for the inarticulate fellows who came after him.

But one Sunday afternoon in May something happened. Mike was sitting under a cottonwood tree in the yard with *Gems from the World's Best Literature* propped up on his knees, dozing over Dante. He was awakened by a tickling sensation across the back of his neck and a tinkling laugh. It was Beatrice O'Brien playfully threatening him with a handful of long, fringed grasses.

"Oh," he groaned, going flame down into his very boots, "I was asleep, I guess."

"I guess you were, with your nose in a book too. What were you reading?" and she knelt down beside him to look.

He made an attempt to cover the page with his hands, but she took the volume and bent over it. "What drivel," she scoffed; "it must be terrible to be as crazy about a girl as Dante was."

"Yes," admitted Mike in a muffled voice, "it is."

"She had the same name as mine," elucidated Beatrice, tossing her brown hat from the glory of her hair.

"Yes, I know," stuttered Mike, wishing she weren't so near him.

"And I know something, too," she lisped, pirouetting before him on one foot, "something you don't know. You don't know, Mike, how funny you are!" And she sped houseward to the tune of her rippling laughter.

Mike stumbled down to the gate where she had left Prince and took him blindly to the barn. Why had she laughed? Dante wasn't funny. It must be his—a mere hired man's knowledge of him—that was funny. Mike, forking hay down to her horse in the barn, afterward tried to reason himself back into his old serenity. Who was he that he should resent her altitude? And didn't she have the right to lean down if she wanted to and laugh a little?

The following week Beatrice's school was out. Ephraim Seeley was boisterously relieved. He had not liked the teacher's fool notions. Martha was sorry for she had mothered Bee, as she had learned to call her, and Bee had liked it. Mike, seeing her go, books and baggage, one Saturday morning in June, felt numb. There were the endless

miles between the Seeley barnyard and her father's lawn in Crittenden, and every one of them was closed to him.

Now that Beatrice was gone, Mike's original idea about buying a farm revived. And so one evening when Ephraim Seeley looked up over one of his wife's steaming suppers and casually remarked that the Biddle farm was for sale, Mike, just as casually, remarked that he meant to buy it. They both stared.

"It . . . it joins yours," stuttered Mike, "and I want to invest that money of my father's."

"What'll you do, Mike, all alone in that six-room house?" quavered Martha.

"I'll bet," bellowed her husband, pouring syrup over a slice of bread and folding it over with his knife, "that Mike has a girl up his sleeve."

"I haven't," answered Mike quietly. "I'm going to batch it."

"Speaking of girls," said Martha, "reminds me that I saw Bee O'Brien in town to-day. She's engaged to Dudley Watson, that nice-looking cashier in the bank. He's lucky. She's the dearest . . . sweetest . . ."

"A stuck-up piece," grunted Ephraim, reaching for more syrup.

"Guess I'd better be getting out to the chores," choked Mike and bolted, leaving a large slice of angel food cake untouched on his plate.

Mike walked drunkenly past the barn and out on the road which cut through the dew-soaked fields and, as he walked, he pressed his cold fingers against his burning eyes. He was trying to keep a picture at bay—Beatrice O'Brien, being kissed, perhaps that very moment, under the large summer stars.

That night he returned to something in Dante which almost calmed him. Beatrice Portinari had married Simone de' Bardi, and the poet had kept on with his worship and his verses. After all, perhaps it was better so. Well, there was this much about it, the halo that he, Mike Tobin, had put around her little head could not be disarranged by a mere husband, and yet something had smirched the tip of one white wing.

A week later Mike purchased the Biddle farm. One hundred and sixty acres of Dakota now belonged to him. They were his, those yellow, fragrant acres, topped by a knoll on which a neat yellow cottage faced the sun. There was a barn too, a wide, red barn whose roof seemed to bulge over the packed pungency of hay and whose clean, white stalls seemed destined to shelter generations of contented cows. Mike had never felt nearer peace in his life. The very dust that powdered the blue air was his, and Beatrice O'Brien was safe up there on her glittering cloud, and Dante would keep her there.

Then Mike had a letter from Belle, his red-cheeked, dancing sister in Manowoc, Wisconsin. She wanted to come and keep house for him. She came. Mike was puzzled by her changed appearance. Her lips and cheeks weren't red, and she seemed heavily unaware that such a thing as a dance ever existed. Not only that, she refused to mix with the neighbors. She even refused to answer the door the two afternoons Mrs. Seeley attempted to call. Martha spoke to Mike about it, but he couldn't explain Belle's sudden aversion for society, and somehow he couldn't bring himself to reproach his sister. She was a faithful, if not a neat housekeeper, and her cooking was better than his. And so things went tranquilly enough until that terrible, hair-raising night in November when Belle, sobbing with shame and trembling with pain, awakened him with a confession that sent him flying, half-dressed, across the frozen fields to the Seeleys for help.

The next day the whole neighborhood knew that that queer sister of Mike Tobin's had had a baby. That explained why she had avoided them. It was awful for a hussy like that to dump herself on a nice, hustling brother who was trying to make a start in life. How would he take it?

The way Mike took it was known

only to himself. The shame he felt was the silent kind that ate under his surfaces like dark poison. As for Belle, she soon recovered all her old insolence. The baby was a girl and she named her Milicent. She hated the mite and begged Mike to allow her to put it in a "home" so she could return to her dancing and a probable husband in Wisconsin. Mike shook his head. She had had Milicent and she should continue to have her. "But she's so homely!" wailed Belle, "just look at her." She wasn't prepossessing, a weak, sickly little thing, all bones and colorless hair, who whined interminably. But she was helpless and innocent and ought, therefore, to have a chance.

Then one midday Mike returned from his fields to the yellow house on the knoll only to find it empty. Not quite empty, for on his bed there was a bundle, which turned out to be Milicent, and pinned to her blanket was a note which informed him that Belle was taking the first train to Manowoc, where no one knew what had happened to her.

Mike tightened his lips, and his eyes darkened. He picked up Milicent and carried her to the window. He stood there a full hour, trying to accustom himself to the role he felt he ought to play. And then it was that a ray of sun struck the light fuzz on the baby's head. It actually shone a little. Mike held her closer. She might grow up and have hair not unlike that which glorified the head of one Beatrice. . . .

The neighbors applauded him to his face for his philanthropic temerity, and those of them who had eyed the Tobin menage askance while Belle was there, now pointed with pride to the yellow cottage where a lone bachelor was doing his duty by the forsaken child of a flighty sister. Martha Seeley adored him for it in her shy, angular way, and Ephraim teased him about it with affectionate roughness.

Mike had a difficult time. Martha repeatedly offered to take Milicent off his hands, but he refused. Then one day she sent Heppy Yarrow over. Heppy Yarrow was one of those handy old derelicts who work from one farm to another. She had wound up at the Seeleys, and Martha had told her about Mike, and she had chuckled and gone over. She liked to nose around, and this queer menage just suited her, but Mike would not trust her with Milicent. He still continued to do everything for the child but wash for her.

Then came a day in April. Mike was plowing and wincing a little as he was forced now and then to turn under a clump of prairie violets. Every now and then he would stroll over and peer down at Milicent, who was asleep on a pile of straw in the back of the wagon. It made Mike feel destined for something more luminous than plowing to look at Milicent's hair under the warm purity of the sun and be reminded of Beatrice, whose head must have been covered with flaxen tendrils like that once. And then late in the afternoon he looked up and thought he saw a sorrel horse cantering along through the slanting sunlight and on its back a small erect figure. It couldn't be she. She was in Crittenden getting ready to be married to that godlike young cashier. But it was, willowy and transparent as ever in her brown clothes. Then something snapped Mike's intoxication in mid-air. It was the thought of Milicent. How would Beatrice react to Milicent? Of course the child was innocent, but her origin was black mystery. It would besmirch Beatrice even so much as to wonder . . .

"Good evening," she called, and leaned toward him over the black furrow.

"Good evening," answered Mike, everything, even his fear, whipping madly into tune at the sound of her voice.

"I hadn't seen Aunt Martha for ages, so I rode out. She told me you were over here, so I rode by to say hello," and she tried to give him the shining gift of her eyes.

"It's a nice evening," he observed, refusing the gift. (If only she would ride on before Milicent woke up!)

"I adore evenings like this," she said, flicking the serpentine coil of rope with her whip.

Just then a thin, penetrating wail cut the softness of the air. Beatrice stared, then rode over and peered down into the wagon.

"My stars, Mike, if there isn't that famous baby! I've been dying to see it. She . . . she has pretty hair," she added turning to Mike with sympathetic dubiousness.

Mike lowered his head while he silently turned to flame.

"I suppose you feed her and everything. Aunt Martha says you won't let Heppy Yarrow touch her. Pretty soon you'll have to learn to crochet so she can have the last word in petticoats," and her laughter trickled through the graying air like melodious water. She rode slowly back to him, her face still dimpling with amusement, then leaned over and put her hand softly on his shoulder.

"I think you're wonderful, Mike . . . just wonderful," and she rode off through shadows that seemed to withdraw at her bright approach.

Mike had never felt so uplifted. Even her laughter had lifted him, and he owed the benediction of her hand on his shoulder to that grotesque mite sucking her misshapen thumb on a heap of straw in the wagon!

The following week two people died. The first to go was Milicent, who succumbed to one of Heppy Yarrow's remedies for croup. Three days later Lawyer O'Brien dropped dead of heart disease. Milicent's going threw Mike into a state which was neither spiritual loneliness nor a sense of physical loss, but a chaos composed of both. In some indefinable way he felt that a tangible part of Beatrice herself had been buried with that wisp of a child, and the feeling left him more isolated than ever up among those tragic clouds of his. Heppy Yarrow was no help about anything but housework. "Good thing it died," she said, but it didn't comfort him.

Mr. O'Brien's exit affected him too. He saw Beatrice now filmy and remote behind the bright pathos of her tears.

Then one morning in June Martha Seeley cut across the fields and dropped on the scrubbed steps of Mike's porch and waited for him as he came up from the barn. "Mike," she announced solemnly, "Bee's back."

Mike put down his pails and stared at her.

"Yes," continued Martha, "she's staying with me until she decides what to do. It's terrible for a girl like her to be left like that. Her father didn't leave her a thing that wasn't mortgaged up to the hilt."

"I . . . I thought," stammered Mike, drawing a worn knife from his pocket and starting to whittle a willow stick, "I thought she . . . she was engaged."

"Oh, I guess that's all off! Dudley's got a job in a bank in Chicago, and I guess Bee realized even before that that he wasn't manly enough for her. No, it's not Dudley Watson being in Chicago that makes Bee look so white and peaked. It's her father's death and his leaving her the way he did. Mike," she added desperately, peering up at him through her glasses, "I don't think it's right for folks to be left alone. It isn't right for Bee and it isn't right for you."

"I have Heppy."

Martha snorted. "What company is she of an evening, I'd like to know? It's evenings that are hard for folks who are left alone. Bee cries herself to sleep every night. I hear her."

"Well . . ." choked Mike, breaking out all over in something like guilty perspiration.

"Well, I think you might do something about it," replied Martha, fanning her hot, confused face with her sunbonnet; for she was one of those rare women who find matchmaking an embarrassing business.

Mike cut his finger. Cut it purposely. It steadied him to see the blood oozing from the wound in little drops.

"She likes you, I happen to know," continued Martha smoothly. "Her experience with that spineless Dudley has taught her to appreciate a real man when she sees one."

"I'm . . . I'm not fit for her," said Mike, going very white under his tan.

"Why, I'd like to know?" she flared.

"There's the way Belle acted and . . ."

"Oh, pshaw! The way *you* acted would make any girl proud to know you. It made Bee proud. Remember that day she saw Milicent in the wagon? She told me about that. She thought you were wonderful. Bee's always liked you, only you always acted scared to death of her. Now, Mike," she coaxed, laying her hand maternally on one of Mike's trembling knees, "just get together a little gumption and ask her."

"I'll . . . I'll think it over," muttered Mike, "and let you know."

After Martha Seeley had gone, Mike went down to the barn and threw himself on a pile of hay and tried to think. So Beatrice liked him—liked him well enough to . . . It couldn't, simply couldn't be true. Martha was mistaken. Her affection for both of them had blinded her. But what if she wasn't mistaken?

Mike lay there and allowed this possibility to descend and enfold him like a golden cloud. He would be more blessed than Dante. . . . Then another thing assailed him. How could he ever so much as touch her white forehead with his lips? Her mere physical perfection alone was enough to paralyze his lips and hands. Perhaps it had paralyzed Dudley Watson's and that was why he had taken refuge in that bank in Chicago. He looked down at his own hands, coarse, brown, fumbling things. Oh, it was impossible . . . impossible. He wouldn't dare. . . .

As the days went on Mike tried to keep his mind off Beatrice by thinking of his wheat, but their combined gold was too much for him. One night he saw her in a dream, standing in the doorway of his yellow house, her arms full of sheaves.

The next morning as he came up from the barn he saw Prince champing his bit by the gate, and up on the porch there was a golden head silhouetted against the dark green of the vines. His first impulse was to leap on the back of that dancing horse and gallop westward across the shielding mountains and into the cool oblivion of the sea.

"Lady out in front to see ye," announced Heppy Yarrow, as he slunk around to the back door with his pails.

He stumbled around to the vine-hung porch. They looked at each other, his dazed glance searching hers under the blinding halo of her hair, and her large eyes staring upward from the thin pallor of her face. Then she began to cry. She cried softly through her fingers, on one of which gleamed a topaz like a drop of imprisoned sunlight.

"Oh . . ." groaned Mike, helplessly. "Oh . . ."

"I'm . . . I'm terribly lonely since Papa died," she whispered and managed a smile. Mike made a little movement toward her and was stopped by the whiteness of her skin as it emerged from the bronze silk of her blouse. She was expecting something, something besides his groaned sympathy. It menaced the air between them like a sparkling storm.

"Have a drink," he said finally. "The water in the well is very nice."

She shook the tears from the corners of her eyes, and they strolled over to the well behind the willows. He held the dipper while she drank, and the sounds she made as the water bubbled between her lips were so much like kisses that the dipper fell from his hand, spattering them both with gemlike drops. She smoothed her skirt and tilted her face toward his. Mike's fingers burned and his heart churned. Would he never have done with this paralysis before the white-and-gold perfection of her body?

"Oh, Mike," she breathed, very close to him now, "why are you so afraid of me when you are so good and I like you so much?"

He took her proffered hands between his, and his lips worshipped hers without touching them.

"Oh," she cried, rosy relief tingeing her white anxious cheeks, "let's go right over and tell Aunt Martha. We'll walk and lead Prince."

They were married the next day. "Why wait?" asked Beatrice tremulously. "Why, indeed?" echoed Martha, who with Ephraim drove with them to the Methodist parsonage in Crittenden.

Mike didn't speak and scarcely breathed through the ceremony. Everything closed down around him like a fragile golden bell which a word of his might shatter. Even the circlet which he slipped on Beatrice's finger had no substance. The wedding supper, which Martha cooked for them afterward, might have been manna straight from Heaven for all the savor it had. He was conscious of but one thing—the triangular whiteness of her face under the weary gold of her hair.

"Be good to her, Mike," whispered Martha, as she bade them good-night on the dark steps. "She's been through so much and she's so tired."

"Yes, ma'am," mumbled Mike, "and thank you kindly for everything."

A half hour later Mike turned the key in the yellow door of his house and stepped shyly aside so that Beatrice could enter. He lighted a small lamp and led her past the door behind which Heppy Yarrow was snoring gently and stopped at the door of the spare room.

"I . . . I thought," explained Mike, "that after so much, you'd rather be alone," and he put the lamp down on the bureau top between them.

A spasm not unlike fear twitched at her mouth and shadowed her eyes. He saw it.

"I'll . . . be in the next room if you should want anything," he explained.

She smiled wryly, and her hand fluttered for a moment near one of his. He went over to the window and looked out into the warm, starry evening. He had been dreading this awkward moment, and it was over. Her smile told him she understood—understood that he worshipped her so much that his hands and lips must learn their way toward hers. He breathed for the first time since that moment yesterday by the well.

Then a sharp cry sent him stumbling to her. She lay crumpled on the floor before an open drawer of the bureau, and in her hand was one of the tiny shirts Milicent had worn. Mike strode over and gathered her up, wondering as he did so how a person as ethereal looking as Beatrice could weigh so much.

"Oh, oh," moaned Beatrice as he placed her tenderly on the bed, "I . . . I can't bear the sight of those . . . those clothes . . . because . . . because . . ."

"I know," soothed Mike, mentally cursing Heppy Yarrow for leaving Milicent's things in that drawer, "I know . . ."

"You don't, you don't," she sobbed, wiping her streaming eyes on the clutched shirt as if it were a handkerchief, "you don't . . ."

"But I do. I do," Mike almost sobbed back, cursing Belle now and all her works.

"You don't," contradicted Beatrice, relaxing her hold on the shirt and gripping his hand in both of hers. "You don't because you're so good, and I can't bear it a minute longer without telling you."

And she told him, clinging hard to his hand as if it were the only thing to cling to in the dark waters that had all but closed over her. And then, little by little, her hold on his hand loosened, and her sobs grew fainter as she slipped into the haven of a cleared conscience; and finally her own hand went up and she pillowed her pale cheek on it and

succumbed to sleep, at peace now on the broad bosom of a charity which had not failed his sister and would even more completely not fail her.

Mike stood there, stricken to stone, and listened until she and her cleared conscience slipped off together in sleep. Then he staggered out into the warm, merciful darkness. He walked all night — around and around his acres asleep under the stars, sentence after sentence of her confession haunting his ears like the relentless clanging of some ghastly bell. It couldn't be possible. Belle did such things but not worshipped-to-Heaven creatures like Beatrice; and yet it was from her own pure lips that that impure confession had sprung.

He strode up and down, wishing he could rage, but he couldn't. He was too near the end of everything for that. Ah, yes, she could have his roof under which to dream of Dudley Watson while she waited for his child . . . have the protection of his name, but she couldn't have his soul. He thought of his father. Yes, his father had been right that sunny June morning three years ago. There was no such thing as happiness . . . only peace and only one way to get that. . . .

He was back now at the door of his barn. A shaft of sun speared out from a pink mass of cloud and struck the coil of rope hanging on a hook outside. There it was, *her rope*, the symbol of a slavery he had once thought was poetic freedom. How often he had imagined the harsh silk of it voluptuously tightening him into a circle which vibrated with her pulsing gold. He reached up and took it down, looping it carefully over his arm.

Then he paused and faced the sun—the sun that was warming his fields and splashing his face like wine and matching the guilty gold of her hair. And then it was that the words of Dante echoed once more:

No sooner do I lift mine eyes to look
Than the blood seems as shaken from my heart
And all my pulses beat at once and stop . . .

And stop. That was right. Stop them for good and trust to God or something else to shimmer for him on the other side.

He closed the door, locking it against Beatrice and the sun.

Mike's neighbors clumped up his path between the currant bushes and they clumped down again, but not one of them knew why he did it, he who so suddenly had everything to live for. Ephraim Seeley scratching his shaggy head in Mike's pebbled yard and Martha weeping silently in her wide sunny kitchen didn't know. And Heppy Yarrow, for all her witchy wisdom about folks she had known who had gone plumb dotty with happiness, didn't know either. Not even Beatrice knew, that shallow, pretty Beatrice, so cradled in her own cleared conscience, so at peace on the broad bosom of Mike's charity, until Heppy Yarrow burst in upon her with the gruesome announcement, but prostrated now with the shame of having a husband who would do such a thing after one night of marriage and with her rope at that.

Not one of them knew, but there was one who could have enlightened them, but he, too, was in Paradise, waiting, as he had waited for six hundred years, for a certain angel called Beatrice to appear.

THE NOVEL IN THE SOUTH

BY ELLEN GLASGOW

EARLY in the dashing but decorous eighteen eighties John Esten Cooke published his *Virginia: A History of the People*, an important and delightful little volume which proved that the sword was more prolific than the pen in the old South. Slipped in among more serious considerations—for war, not letters, is the proper business of the historian—we find a few brief discussions of Virginia authors; and toward the end of the book a modest chapter is devoted to "Virginia Literature in the Nineteenth Century." After what he appears to regard as a consoling rather than an encouraging view, Mr. Cooke, who was a distinguished Southern novelist of his day, prudently decides to bury, not to praise, his Cæsar.

"If no great original genius," he concludes, "has arisen to put the lion's paw on Virginia letters, many writers of admirable attainments and solid merit have produced works which have instructed and improved their generation; and to instruct and improve is better than to amuse. Whatever may be the true rank of the literature, it possesses a distinct character. It may be said of it with truth that it is notable for its respect for good morals and manners; that it is nowhere offensive to delicacy or piety; or endeavors to instill a belief in what ought not to be believed. It is a very great deal to say of the literature of any country in the nineteenth century."

That he lingers not to inquire but to moralize is sufficient proof, were one needed, of Mr. Cooke's sterling piety and settled convictions. For it was a period when historians, like novelists, asked few questions and were able to believe, without prodigious effort, anything that was necessary. Speculation, when it flowed at all in the South, ran smoothly in the safest and narrowest of channels. Novelists, especially when they were historians also, were required to instruct and invited to please; but they were not allowed to interrogate. Why old Virginia, with a mode of living as gay, as gallant, as picturesque, and as uncomfortable as the life of England in the eighteenth century, created, not a minor *Tom Jones*, the crown of English fiction, but merely *Cavaliers of Virginia* and *Knights of the Horseshoe*?—this is a question which no Southern gentleman, however Georgian his morals or Victorian his manners, would have dignified with an answer. A minor Fielding would have been, no doubt, too much to expect. But it would seem to the cold modern mind that almost any readers who devoured them so voraciously might have produced a native variety of Mrs. Radcliffe, of Miss Jane Porter, or even of Mrs. Charlotte Smith. All these authors were with us in their solid bodies of masculine calf or modest feminine cloth. If our jovial grandfathers chuckled for a generation over *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*, our sentimental grandmothers shivered over *The Mysteries of Udolpho* and wept or trembled over the misfortunes of *Thaddeus of Warsaw*. Yet, while sentiment effervesced as easily as soda water, the stream of creative energy flowed, as thin and blue as skimmed milk, into the novel that was "notable for its respect for good

morals and manners." With the long inheritance of English tradition and culture behind it, why did the old South (and this is especially true of Virginia) provide almost every mortal dwelling except a retreat for the imagination of man?

It soon becomes clear that there are more answers than one to this question, and that each answer contains at least a germ of the truth. From the beginning of its history the South had suffered less from a scarcity of literature than from a superabundance of living. Soil, scenery, all the color and animation of the external world, tempted a convivial race to an endless festival of the seasons. If there was little in nature to inspire terror, there was still less in human lot to awaken pity in the hearts of oak. Life, for the ruling class at least, was genial, urbane, and amusing; but it was deficient in those violent contrasts which enkindle the emotions while they subdue the natural pomposity of man. Even slavery, a depressing spectacle at best, was a slight impediment to the faith that had been trained to enjoy the fruits rather than to examine the character of peculiar institutions. Though in certain periods there was disseminated a piquant flavor of skepticism, it was a flavor that lingered pleasantly on the tongue instead of lubricating the mind. Over the greater part of the old South (and this applies forcibly to Virginia, where the plantation group was firmly united) a top-heavy patriarchal system was adjusting itself with difficulty to unusual conditions. While this industrial process required men of active intelligence, it offered little hospitality to the brooding spirit of letters. It is true that in the latter years of the eighteenth century much able writing in politics began to appear. Jefferson, who touched with charm and usually with wisdom upon almost every subject that has engaged the mind of man, created not only the political thought but the greater part of the Southern literature of his period. After his death, however, and particularly with the approach of the Civil War, political sagacity withered beneath a thick increment of prejudice. Philosophy, like heresy, was either suspected or prohibited. Even those Southerners (and there were many of these in Virginia) who regarded slavery as an anachronism rather than an iniquity, and looked ahead reluctantly to a doomed social order, lacked either the courage or the genius that rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm. Before approaching disaster pleasure became not merely a diversion but a way of escape. In the midst of a changing world all immaterial aspects were condensed for the Southern planter into an incomparable heartiness and relish of life.

For what distinguished the Southerner, and particularly the Virginian, from his severer neighbors to the north, was his ineradicable belief that pleasure is worth more than toil, that it is worth more even than profit. Though the difference between the Virginian and the far Southerner was greater than the distance between Virginia and Massachusetts, a congenial hedonism had established in the gregarious South a confederacy of the spirit. Yet in this agreeable social order, so benevolent to the pleasure-seeker and so hostile alike to the thinker and the artist, what encouragement, what opportunity, awaited the serious writer? What freedom was there for the literature either of protest or of escape? Here, as elsewhere, expression belonged to the articulate, and the articulate was supremely satisfied with his own fortunate lot as well as with the less enviable lots of others. Only the slave, the "poor white," or the woman who had forgotten her modesty may have felt inclined to protest; and these negligible minorities were as dumb and sterile as the profession of letters. And even if they had protested who would have listened? Even if they had escaped, either in fiction or in fact, where could they have gone? Complacency, self-satisfac-

tion, a blind contentment with things as they are and a deaf aversion from things as they might be: all these cheerful swarms, which stifle both the truth of literature and the truth of life, had settled like a cloud of honey bees over the creative faculties of the race. For the airy inquisitiveness that frolicked so gracefully over the surface of thought questioned the Everlasting Purpose as seldom as it invaded the barren field of prose fiction. Religion, which made so much trouble in New England, had softened in a milder climate to a healthful moral exercise and a comfortable sense of divine favor. A sublime certainty that he was the image of his Maker imparted dignity to the Southern gentleman while it confirmed his faith in the wisdom of his Creator. Although the venom of intolerance had been extracted but imperfectly, the Protestant Episcopal Church was charitable toward almost every weakness except the dangerous practice of thinking. Moreover, the civilization of the old South was one in which every member, white or black, respected the unwritten obligation to be amusing when it was possible and agreeable in any circumstances. Generous manners imposed a severe, if mute, restraint upon morals; but generous manners exacted that the artist should be more gregarious than sedentary. It is true that "Poe passed his early life in Virginia." Nevertheless, Mr. Cooke reminds us sadly that "this great and somber genius was rather a cosmopolite than a citizen of any particular State."

II

After the Civil War, pursued by the dark furies of Reconstruction, the mind of the South was afflicted with a bitter nostalgia. From this homesickness for the past there flowered, as luxuriantly as fireweed in burned places, a mournful literature of commemoration. A prosperous and pleasure-loving race had been thrust back suddenly into the primitive struggle for life; and physical resistance had settled slowly into mental repression. Already those desperate political remedies which, according to the philosopher, begin in fear and end in folly, were welding the Southern States into a defense and a danger. Out of political expediency there emerged a moral superstition. What had begun as an emergency measure had matured into a sacred and infallible doctrine. And among these stagnant ideas the romantic memories of the South ripened and mellowed and at last began to decay. That benevolent hardness of heart so necessary to the creative artist dissolved—if it had ever existed—into the simple faith which makes novels even less successfully than it moves mountains. To defend the lost became the solitary purpose and the supreme obligation of the Southern novelist, while a living tradition decayed with the passage of years into a sentimental infirmity. Graceful, delicate, and tenderly reminiscent, the novels of this period possess that unusual merit, the virtue of quality. Yet charming as they are in manner, they lack creative passion and the courage to offend which is the essential note of great fiction. The emotions with which they deal are formal, trite, deficient in blood and irony, and as untrue to experience as they are true to an attitude of evasive idealism. In the end this writing failed to survive because, though faithful to a moment in history, it was false to human behavior.

Yet, even with this serious defect, the first sustained literary movement in the South cannot be dismissed as undeserving of criticism. Had it been addressed to a race as self-sufficing both in literature and in the sphere of abstract ideas as the people of New England, much that is charming, if not vital, might have endured. But the new South, like the old, is self-sufficing only in the twilight region of sentiment. Always it has remained invulnerable alike to the written word and to the abstract idea. Though it gave its life for a cause, it was wanting in the subjective vision

which remolds a tragic destiny in the serene temper of art. Not the word that stands, but the conversation that ripples has been always the favorite art of the Southerner. Never has his preference varied from the vocal sound to the printed letter. Content to borrow both his literature and his opinion of literature, he has clung through all his courageous history to the tender sentiments or vehement prejudices which are miscalled convictions. For instead of cherishing its own after the provident habit of New England, the South has hesitated to approach Southern writers until they also could be safely borrowed from that alien world in which all accredited Southern reputations are won. With diminishing fortunes, books became the first prohibited luxury; with increasing wealth, they have remained the last acknowledged necessity. "I am not really extravagant," remarked a Southern lady, with a virtuous air, "I never buy books."

Yet, in spite of this natural impediment to literature, the South in the nineteenth century was able to produce the incomparable folk-lore of *Uncle Remus;* and nothing better or truer than *Uncle Remus* has appeared in the whole field of American prose fiction. It is not without significance, perhaps, that whenever the Southern writer escaped from beneath the paw of the stuffed lion into the consciousness of a different race or class, he lost both his cloying sentiment and his pose of moral superiority. Some literary magic worked as soon as the Southern novelist forgot that he had been born, by the grace of God, a Southern gentleman. The early dialect stories of Thomas Nelson Page are still firm and round and as fragrant as dried rose-leaves; the humorous mountain folk of Charles Egbert Craddock are perennially fresh and delightful; the simpler persons, portrayed without august idealism, of James Lane Allen, are vital and interesting; the youthful romantic tales of Amélie Rives have exuberant vitality. A little later, in the historical pageant of American fiction, Mary Johnston appeared to wear her fancy dress with a difference. She also had grace, charm, quality, and the delicate touch upon manner as distinguished from manners. Moreover, as her books soon proved, Miss Johnston is endowed with the courage of her philosophy and the mystic rather than the romantic vision. Like Margaret Prescott Montague, another sincere artist, she has steadfastly refused to compromise with reality.

Long and steep is the journey from John Esten Cooke in his happy valley to James Branch Cabell in his ivory tower. Every step of the way has been won by a struggle; every struggle has widened, however imperceptibly, the boundaries of American fiction. To those of us who are and have been always in accord with the artistic impulse we are pleased to call Modernism it is a relief to find that the horizon even of the American novel is fluid, not fixed, and that there is a way of escape from the artificial limitations of material and method. It is fortunate for Mr. Cabell that he came not too far ahead of his time. It is fortunate that he is allied in his maturity with the general revolt against the novel of sterile posture and sentimental evasion. This fresh literary impulse in the South—which is merely a single curve in the broad modern movement toward freedom in art—has broken not only with its own formal tradition but with the well-established American twin conventions of prudery and platitude. For Mr. Cabell, spinning his perfect rhythms from iridescent illusions, is still in harmony with the natural patterns of life. Though he remains in the modern world and not of it, his genius is rooted deep below the concrete pavements of Richmond in the dark and fertile soil of Virginia's history. A long tradition and a thick deposit of human hopes and fears have flowered again in the serene and mellow disenchantment of his philosophy. Even the austere perfection of his art, with its allegorical remoteness and that strangely

hollow ring which echoes the natural human tones of pity and passion, could have sprung only from a past that has softened and receded into the eternal outline of legend. Certainly it is an art which belongs by inheritance to the South, though it appears to contain no element that we may narrowly define as Southern except, perhaps, the romantic richness of its texture and the gaiety and gallantry of its pessimism. But its roots are firmly embedded, though they may draw nourishment from nothing more substantial than fable. For even with a novelist of philosophy rather than of life there must be a fourth dimension in every fiction that attempts to interpret reality. There must be a downward seeking into the stillness of vision as well as an upward springing into the animation of the external world.

And because this is true of every Southern novelist, and especially of those Southern novelists who are still to come, it is well to remind ourselves that, if the art of the South is to be independent, not derivative, if it is to be adequate, compact, original, it must absorb heat and light from the central radiance of its own nature. The old South, genial, objective, and a little ridiculous—as the fashions of the past are always a little ridiculous to the present—has vanished from the world of fact to reappear in the permanent realm of fable. This much we have already conceded. What we are in danger of forgetting is that few possessions are more precious than a fable that can no longer be compared with a fact. The race that inherits a heroic legend must have accumulated an inexhaustible resource of joy, beauty, love, laughter, and tragic passion. To discard this rich inheritance in the pursuit of a standard utilitarian style is, for the Southern novelist, pure folly. Never should it be overlooked that the artist in the South will attain his full stature, not by conforming to the accepted American pattern, but by preserving his individual distinction. Sincerely as he may admire the flat and vigorous novel of the Middle West, he can never hope to subdue his hand to the monotonous soil of the prairies. That impressive literary movement has as little kinship with the Southern scene as with the stark poetic outlines which express so perfectly the frozen landscapes of New England. But in the vivid profusion of Mr. Cabell's art we find a genuine revelation of the beauty which, however neglected and debased, is indigenous to the mind and heart of the South.

It is easy to remind ourselves that this artistic inheritance was lost upon a race that has persistently confused emotions with ideas and mistaken tradition for truth. It is easy to remind ourselves that a logical point of view is almost as essential in art as it is in philosophy. But, like most other reminders, these are not only offensive but futile. After all, what the South has known and remembered was a lavish, vital, and distinctive society which, for want of a better phrase, we may consent to call an archaic civilization. Imperfect, it is true. For as long as the human race remains virtually, and perhaps essentially, barbarian, all the social orders invented by man will be merely the mirrors of his favorite imperfections. Nevertheless, there are arts, and the novel is one of them, which appear to thrive more vigorously upon human imperfection than upon machine-made excellence. Commercial activity and industrial development have their uses, no doubt, in any well-established society; but genius has been in even the most civilized periods a vagabond. And, with or without genius, the novel is more vital and certainly more interesting when it declines to become the servant either of sentimental tradition or patriotic materialism.

III

Every observant mind in the South to-day must be aware of what we may call, without too much enthusiasm, an

awakening interest in ideas; and a few observant minds may have perceived in the rising generation an almost pathetic confusion of purpose. In the temper of youth we feel the quiver of expectancy and an eagerness to forsake the familiar paths and adventure into the wilderness. But where shall it begin? For what is it searching? Adaptable by nature, and eager, except in moments of passion, to conciliate rather than to offend, the modern South is in immediate peril less of revolution than of losing its individual soul in the national Babel. After sixty years of mournful seclusion, the South is at last beginning to look about and to coquet with alien ideas. With an almost disdainful air, the Southern mind is turning from commemoration to achievement. Noise, numbers, size, quantity, all are exerting their lively or sinister influence. Sentiment no longer suffices. To be Southern, even to be solid, is not enough; for the ambition of the new South is not to be self-sufficing, but to be more Western than the West and more American than the whole of America. Uniformity, once despised and rejected, has become the established ideal. Satisfied for so long to leave the miscellaneous product "Americanism" to the rest of the country, the South is at last reaching out for its neglected inheritance.

At this point it may be wise for the prudent essayist to pause and approach his subject with caution. The recently invented noun "Americanism," which appears so mild and harmless in print, reveals itself to the touch as a dangerous appellation. No other word in our language arouses so easily the fierce possessive instinct of criticism. So sensitive, indeed, are the emotions aroused by this label that when I attempted to treat it lightly in a thin vein of satire, I was taken to task by a literal-minded lady who has still to learn that words are double-edged and not necessarily as flat as the paper on which they are written. Gravely she charged me with harboring what seems to be an "un-American" prejudice against a confusion of tongues. Yet nothing could be, in sober fact, more remote from my thought. On the contrary, I believe that America, if not the didactic term "Americanism," is big enough to include the diverse qualities in all the novels ever written by American novelists at home or abroad. Since the appearance of *Giants in the Earth*, I am disposed to add all the novels ever written by American novelists in any language; for Mr. Rölvaag has written a great and beautiful American novel in the Norwegian tongue. I am told that excellent American novels are written in Yiddish; and, for all I know, excellent American novels may be written in Greek or even in Latin. Certainly, I see no reason why American novels, excellent or otherwise, should not be written in the English, or near-English, which, though incorrectly spoken, is still the native tongue of the South. But they will be written, it is safe to prophesy, by those Southern novelists who are concerned with the quality of excellence rather than with the characteristic of "Americanism."

For the Americanism so prevalent in the South to-day belongs to that major variety which, by reducing life to a level of comfortable mediocrity, has contributed more than a name to the novel of protest. After breaking away from a petrified past overgrown by a funereal tradition, an important group of Southern novelists has recoiled from the uniform concrete surface of an industrialized and democratized South. For the first time in its history the South is producing, by some subtle process of reaction, a literature of revolt. Consciously or unconsciously, the æsthetic sense that surrendered to the romantic life of the past, and even to the more picturesque aspects of slavery, is rejecting the standards of utility in art and fundamentalism in ideas. For, even though it is true that there has been an advance in the South of what the world has

agreed to call education, there is a corresponding decrease in that art of living which excels in the amiable aspects of charm rather than in the severe features of dogmatism. If flexibility of mind has settled into earnest conviction, grace of manner has apparently hardened into a confirmed habit of argument. A new class has risen to the surface if not to the top. New prophets are creating new vices and denouncing the old ones. It is this menace, not only to freedom of thought, but to beauty and pleasure and picturesque living, which is forcing the intelligence and the æsthetic emotions of the South into revolt. And it is this revolution of ideas that must inevitably produce the Southern novelists of the future.

Already a little band of writers, inspired by no motive more material than artistic integrity, is attempting a revaluation of both the past and the present, and subjecting the raw material of life to the fearless scrutiny and the spacious treatment of art. In the midst of a noisy civilization these writers are quietly evolving a standard for the confused mind of youth; and it is worthy of remark that in a higher degree than almost any other group of American artists they have retained a poetic quality of style in dealing with the pedestrian prose of experience. Du Bose Heyward is writing with beauty and truth of a vanishing South. Julia Peterkin is interpreting an alien race with beauty and truth and that something more which pierces deeper than even beauty or truth. Paul Green is exploring a forgotten corner of life. Burton Rascoe, a novelist by temperament, is illuminating the tragi-comedy of civilization. James Boyd is infusing the precious quality of verisimilitude into the older historical patterns. Frances Newman is evolving from her brilliant gifts a fresh and vivid criticism of life. Edith Summers Kelley is depicting with power and insight the "poor white class" of the South. Julian Green is translating his early repressions into vivid French novels. Conrad Aiken is drifting in his foreign technic among the sea islands of consciousness. Laurence Stallings is revolting in forms of art from the hypocrisy and the cruelty of an embattled idealism. T. S. Stribling is applying a modern realistic treatment to that romantic melodrama so dear to the backward heart of the South. Isa Glenn and Emily Clark are flavoring severe studies of manners with a delicate mint sauce of satire. Eleanor Mercein Kelly is seeking an appropriate background for the most ancient illusion. Dorothy Scarborough is blending the old sentiments with the newer psychology. Eleanor Carroll Chilton is pursuing the mystery of dreams through a forest of shadows. Among the later arrivals in the trampled field of prose fiction, we may discern unusual promise in such writers as Donald Corley, who was born in Georgia but inhabits the airy Kingdom of Magic, and in Berry Fleming, who has steeped his first novel in the strong and mellow wine of adventure. Even the "complete plunge" into consciousness, that immersion in the rhythm and change of being which remains the greatest contribution of modernism, has extended the horizon without lessening the sense of form in several Southern novelists.

Though it may be unfair to include Elizabeth Madox Roberts in this group of writers, it is not difficult to detect a Southern warmth and exuberance beneath the veracious Middle Western method of *The Time of Man* and *My Heart and My Flesh*. In the latest work of Miss Roberts', if we look below a superficial "modernist" manner, we find all the depth of color and softness of texture which, either by virtue or by courtesy, we have assigned to the South. For whatever her position or her alignment may be in American letters, her books are saturated with that native essence of blood and tears, of vehement living, which exists in modern America merely as the effluvia of a decaying romantic tradition. But the essence of blood and tears, like some thwarted

romantic yearning at the heart of reality, flows from the provincial into the universal experience.

IV

And so it would seem that the qualities which will unite to make great Southern novels are the elemental properties which make great novels wherever they are written in any part of the world: power, passion, pity, ecstasy and anguish, hope and despair. For it is as true in literature as in war that with the imponderables lies the real force. The universal approach to the novel is not without but within; and the way to greatness leads beyond manner, beyond method, beyond movements, to some ultimate dominion of spirit. Even style, the essence of all great literature, is not a manufactured film but a vital fluid.

And what does this mean, after all, except that the South must look to inward inspiration rather than to outward example? It is well to have an American outlook; it may be better to have what is called an "international attitude of mind"; but the truth remains that great novels are not composed of either an outlook or an attitude. Even to demand a return to æsthetic values in fiction will not help unless we have values more genuine and profound than purely æsthetic ones. And what will it profit a writer to look within if he has not accumulated an abundance of vital resources? It has become a habit in both English and American criticism to remark that the South contains a wealth of unused material for prose fiction, which means only that a sense of tragedy and heartbreak still lingers beneath the vociferous modern "program of progress." Wherever humanity has taken root there has been created, it is needless to point out, the stuff of great novels; and this is true of the South in the exact measure that it is true of every other buried past upon earth. But it is even truer that wherever the predestined artist is born his material is found awaiting his eye and his hand. All that is required, indeed, for the novel would appear to be a scene that is large enough to hold three characters, two passions, and one point of view.

In the Southern novelists of the past there has been an absence not of characters, not of passions, but of a detached and steadfast point of view. What the novel lacked was not only clearness of vision but firmness of outline. For even the treasure of the inward approach may be wasted upon a writer who does not possess the practical advantage of the outward eye; and it is essential that the look within should be that of the artist, not of the lover. If the Southern novelist of the commemoration period was submerged in the stuff of life and incapable, therefore, of seeing his subject steadily and whole, the fault was not in the material, but in the novelist's inevitable loss of perspective. To be too near, it appears, is more fatal in literature than to be too far away; for it is better that the creative writer should resort to imagination than that he should be overwhelmed by emotion. And so it is only since the romantic charm and the lover's sentiment have both passed away from the South that the Southern novelist has been able to separate the subject from the object in the act of creation. It is only with the loss of this charm and the ebbing of this sentiment that he has been able to rest apart and brood over the fragmentary world he has called into being. For this is the only way, it would seem, in conclusion, that great novels, in the South or elsewhere, will ever be written. This was the way of Fielding with English life; it was the way of Hawthorne with the past of New England; it was the way of Proust with his world; it was the way of Tolstoy or Dostoevsky with his universe.

THE EDUCATION OF AN AMERICAN BOY

ANONYMOUS

AS the father of an average American boy, I have come to the conclusion that the answer to the question so much asked these days, "What is the matter with our educational system?" is that we are depending entirely too much on the system to educate our children and too little on ourselves. I believe we parents of young children must be their real life-teachers, and I believe many of us are shirking our responsibility—leaving it entirely to the school and the Sunday-school.

I am not a very strong believer in mere book education; I think true education is more a matter of exposure to ideas and experiences and personalities. I do not mean by this that I am not anxious for my son John to make a good showing in school, and to go to college and graduate with all the honors he can hope to achieve. But I do mean that I do not expect very much from his school or college education in preparing him for the job life has in store for him—whatever it may be. I believe his real education as a boy is more or less up to his mother and me; and we have given and are giving considerable thought to it.

My son John is what I should term a normal boy, ten years of age. As a student he does not rise above the average in his marks. He does not shine at sports. He is not particularly gifted socially. He does not exhibit a special genius of any sort such as some children seem to inherit. Our job is to shape the boy we have into a confident, useful citizen, capable of taking a worthwhile place in the world when he grows up.

At the age of ten the world suddenly broadens for a boy. He begins to sense and to see things which up to this time he has looked at or experienced without conscious appreciation. At ten he is ready for some very practical education and, if he is a normal boy, eager for it. How shall it begin? What should be the aim of it?

Speaking for myself and for my ideal for my son, my first aim is to make John an upstanding, self-reliant young man, with sufficient poise to meet the world and its ways without being too greatly surprised at any turn of events, and to be ready to do his share of lifting wherever lifting is needed.

Because the making of a living is the first problem that confronts a boy when he leaves home, and is the most constant problem that every man faces throughout his life, I shall deal first with the so-called practical side of John's education.

I do not want John to be money-grasping, nor to place undue importance on the value or power of money; but I do want him to have the ability to acquire enough money to live an efficient and self-respecting life and to pay his way fully all along the line; and, particularly, I do want him to understand that money—gold—is just one of the metals, a certain amount of which is necessary, but which is really valuable only when it is doing useful work for the world in the facilitation of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, as our forefathers so quaintly expressed it.

I do not want John to wait until he bumps into the problems of business, perhaps with a wife dependent on him

for support, to learn what money is and how to keep it working. I want him to understand about money and credit and capital turnover and the like before ever he realizes that he will need such knowledge, or that he has it. And so I am beginning to teach him at the age of ten. I am using the "exposure" method. I am making it part of his daily play.

Before going into the method, I should like to explain a hobby of mine about toys for boys. I do not believe in cheap playthings. Nor am I particularly keen for the so-called "educational" toys that are so labeled. I believe in taking away a boy's breath by giving him, on gift occasions, the nearest equivalent to a man's-size article a boy can be expected to use and to care for. As an illustration, two years ago John expressed a desire for a new set of tools. He had a little set composed of a cheap screw-driver, hammer, pincers, and a tool handle; but they were all the worse for wear and neglect due to loss of interest in them. So when Christmas came around we gave him a big, substantial manual training bench ("bigger than the ones we have at manual!" as he characterized it excitedly on Christmas morning) and a set of real tools—a big brace with an assortment of bits, several chisels of good steel (and *sharp*), a good saw, a drill press with an assortment of drills, and so on.

That bench has accomplished what so many parents consciously but so often unsuccessfully try to accomplish: it has made his own home more interesting to John than any other boy's home. It has attracted his boy friends, so that for afternoons on end, for more than a year, boys have come home with John, drawn by his work bench (and a barrel full of odd lengths and sizes of pieces of wood secured at a local saw-mill) and its opportunities to make things.

And now I come to a point which I think we all as parents are prone to overlook. Last winter that work bench began to lose its "pull." It was still used and was still respected; but John did not hurry home to make things, nor did the boys come home with him as they used to.

At first John's mother and I felt disappointed over this and a little nettled. And then it came over us that it is a grown-up idea that any toy should last indefinitely as a center of active interest; that a growing boy demands change—progress.

It was then we decided upon another "toy" that should make John's eyes sparkle. The work bench had taught him to make things, to shape and invent and experiment with his hands. Now for something that should do the same for his head.

And so last Christmas we gave John a printing outfit. Not just a tiny little toy with a case or two of fancy type, but a substantial hand-press and some really fine faces of type from the big type foundry, and regular printers' type cases with their mysterious age-old alphabetical layouts, and the equipment for doing as good printing within the limits of the outfit as that done in a regular printing office.

How his eyes did sparkle! And with what satisfaction did he don the little ticking apron his grandmother made for him and enter the fascinating realm of printers' ink! And how interested his boy friends were!

It was not until several days after Christmas that I came to realize that here was the means I had been seeking for several months to begin to teach John some practical lessons in business: the true meaning of money, the use of capital, and the nature of profits.

This was how it came to me: John's printing outfit was scattered all over the house, and I was just on the verge late one afternoon of scolding him for not keeping it properly segregated in his room when it struck me that the fault was mine, not his. I had provided him with a printing outfit, but I had not furnished the proper cabinets and racks

in which to keep it. They cost money. I did not want to spend so much on the boy because I am averse to overloading a child with expensive gifts.

"Why not own it yourself?" I asked myself. "Why not go into the printing business with John? Money can be earned with a printing press—"

I interrupted my own thoughts to call John. "Bring me the catalogue of printing equipment, John. You and I are going into business together. I am going to invest as much money in the business as your outfit represents, and we're going to be partners."

So John and I are now in business together. He has seventy dollars invested in the business and so have I.

In order to give our business reality, and to teach John the meaning of invested capital, and working capital, and earnings, and profits, and bills payable, and bills receivable, we are setting up a real enterprise and issuing capital stock.

We drew up a simple form of certificate representing capital stock, at a par value of ten dollars per share. This I had John set up and print on our press—just twenty-five copies, representing two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of capital stock.

Seven shares of this have been issued to John representing his investment in the plant. Seven have been issued to me covering my investment. The rest is being held in the "treasury," to be issued to him or to me if and when we invest any more money in the business.

Already we are finding little jobs of printing to do at fifty cents to two dollars, and for each a record is kept showing the cost of materials and the profit. A bill is made out for each job, and when the money is received it is deposited in our account, and bills for paper, ink, etc., are paid out of that account.

Every six months we shall figure up to see if we can pay any dividends on our capital stock, and if not, why. If we have to invest any more capital and issue any more of the treasury stock, it will be impressed on John that this means more stock on which dividends have to be paid if the stockholders are to be kept happy.

On the other hand, if we need money in an emergency to finance a "large" order for paper or materials that we are merely converting into printed merchandise, I explain to John that this does not mean a capital investment, but merely that we need money temporarily to facilitate the operation of our business, and that this is what banks loan money for, whereas they do not like to loan it for capital investment, which should be covered by issuing stock or bonds.

We borrow the necessary money for ten or twenty or thirty days, at the normal rate of interest, I being the banker. John has to explain why we are borrowing and when and how we are going to pay it back before I will make the loan. And I demand a note with the usual interest.

I want John not to be a bit afraid to borrow money. When he grows up I want him to be able to go to a banker and ask for a loan in the most matter-of-fact way—and expect to get it. But I want him to understand that one should only borrow money to facilitate business or investment operations, not to pay debts that are the result of careless spending, or to make purchases that are in the nature of capital expenditures.

Already John is manifesting a lively interest in this enterprise, and is developing a real understanding of this capital investment idea, as differentiated from borrowing to facilitate capital turnover. To be sure, the banking and bookkeeping terms are a little beyond him, but the principle of the thing is clear in his young mind, and it is the principle of the thing, not the terminology, that is important.

Within a year John will have been exposed, in a practical way, on a miniature scale well within his comprehension, to enough of the fundamental principles of finance and business operation to start him with a better understanding of

the proper use of money than most men acquire until they have been in business for some time and have bumped into bankers and banking principles, often under exceedingly embarrassing circumstances.

So convinced am I of the practicability of teaching a boy of ten or twelve the rudiments of finance that, were a printing press out of the question, as it would be in many homes, I should work out some other scheme for going into business with my son. Perhaps it would be an errand service, involving the use and maintenance of a bicycle; or a newspaper route, involving daily or weekly capital turnover; or a gardening job in the back yard, involving daily or hourly wages and the purchase of garden tools; or a postage-stamp business, or some other form of business which presents an opportunity for barter and sale and involves the use of capital. I want my son to think of money as something to be used, not merely as something to spend.

What applies to money applies also to bankers. I believe a boy should become accustomed to doing banking and meeting bankers before he is out of short trousers. John has a Treasury Certificate coming due soon, representing the War Savings Stamps that were bought for him as a baby. When the Government check arrives he is going to be sent to the bank with it by himself to interview the president as to how he had best "invest" the money. I rather imagine (though I do not know) that after some solemn hemming and hawing, the president will advise him to deposit it in his savings account. The real point of his call on the president will be to accustom John to dealing with the president of a bank before he learns that a bank president is a man of whom one should stand in awe.

But enough of finance. While the knowledge of how to make and use money is an important part of a boy's education, it is only one small part of a well-rounded education for life.

II

America has become great through business, but at a price: we have all become entirely too business-minded; needlessly so, I believe. There is no good reason why business should be so all-absorbing as it has come to be in this country. Some sentences on business in a letter I received several weeks since from a successful man of broad cultural background set me thinking upon business and its place in life as I had never done before, and they are exerting a definite influence on my plans for the education of my son. Because I believe these sentences will prove thought-provoking to other parents I take the liberty of quoting them: "The technicalities of business are comparatively simple and are easily mastered. I found that out a few years ago when, without any special business experience, I reorganized a business and did not have much trouble doing it, though it involved dealing with stockholders, bankers, and lawyers, and the solving of myriad business problems. . . . Why try to bring up a boy as a conventional successful business man? By the time he grows up perhaps that type of man will not be wanted."

There is in that last statement an arresting idea that should serve to waken all of us. Are we raising our sons to worship a God of Business from which the gold leaf will have peeled fifteen or twenty years hence? Are we lulling ourselves into educational lethargy with the assumption that life is going to stay put, and that values in life will be the same when our children grow up as they are to-day?

They will not be. Our grandfathers —yes, even many of our parents—accepted twelve to fourteen hours of hard physical labor as inevitable—as absolutely necessary to the maintenance of life. We of this generation do not; we have harnessed certain principles of physics and chemistry and developed machines and processes for doing the

hard labor and cutting down the hours of our application. We of to-day accept the wear and tear of business as inevitable, as absolutely necessary to the earning of a living. And yet, could we but get a perspective, we should see that in this generation we are learning to harness certain principles of mental operation, and to substitute mechanical principles for others, in such a way that the next generation will be freed from much of the grind of business. Five or six hours a day should be sufficient two decades from now for a man to earn his living in business. Already the five-day week is in the air, and the step from that to a five-hour day will not be a long one.

Does it not behoove us, then, to educate our children in the use of the leisure that will be theirs? If we do not, shall we not have made a hopeless failure of their education?

Fundamentally, I believe that the enjoyment of leisure is a matter of perspective. The reason the busy business man of to-day cannot enjoy leisure—and he cannot—is that he is so close to business that when he steps out of his job his nearsightedness prevents him from seeing the great world of interests which lies beyond, just out of his range of vision, and he goes back to his close-up work again and breathes a sigh of relief; he is back in the old grind, and the strain of adjustment is off.

By 1950 the man who, with the knowledge and facilities which will be available by that time, cannot make a living in five or six hours a day of conventional application to business will not be quite bright.

And so I want my son John trained early in the simple principles of business and finance so that he will not have to waste that wonderful period between twenty and thirty learning things that will be merely the mechanics of earning, not the art of living.

But if I should spend these formative years in nothing but an education in mechanics I should be remiss; I am quite as concerned to have John cultivate his mind for the enjoyment of leisure. That can be done most effectually, it seems to me, by the development of perspective.

There are two kinds of perspective: the perspective of time and the perspective of place: the calendar and the map. Granting that it is nearsightedness which unfits business men for leisure, I am determined that my son John shall not be nearsighted: he shall have perspective and, incidentally, he will be a better business man for having perspective. For the best business man is the man who can anticipate the future, and anticipating the future is largely a matter of knowing the past and knowing the world: having time-perspective and place-perspective. If a man can step back a hundred or five hundred or a thousand years, he can get a better perspective on next year, or ten years, or twenty years from now; for in a fundamental sense history repeats. And if he can step off to a different continent he can get a better perspective on his own, and see the changes that are taking place.

But it is not merely for business reasons that I am so exceedingly anxious to make history and geography living subjects to John. I want him to learn to be interested in the life of all peoples and all times; there is no surer antidote for boredom—and to me being bored is the Unpardonable Sin which unhappily curses too many Americans.

It may seem like a large order to start a boy of ten with a hundred-year or a thousand-year perspective, but it is not. It is a matter of putting certain books in his way, and of taking him to certain places, and occasionally directing his attention to the historical aspect of something in the day's news or happenings. Also, it is a matter of using his school work as a point of departure. Recently John began talking about Philadelphia and Ben Franklin. He had "struck" Philadelphia at school. I had been waiting for this, indeed, watching for it. So at dinner one evening I

announced, "Friday you and mother and I are going to Philadelphia."

John was delighted. We visited not only the historical spots in the Quaker City, but the plant of a great publishing company where John could see words and pictures being multiplied by machinery at a furious speed, which in itself is mind-stretching; and the Navy Yard where we came upon the *Olympia*, Admiral Dewey's flagship during the Spanish War, now hopelessly antiquated as a fighting machine.

There I had a fine opportunity for a lesson in perspective. Sitting down on the wharf with John, I told him that when I was exactly his age the ship before us was the last word in warships, but that it was hopelessly outranged now by the *West Virginia* and the other battleships he had seen in the Hudson, and that those battleships would be as hopelessly outranged in another ten years, perhaps not by guns but by men's imaginations; either there would be fighting machines of a different type, or, more hopefully, a different attitude toward war. The point is, I did not take John to the Navy Yard to worship armored steel vessels; I took him there to increase his perspective—backward and forward. Mentally he has already consigned our most modern 32,600-ton *West Virginia* to the scrap heap and is wondering: Why battleships, anyhow? More broadly still, already from the vantage point of Philadelphia he has begun to get a perspective on to-morrow from yesterday.

We have taken John to Boston and to Washington on similar errands. I plan to take John into the past as often as I can, to develop a liking in his mind for exploring its fascinating realms, so that later on when he has leisure he will always know some interesting place to go for further acquaintance, and also to teach him to relate the past to the present and the future.

The past is static unless it is peopled with characters and stories. Happily, there is quite a supply of these to draw upon. I want John to be on intimate terms with the characters of the stories of the past, both fiction and real, for they will be fine company for him and they, too, will give him perspective.

Having had only a limited education myself, and no home direction at all when I was young, I missed many of the fine old books, and until a year or two ago I bemoaned my ignorance of the classics. Then, one day it came to me that there was something I could do about it; I could read these old literary treasures with John. This I am doing, without interfering with John's reading of modern boys' books, which of course he should read. We spend from fifteen to forty-five minutes almost every day reading together. One old book after another we are exploring in company, and John looks forward to this reading time—as do I. It is planting the love for good literature in John's mind while it moves him back hundreds of years for purposes of perspective; and as for me, I am gaining a fresh capacity for the enjoyment of leisure myself. All in an average of thirty minutes a day, which any parent can spare if he will but plan a little.

Thus are we taking care of the perspective of time and also of place to the extent that the literature we are following carries us around the world. But I want to do better than this by John in the matter of geographical perspective. I am not anxious for John to do too much long-distance traveling until he gets well into his teens; for that thrill should be saved until one is old enough to appreciate it, without taking things so much as a matter of course as do the sophisticated children I see on the transatlantic liners. But I hope before John enters college to have taken him around the world. Not all in one trip—perhaps in three or four; but I should like him to visit all or most of the principal countries of the world.

I feel that to have been around the world in the late teens is a greater education than any college could ever offer;

certainly it would be a marvelous foundation for a college course, for everything a boy studied would mean so much more to him in the light of a first-hand knowledge of the world. I believe it was James O'Donnell Bennett who said, "Travel, if men use it shrewdly, is a book in action." I want John to know how to "use it shrewdly."

I shall not try to force education on John on these trips that I hope to make with him. I shall merely expose him to the world and let him drink it in. I am not strong for rushing about sightseeing. I have two travel rules: First, I try to get the point of view of the country I happen to be in, and while I am there to live as nearly as is feasible like its people. Second, I let the country "come to me," rather than rush around with a guide-book and a watch and the worried look of a tourist fearing the Louvre will close for the day before he gets there.

This philosophy of travel I hope to instill into John. I want him to travel with his head, not his feet; to observe and feel and understand. Then I know he will be getting true perspective.

Before leaving the subject of travel, I should like to observe that I am amazed at the extent to which American parents rob their children of educational opportunities at every step when they travel with them. They plunge ahead, doing and thinking for their children, instead of standing back and watching for ways to steer them against the world in a way that will educate them for life.

I try never to think for John if it can be avoided. For instance, when John and his mother and I travel, we rely on him to take care of most of the mechanics of the trip. He buys tickets, takes care of the hotel-room key, tips porters, watches for cars and trains, and the like. I have always regarded travel as one of the greatest of all schools, for in traveling one meets new problems and must make adjustments at every turn. The sooner a boy becomes accustomed to this, the better for him.

III

What am I going to teach my son John about religion?

I think that problem stumps more conscientious parents than almost any other. I am frank to say, it bothers me not a little. But I have finally arrived at some definite ideas on the subject, which I set down here for what they are worth. But before I do, let me say that my first conviction is that a parent should instruct his child in what he believes to be the truth about religion, and let the rest of the child's life-contacts work any changes that may adapt his ultimate religious beliefs to his own particular temperament and needs.

Were I a Catholic, I should certainly strive to make my child a good Catholic. Were I a follower of the Swedenborgian faith, I should teach my son the tenets of that faith. Were I a Jew, my aim would be to bring up my son in the Jewish faith. But whatever my own faith, I should not try to force upon my child parts of that faith which I had become convinced were merely folklore or fable. I consider that dishonest. Let the church or the Sunday-school or the parochial school teach what it will, and let the child accept what he will from them. But at home I believe honest convictions should be the test of the teaching.

Not as suggesting what any other parent should teach his child, but as illustrating what I mean by teaching as dictated by one's honest convictions, and meeting the responsibilities of this none too religious age, I am perfectly willing to outline my own ideas and methods.

I was raised in a Methodist home on Jonah and the Whale—straight. Personally I no longer believe in Jonah and the Whale. I no longer believe in the Virgin Birth. I no longer believe in the physical resurrection. I will not mouth the Apostles' Creed at church because I cannot do it honestly. I am not very sure what I believe about God.

But—I think there must be a God, and

I think the man or woman who is not seeking God and living with a sense of reverence and a reaching up to a Higher Being for guidance and spiritual companionship and stimulus is going to fall short of the richness of life that might be his.

And so I want John to see God, not through ancient forms or Old World fables, but as a living reality of the current year.

John is sent to a Sunday-school where, with the best of intentions in the world, and to the best light of the modern Sunday-school teacher, he is filled with a somewhat modernized version of the old stuff. I do not think it is doing him any harm; but neither do I think it is relieving his parents of the responsibility of his religious education. I am simply marking time, watching for some means or occasion to come along to teach him how to search for God, as the printing press is teaching him some of the principles of finance. He does not particularly need God yet, so I am not fretting my spirit. But I am watching for signs.

In a general way this is what I aim to teach John about religion when the right time comes: that history teaches us that men have always needed a God to look up to and emulate, to turn to with their troubles—and their joys. That the peoples of different countries of this world have needed different kinds of Gods because the physical and climatic conditions under which they live, and the temperaments with which they are born, have made their problems and their cravings different; and so they have pictured and handed down to their children God-ideas that helped them to live and that eased some of the pain and suffering of their lives.

In order to make these God-ideas more real, most peoples have required a symbol in the form of a person. Hence, Buddha and Mohammed and Christ. When studied with an open mind, the lives of all of these characters, and the ideals they represented, have much to commend them, much that is fine and noble and inspiring. But comparing one with the other, and against the needs of a world prone to troubles and heart hungerings, Christ seems to me to stand above the rest in the spirit and practicality of His teachings, and in the fineness and wholesomeness and helpfulness of His life. His religion is worth tying to, even if it be true, as many claim, that He was not divine, and even if the miracles were not as miraculous as the Gospels make them out to be. The God He preached is a Father-God worthy of our love and respect, a wonderful partner to have in one's life. No matter what one's neighbors across the street or on the other side of the world think, or whom they worship, a God that warms the heart and makes one want to give one's best is a pretty safe God to whom to tie.

This is what I aim to teach my son John about religion. The opportunity will develop as John develops. Meanwhile, I am not salving my own conscience or dodging the responsibility or the inevitability of the situation by leaving it entirely to the Sunday-school.

IV

As for æsthetics and the social graces, John's mother is seeing to it that he regularly attends a good dancing class. He hates it, but no excuses go with his mother. She realizes that this is the time he can learn most easily and with the least embarrassment, and learn he must.

Bridge is another thing we are teaching John in homeopathic doses. After playing some of his games with him of an evening, his mother or I sometimes suggest that he play a hand or two of bridge with us. In that way John is already getting some of the simplest fundamentals of bridge stored away in his youthful head without any special effort and without realizing that he is learning something that may be very useful to him in his contacts ten or

fifteen years hence. We want John to be well grounded at least in some of the simple social requisites before he has any consciousness of needing them.

For two seasons John has been taken to the children's symphony concerts on Saturday mornings, where he has been exposed to some of the world's best music. Were he so far from New York that he could not attend these concerts, and yet within the New York radio zone, he could still have heard them, for they are broadcast.

John likes museums—in moderate doses. We try never to give him museum indigestion. If he begins to talk about something at school that we know would lead to an interesting hour in a museum of art or natural history we take him and make vital both his study and the museum by relating them to each other. But we never keep him in a museum so long that he comes away with a hopeless jumble of impressions; we want him to bring away some clear picture that will hang in his mind for years, representing that visit to the museum.

Nature, John gets at camp in the summer, though we augment his summer training as much as possible in our own yard, and by driving to near-by zoos and botanical gardens as often as occasions can be made. And occasion can be made more easily and more often than most parents think, if they will do a little planning.

I am not going in for science with John on a theoretical basis. He will get that later in his high school and college work. But I am giving considerable attention to the practical application of scientific principles. This is another of my educational hobbies. If John asks how a thing works I never explain if I can help it. I ask him how he thinks it works. After four years of this kind of training I find that he can nearly always think out a pretty intelligent theory. Then we talk it over or look into the subject in a practical way.

I often go so far as to tell John to take things apart—things like the front-door lock, a worn-out radio B battery, an electric switch, parts of the vacuum cleaner—in answer to his question as to how they work or what they are like inside. His face always shows a flash of pleased surprise at my "Take it apart and see" in answer to some question. He will hurry upstairs for a screw-driver or a pair of pincers or a hammer, little realizing that he is going to school to study a principle of physics or chemistry, or that he is developing logic and reasoning power which he never could get out of books.

I am now beginning to take John to factories of all kinds, whenever occasion offers. I want him to know how things are made—to expose him to the principles of production and the problems of mechanics and of management. No need to preach or teach: a ten-year-old boy's eyes see for themselves. And a ten-year-old mind stores up the things it sees.

Recently a local department store had an exhibition of working models showing the various mechanical principles, from the ancient tread-mill to a complete modern automobile engine cut away so that its operation might be observed. I hurried right in with John to see that. He will never forget it. The principles are photographed on his sensitive young mind, and all the rest of his life, looking at things, he will better understand how they operate. And I am convinced that understanding how things work in this world is the truest kind of education, for to understand is to have a sense of control or mastery, which is one of life's most valuable assets, whether one goes in for business or a profession.

V

Concerning the more conventional phases of John's education—the school part of it, with which nearly every child needs some help occasionally—John's mother and I have some very definite policies and methods. We do not try to

"keep up" with John's studies. I do not know what he is studying from day to day. But I do watch his report cards closely, and his mother keeps in touch with his teachers. If we find that he is slipping in some subject, it comes in for very definite attention. We do not nag him if, for instance, his arithmetic is "off." It is no use to scold a child and tell him that he *must* get better marks and *must* work harder. Generally there is some specific cause for the trouble. Either there is something he does not understand, or something that he fears, or something with which he has never really come to grips. It is useless to do or say anything until you find out just what that something is.

In John's case, at one time his marks in arithmetic began to be consistently low. For several days I kept his arithmetic papers, and then one evening I went over them carefully. I found that everything went back to mistakes in multiplication. John simply had never properly learned the multiplication table.

For two weeks I had him write the complete multiplication table up to twelve times twelve twice a day. Then every morning I had him dress in the bathroom while I shaved, and I would call for tables unexpectedly—"Give me the table of nine—quickly." "What is nine times seven?" "How many eights in seventy-two?"

In less than a month John had a solid grounding in the good old multiplication table that has never left him—and never will. His marks came right up.

Recently he began to slip again in arithmetic. It took several days of investigation to find out the basic cause, and I repeat, until you know the cause all effort and urging are vain. It developed finally that John had not grasped the principle of cubic measure. He was floundering.

The evening I discovered this there happened to be a pasteboard box on the living-room table in which a radio tube had been packed. Taking a lead pencil, I drew off inch squares on all four sides and the two ends of the box, and we counted the cubic inches. John's face suddenly burst into a smile as he caught, not merely the answer to the problem, but the underlying principle of cubic measure. For the first time he saw cubic measure as a reality rather than as an academic theory.

What applies to arithmetic applies also to geography, grammar, and other subjects (with the exception of spelling, for which I have so far found no "specific" except writing and re-writing the words): find the basic trouble and clear that up, and the subject clears up. And it has been my experience that a visual demonstration of a principle will generally accomplish more in three minutes than will three hours of academic explanation.

VI

Finally, we are trying to teach John to finish what he starts. The world has millions of starters, but only a few finishers—only a handful who can be depended upon to produce a result. And it is only the result that counts, in school or in business or professional or social life. And so I have little praise for effort, and no hearty commendation for a good "try."

"Did you finish it, John? Did you get the right answer? Did you come through?" I ask.

That is the only thing the world rewards, and even though the training seems a bit harsh at times, I am determined that when my son gets out into the world he shall not be surprised to find that there is a wide gap between the home standard and the outside world's rigid standard of results, on which it bases its commendation and its compensation. After all, of what use is education if it is not education for life? And of what profit the plastic years of a child's home life if the standards there are less stimulating than the standards set by the world? They are the standards that afford a thrill in the very achieving!

All this may sound like stiff tutoring for a ten-year-old boy. It is not. John has not the slightest notion that he is being educated. He thinks he goes to school for that purpose—and takes his formal education with a perfectly normal boy's reaction that the whole process of depriving him of so much play time is "a big gyp."

But when he puts on his apron and gets smeared with printers' ink, and triumphantly produces a sheet of paper that says it is one share of capital stock in the John Press; or when he follows the fortunes of Francis of Assisi or Ulysses or one of Dickens's heroes with me; or when he gets a wrench and takes the lawn-mower to pieces and puts it together again with Dad's permission; or when we pick up a pasteboard box and draw squares on it and discover that they turn into cubic measure; or when he finds himself in some great plant trying to figure out how a traveling crane can travel in two directions and lift in a third, all at the same time; or when (later on) he finds that God is a source of strength in any enterprise or activity of life—he will realize that he got some very valuable education at home. At present, it is all part of the great adventure of being a ten-year-old boy and making discoveries.

That, in a nutshell, is the basis of the education of my son John, an average American boy for whom I confidently expect better than an average place in life.

WEBS

BY CARL SANDBURG

EVERY man spins a web of light circles
And hangs this web in the sky
Or finds it hanging, already hung for him,
Written as a path for him to travel.
The white spiders know how this geography goes.
Their feet tell them when to spin,
How to weave in a criss-cross
Among elms and maples, among radishes and buttonweeds,
Among cellar timbers and old shanty doors.
Not only the white spiders, also the yellow and blue,
Also the black and purple spiders
Listen when their feet tell them to spin one.
And while every spider spins a web of light circles
Or finds one already hung for him,
So does every man born under the sky.

THE CRISIS ON BROADWAY

BY KENNETH MACGOWAN

IT IS possible to be not a little proud of the American theater—without risking complacency. Thanks to the Theatre Guild, Arthur Hopkins, Winthrop Ames, Gilbert Miller, and their like, Broadway displays each year a technical perfection, and has shown in the past decade a list of distinguished plays which have made New York easily the capital of the theatrical world west of Germany and Russia. America's hinterland — left to its own devices — has organized an amateur and local theater with a promptitude, a thoroughness, and a two-thousand-mile sweep unique in the history of the stage. That is not all. The American theater has accomplished this double feat in the face of extraordinary competition from other forms of amusement, and in spite of a mad and tottering economic system more harmful to theatrical art than any outside England.

This is a particularly good moment for studying that system. For the system itself is facing a crisis in overproduction, and the competition which it has weathered is about to be increased. Broadway met the challenge of the vaudeville boom and the automobile before the War. It has borne up through fifteen years of furious conflict with the hordes of the motion picture industry. For three or four seasons it has held its audiences together despite the radio's gift of solitary pleasures almost as free as the air which is its stage. And now, in the talking movies, it must meet a competition closer to its own art than any before, a competition fostered by an industry of huge organized wealth.

The economic eccentricities of the American theater run far back of the twentieth century. Contrast them with the well-ordered, stable routine which has fostered the Continental playhouse, and you may wonder by what miracle our theatrical art has got anywhere at all.

II

The economic development of the European theater has been a slow and steady growth. The same pattern repeated itself in each country for generations. The theater of England and France has always been centralized in the capitals: London given over to long-run theaters, the provinces to touring companies; Paris and provincial France mitigating the evil with a few state and municipal playhouses. The rest of Europe has happily depended upon local and self-contained repertory theaters ever since the great monarchs and the little ones founded their court companies of players. The only change of late years has been an epidemic of long-run theaters in Berlin since the War, but the virus can hardly infect the score of lesser cities which do so much to shape German theatrical life. The stability of the European theater has rested, of course, on a stable and well-developed social life; it has suffered little from moving-picture competition, just as Europe has done little to develop the moving picture as an industry.

America, on the other hand, has been in a state of social and economic flux all through its short life, and the theater has changed and developed with the country.

The conquering of a continent, the proliferating of cities, the founding of great industrial power and wealth have dictated a peculiar and rapidly changing theater. First came the local acting companies imported direct from Europe to coastal cities like Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. Then American stock companies, created in these cities and in towns farther west. Next "stars" who outgrew local companies and traveled from one to another supported by the local players. After that a slow decay of the stock companies while the traveling stars brought two or more players with them. Soon the stars were taking complete troupes on tour and appearing in their own repertories over what was practically a circuit of river and railroad cities. As New York grew larger and more powerful, Broadway stars and even Broadway plays *sans* stars found it profitable to tour the country. By the nineties the old stock companies were no more as serious artistic undertakings, and — with the advent of the booking syndicate in 1896—the long-run system of Broadway and the touring system of the Road became the fixed economic form of the American theater.

This system has endured through a quarter of the twentieth century, but it has modified itself and waxed and waned. The prosperity of Broadway and the Road has moved in cycles. The competition of the movies and increased costs of railroad travel began to make the Road less profitable about 1910, and an attempt to economize in the quality of the acting companies rapidly promoted bad business in the smaller cities. The movies took over more and more of the legitimate theaters and quite annihilated the popular-priced circuits where melodramas like "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl" and moth-eaten Broadway successes like "The Old Homestead" had flourished. Soon even cities as large as Cleveland, Galveston, and New Orleans were left with very little first-rate entertainment. The Middle West, the Far West, and such parts of the South as wanted drama found that they had to build up their own theater if they cared for anything better than occasional third-rate touring companies. Economic and artistic necessity called the amateur "little theaters" into being. Hundreds of these wabbling but often excellent organizations arose after 1911 when Thomas H. Dickinson and Zona Gale founded the Wisconsin Players at Madison; and some two hundred now lead a more or less steady and artistically profitable existence. To-day the Road, outside half a dozen cities, is definitely "done" as a touring ground for any attraction except some of the old-line stars; while commercial stock companies, noting the success of the little theaters, are cropping up again to the tune of a couple of hundred, some of them in circuits. America's hearty appetite for spoken drama, in the face of the movies, the cheap automobile, and the radio, is amply evidenced in even the most out-of-the-way places where chautauqua and lyceum circuits sport traveling stock companies, and a hundred and fifty tent shows carry their own stages into empty lots.

While the Road has waned, Broadway has waxed—no matter how fierce the competition of movie palaces. The professional periodical *The Billboard* has estimated that the number of legitimate theaters in the country open and doing business with some degree of regularity fell from 1520 in 1910 to 684 in 1925. New York City shows the opposite tendency. In 1900 there were 16 first-class playhouses, in 1910 there were 30, and in 1925 there were 61.

There is something Aladdinlike in the springing up of theaters along Broadway during the first quarter of the twentieth century. From 1800 to 1825 less than a dozen new playhouses were built in New York in spite of the fact that this was a period when the American theater was getting its first growth. Between 1843 and the Civil War six new playhouses

were opened; during the War one house was built; and between 1865 and 1875, four more were added. From 1900 to 1925 no less than 55 houses were built for plays and musical comedies, while many, many more—most of them gigantic—were opened to lure playgoers into the movies.

The same picture of the decline of the Road and the burgeoning of Broadway appears when we study the plays on tour and the plays produced in New York. Alfred L. Bernheim, preparing a survey of the theatrical business for the Actors Equity Association—a survey soon to be published in book form—has drawn a table of touring companies from the lists printed in the now defunct weekly, *The Dramatic Mirror;* and I parallel it with a list of the number of new plays and musical shows produced on Broadway.

	Average No. of Plays on Tour Each Year	*Average No. of New Plays in New York Each Year**
1900–1904	308	72
1905–1909	298	102
1910–1914	198	130
1915–1919	72	124
1920–1924	64	166
1925–1927	68	208

* Approximately accurate figures including both musical and dramatic entertainments but no revivals.

III

If these statistics told the whole story, the economics of the American theater would be simple enough. But, just as stars, stock companies, and tent shows have emerged again on the Road, Broadway has had its cycles. Prosperity smiled till 1914. Then came a time of mediocre business and a decided increase in costs of production. With 1918 a war-boom arrived. The town and its visitors were amusement-mad. The price of seats went up from two dollars to three dollars and a half for the more popular plays and to five dollars for one or two big musical hits—this without figuring what the ticket speculators charged.

On the surface, this increase in box office prices is merely a part of the general price inflation, a reflection of the sixty-cent dollar. Beef, bread, and broadcloth show as marked advances. Books have gone even higher; novels that used to be published at $1.35 are now $2, and biographies that would once have been issued at $2 now list at $3.50 and even $5. But there is a trick in the theater-ticket price scale, or, rather, two tricks. First, there are more seats priced at the top of the scale than there used to be, and cheap seats have really vanished with the passing of the second balcony. Theaters that used to be able to squeeze in no more than $10,000 a week at a two-dollar top and a fifty-cent bottom now bring in $20,000 a week if the mythical S. R. O. sign is out. Revues now take in thirty, forty, and even fifty thousand. Second, the ticket speculators have added another large advance. It is an advance far larger than they ever won in the days when the late James Metcalf plastered his dramatic department in *Life* week after week with the catch-line, "A speculator on the sidewalk means a crooked manager inside."

If you count even a third of these gigantic weekly incomes as profits for the producer—we can ignore the theater-owner for the moment—you can see a gambling machine in operation that makes Monte Carlo seem trivial. To win prizes like these the producer is ready to bid furiously for any service of actor, stage director, or scenic studio that seems likely to aid in bringing success.

Cost of production soared under wartime prosperity and continues to soar. Where plays had once been mounted for $2000 or $3000, and closed with a loss of $5000 to $10,000, they soon were costing $10,000 to $20,000 to open, and anywhere from $15,000 to $50,000 to close. I doubt if more than a thousand dollars went into the original production of "Shenandoah" on which Charles Frohman's fortune was founded. Even at the tiny Provincetown Playhouse when Eugene O'Neill, Robert Edmond Jones,

and I were enlisting all manner of aid at far below the market rate, we were paying out $1500 to see the curtain rise on "S. S. Glencairn." At the somewhat larger Greenwich Village Theatre "Outside Looking In" cost us a little over $7000 to produce, and "Desire Under the Elms," $6000. Before he has passed the dress rehearsal the average Broadway producer expects to put $10,000 into a play with only two or three modern settings. Then he gives it its first performance somewhere out of town, and, if the script or the performance needs fixing, he must pay the railroad fares and the losses each week—there are almost always losses on new plays—until he feels his property is ready for Broadway. "Excess Baggage," which cost Lester Bryant $17,000 to open on the Road, came into New York last season with a "nut" or initial investment of $17,000 more as the result of bad weeks in various cities. When we consider elaborate productions or costume plays like "Lulu Belle," "The Road to Rome," or "The Dove," we are up where the initial outlay is twenty-five thousand to fifty thousand dollars. And beyond that lie spectacles and musical productions.

IV

Until two years ago the risks of production were still heavier because of the demands of the theater-owner. Not content with yearly profits of twenty per cent on a very solid investment in New York real estate and fairly permanent brick, he found that furious competition for the use of his stage allowed him to demand guarantees of profits. Ordinarily the producer of a play agrees to give the owner of a theater half of the first $5000 taken in at the box office each week, and forty per cent of the rest, and for this he gets not only the theater but its permanent staff, a certain number of stage hands, and a certain amount of money towards the advertising. During the War and until about two years ago, theaters were in such demand, and the profits from even reasonably good plays so great that the theater-manager was able to make the producer guarantee that the theater's share of the weekly gross income should not fall below an arbitrary figure, such as four or five thousand a week. At this figure the theater could cover the fixed charges and running expenses, and even show a profit. It was a policy of "heads I win, tails you lose." When I produced "God Loves Us" for the Actors Theatre, our contract with Maxine Elliott's Theatre had a clause guaranteeing the house $4500 a week; and the fact that the play never drew even the forty-five hundred into the box office meant a loss of $14,000 to add to an investment of $17,000.

Perhaps an itemization of the cost of production to-day, even under the strictest economy, and a comparison of what these items once came to will best show the upward trend. Let me take such a play as "The Saint" by Stark Young. The scenery cost $2349 for two settings that would have come to no more than $1000 before the War. Properties—almost all of which would once have been taken from storage or borrowed—cost $293. Lights—an unknown item in the days when the stock equipment of foots and border lights in every theater would do for every play—came to $487, a figure half as large as most producers would have spent. Costumes—another item that would have meant only a negligible rental before the War—entailed an expense of $1584. For an attraction like this there are additional expenses of $1000 to $1500 for cartage and preliminary advertising, publicity, and photographs, easily double the amount that used to be spent. If the author had not himself directed this production, a fee of $2000 would have had to be charged in, besides one per cent of the gross intake each week as director's royalty; this might have been covered by $600 in earlier days. Under the union scale, the scene designer—if Robert Edmond

Jones had not been a salaried member of the staff—would have received $750 for his sketches and supervision, and perhaps as much again for his costume drawings. Here we have a total of close to $10,000 as the cost of producing "The Saint" to-day, against perhaps $2500 fifteen or twenty years ago.

V

Unless the cost of typewriting is going up, the playwright gambles least of all. Yet consider what it costs the men who write plays if we merely figure what they spend to get their scripts in presentable shape, quite apart from what they invest in time and energy. John W. Rumsey, president of the largest of half a dozen major play agencies, receives 3000 new scripts a year, and handles and sells some forty. Managers receive from 1000 to 3000, and accept five to ten. Probably 12,000 unacceptable plays are written each year against 250 produced. At a typing cost of $30 per script, the playwrights gamble a third of a million on stenography alone.

Next comes the actor's gamble. It is large in itself, and it seems to be growing steadily larger. At the bottom of the trouble is the fact that the American manager employs his actors on a very unsound and unsatisfactory and extravagant basis, which in itself makes for high salaries. Very few American actors—only a handful of stars—enjoy season contracts. They cannot, like most Continental players, look forward to a year or more of steady work in one theater at a fixed salary. Practically all of them outside the stock companies depend for their livelihoods on the success of the individual plays they appear in. They rehearse for four weeks without pay. They are guaranteed—through the efforts of their strong and excellent union, the Actors' Equity Association—two weeks' employment. At the end of that time, they may be looking for another opportunity to rehearse. Some find two or three engagements of two or three weeks each per season. Some rehearse half a dozen parts and get twenty to thirty weeks of work. A few land in successes and draw their salaries for the bulk of the year, as they endlessly whirl the squirrel-cage wheel of the same monotonous lines night after night. With such a gamble to face, the actor must ask a working salary which will be a kind of insurance policy against unemployment. Instead of getting fifty dollars a week for a season of forty weeks, even the most ordinary actor must ask for a hundred. If he strikes a success, he must save half his salary against the next year's luck.

This system has been in force since the time when the old stock companies, with Daly's and Wallack's at their head, went out of business. Even in the days of Charles Frohman the salaries of actors had to be high if the actors were to live and eat between engagements, and salaries have increased since then as rapidly as production costs. About fifteen years ago a prominent manager wrote an article, which he published anonymously, explaining how plays were cast and what the salaries of actors amounted to. At that time he was able to allow an average of one hundred dollars a week per role—$1000 for a play with ten people, $600 for a play with six, $1200 for a play with twelve. For the leading part, if he had to have an actor as good as John Barrymore, he would be compelled to pay, say, $500 a week, and two or three more would run over the average. But he could hire many of his cast at about $100 a week, and he could fill the smaller parts at decidedly less. Nowadays these figures have got to be multiplied by two. Young men and women who have been "featured" in some play—but not starred—ask and get $500 a week. Rather ordinary character actors cost $200. And so on down the line, with the top of the boom not yet in sight. The salaries of the better actors are steadily increasing as more and more plays are put on to try to fill empty theaters. And now the advent of the

talking movies will add more competition still for the services of players who, unlike the Hollywood variety, have been learning to use their voices.

Even if salaries had not doubled in the past fifteen years, it would be obvious enough that the casual-employment system on which actors are engaged promotes reckless gambling on the producer's part. He is not running a more or less stable business, operating week in and week out with a permanent staff of actors engaged as soundly and economically as possible. The producer is merely placing a sudden bet on a particular play—perhaps only one play or two plays a season, perhaps more. He doesn't want to take the responsibility of keeping a certain group of employees at work. He wants to have them off his hands if his bet goes wrong. And of course he has to pay for that privilege. He has to gamble heavily on success, and take the consequences of failure.

Now, with costs of production mounting and the salaries of actors inflated by this gambling system, what are the chances of success? They may be judged from the following table of the various kinds of entertainments produced during the season of 1927–1928 and the number that succeeded. The basis of estimating the successes lets in some plays which have done little more than pay for themselves.

	No. Produced	*No. of Successes*	*Per cent of Successes*
Plays	156	35	23%
Musical Comedies	32	20	63%
Revues	14	7	50%
Revivals	16	5	31%
TOTAL	218*	67	31%

*This table omits a few productions, some of them from abroad, which cannot be easily classified. These would not raise the percentages of successes.

The gamble that the theater-owner now indulges in—since the days of guaranteed receipts and profits have passed—is almost as great. Seventeen Broadway theaters of about 1000 seats each, which are mainly engaged in showing plays, are assessed at a valuation of $10,362,000. The average is over $600,000. A typical 1000-seat theater costs its lessee about $80,000 in rent, taxes, and insurance, or $2000 a week on a forty-week average. To this he must add about $1500 a week for operating expenses. To break even, after sharing with the play, he must count $7000 in the box office each week.

VI

What can we expect in the way of good mob entertainment from such a gambling machine? Not very much if we do not add some kind of mitigation. The fact that the New York theater has made such an excellent artistic record for itself since the War is almost wholly due to the fact that good plays of somewhat limited appeal have had a form of endowment.

Half of the really worthwhile plays each year are produced by the unusual acumen and personal resources of men like Arthur Hopkins and Winthrop Ames, and these plays have that remarkable and enduring theatric appeal which can go but seldom with literary merit. The other half—usually lacking this big mob appeal—are produced, or in past seasons have been produced, by organizations like the Theatre Guild, the Neighborhood Playhouse, the Actors Theatre, the Provincetown Players, the Civic Repertory Theatre, or the Greenwich Village Theatre. Every one of those theaters enjoys or did enjoy some form of financial endowment. I know, because I have helped to raise more than $100,000 for this purpose. All but the Theatre Guild have had direct financial endowment from men and women of wealth like Otto H. Kahn, Ralph Jonas, the former Mrs. Willard Straight, the Misses Lewisohn, William Hamlin Childs, John H. Love, and Henry D. Walbridge, who have met deficits incurred by failures. The total of this subvention has not run less than $170,000 a year during a good part of the past ten years. Every one of these theaters has

had even a larger endowment from the acting profession. For these managements the actors have worked at something close to half salaries in most of the plays. The saving to each theater has ranged from $500 to $1500 a week. The total was close to $200,000 a year when five of these organizations were working.

The Theatre Guild has had less of this sort of endowment during the last two years when fortune has smiled most warmly upon it. Since the actors have worked on a guarantee and a percentage, they have reaped good salaries with the Guild's success. But here again a form of endowment—a very legitimate and, I might say, Continental form of endowment—has come in. This is the huge organized audience of subscribers—20,000 to 25,000 strong—which has made it all but impossible for the Guild to lose money. In assembling that audience—which was done by shrewd choice of plays, the aid of actors working at low salaries, and excellent executive and promotion work—the Guild has done a tremendous amount to correct the faulty economics of our American theater and to show us a way to success with good plays. It has done more, of course, in seizing the opportunity of its growing success to launch a permanent company of actors, and to present them in something like an alternating repertory of plays. It is only through such a company that the art of the actor and the art of the stage director can grow. It is only through repertory that such a group of actors can be given consistent exercise on good plays. And it is only through a permanent company and a repertory—coupled with a permanent audience—that the art of the American theater can be developed past the limits of the long-run ballyhoo. For you must mark that what the Theatre Guild has not done directly to improve the American theater by its own productions, it has notably seconded by its example and its competition.

VII

The notable success of the Theatre Guild leaves less room for regret than one might otherwise feel over the decay or the collapse of all but one of the other subsidized theaters. Yet, optimistic as the wise playgoer may be over the present state of things, he must recognize the danger that lurks in the economic inflation of Broadway. There are limits to even such a mob art as the theater. Its essence must be an appeal to many thousands; but, if economic conditions force it or tempt it to appeal to millions as the price of existence, then its art will suffer; it will drift closer and closer to the coliseum and the bull ring. I don't believe that the theatrical effectiveness—let alone the truth or beauty—of our stage can be heightened by stepping up the costs of production and bidding for a larger and more extravagant audience. Even as matters stand, there is something a little ominous in the thought that a play costs five to ten times as much as a book to manufacture and sell, and that a play must appeal to a quarter of a million people in a season while a book can live on 2500 purchasers spread over a couple of years. If we cared anything for literature we would feel disquieted over a publishing business that had to make Harold Bell Wright its staple, to pray for an occasional *Bridge of San Luis Rey*, and to turn a cold shoulder to Zona Gale and Lord Dunsany. If we push the costliness of our theater too high, we must arrive at a situation that dooms plays like "Mr. Pim Passes By" and "The Great God Brown" and leaves only a "What Price Glory" now and then to challenge "Abie's Irish Rose."

The Lion's Mouth

THE VOICE OF THE SLUGGARD

BY ROBERT PALFREY UTTER

IT COULD never have been the moralist who sent the sluggard to the ant, or if it were, he did it with his usual lack of perspicacity. I cannot imagine an experience better calculated to confirm the sluggard in a career of studied indolence of body and agility of brain than to watch the mindless energy of an ant for an hour.

I speak from the fullness of experience. The hour was that of the noon siesta. I was lying in the sun on the top of a tablelike bowlder in the midst of the torrential flow of Alkali Creek (than which no water of my experience could more completely belie its name). On the rock with me was an ant the size of a grain of rice, with the energy of a locomotive. She was acting as motor to the carcass of a bee. My first speculation was to wonder how the two had come on the desert island where I met them. Next I began to wonder to what extent the ant could increase her speed by eating the bee, thereby gaining energy and lightening her burden, and whether, if so increased, the speed would defeat its own end by increasing the rate of attrition of the carcass on the rough surface of the rock, and if so—but where was the ant going, anyway? She had come to the edge of the table rock, and was starting down toward the racing water. She went down a foot or so, then with an infinity of labor came up again and fetched another long tack across the flat top. After ten minutes or ten weeks (I really do not remember which) of prodigious effort, she reached another edge of the rock, went down eighteen inches toward the torrent, and spent a month or two reascending. I cannot say whether it was three weeks or seven years I spent watching the creature, but by the end of the hour my pipe was out and the ant was still going strong. I strolled down the trail, wondering what the ant would say to me if she found me dragging the carcass of a horse up and down the vertical face of Half Dome or El Capitan, and never taking a bite out of it—out of the horse, I mean.

If before I met the ant I fancied myself as a sluggard, since the encounter my self-esteem amounts to a disease. I have gone to the ant, I have considered her ways, and I am wise—I mean, I am wise to her ways; and I give you my word, I shall never work again. If I do, I shall lose my self-esteem, for since attending that performance, hard work to me spells lack of intelligence; I simply cannot see one without thinking of the other. In vain do I read the encyclopedia and learn from the biologist that ants are highly intelligent. Perhaps they are; with their obvious lack of vision, physical or other, it is clever of them to get along so well as they do. But that is nothing to the purpose. The real question is, when the sluggard goes to the ant, what does he see? My answer is to tell you what I saw: boundless energy, infinite work, with no result whatsoever, not so much as an ant's bite out of a dead bee. Work—work almost beyond the grasp of the human imagination to measure, for an infinity of time, at the end of which all is as

it was at the beginning. Can you imagine a greater inspiration to the sluggard to keep on slugging? If the moralist wished to put an end to it what a fool he was to send the sluggard to the ant! To see anything work so hard and use so little imagination inspires me to put forth as much imagination as the ant shows energy. If I could do it I should have the world at my feet without lifting a finger.

Of course, no one but a sluggard could understand an ant. Perhaps, then, the moralist of the Book of Proverbs is calling on the sluggard for information unobtainable from the biologist. Probably both are themselves ants—my observation tells me that most people are ants—so, obviously, they would never understand "the ant." Children never understand "the child." Being ants themselves, they would "appreciate" the ant, a complete bar to understanding, for they would take her quite seriously, just like mathematics, or stewed prunes; and there aren't many things you can take so seriously as that without indigestion. This is conspicuously true of scholarship and ants. If I, for example, were to take ants seriously, I should be proving in a folio, with notes and appendix, that the author of the Book of Proverbs was an ant and a woman—mark ye the feminine pronoun in the line which gives me my text, and further evidence in Chapter XXXI. She was one of these-here-now good housekeepers, smirkingly setting an example to her "shiftless" neighbors.

Ants! I see them everywhere from Wall Street to Market Street, with Main Street all the way between. Ants! What are traffic policemen but a sluggardly attempt at ant control? Quite unsuccessful; in spite of all we can do, they come and go,

> Armies and emperors and kings,
> All carrying different kinds of things.

They would! It is the unintelligent nature of the beast. Mergers, options and dead bees, conferences and larvæ—take a dead horse on your back, get a proposition on your mind, and gallop up and down. Remember that "to travel hopefully is better than to arrive," and that to travel desperately is best of all.

The farther I look into it, the more I am inclined to think that the whole Book of Proverbs is ant-propaganda, put forth by the Rotary Clubs and Ant Lions of its day. The ant, it tells us, "is little upon the earth, but exceeding wise." Little, I grant you; intelligent (within limits) if you will; but wise? Not if I know what wisdom is. And then, note the complete character of her below disguised as the portrait of a "good" woman. Good for what? Why, to keep house, to be sure—"she keepeth her house with diligence"—yes, yes, just as bookkeepers keep books, books that are no possible good to anyone, kept so that no one could possibly get any good out of them. "Her children call her blessed"—I, for one, should like to hear from them. "Her husband praiseth her." Doubtless—patient man; I have often met him at the Club when the dust was flying at home. Then turn the page to the Book of Ecclesiastes, and he asks (of course it was the husband of the ant who wrote it), "What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?" Clever of him, I say, to get his counter-blast to the ant-propaganda bound right next to it in the same volume! Now I know what you're going to say: look at the conclusion he reaches—all vanity, yes, and no anodyne for it but work. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do—" Very well, but you needn't have any vain illusions about it; and there is no prejudice against using intelligence and imagination.

Perhaps, after all, my main complaint of ants is that their manners lack repose. It is egregiously ill-bred of them to work so hard. If there were any sensitive ants, it might make them uncomfortable to see it. As I have perhaps hinted, the sight is a great comfort to sluggards. I think, too, I have

heard them speak disparagingly of other forms of wild life, both fauna and flora. I never heard an ant speak a good word for a lobster, a lemon, or a clam. I have never sat with a lobster at his own hearth, but as I have met him at table (under what might be to him trying circumstances) I have nothing but commendation for him. The lemon sets a good example to any ant by turning his sunny cheek to the world and keeping his acidity to himself; if you force it out of him you can't blame him, can you? As for the clam, he is the sluggard's beau ideal. He doesn't rush insanely about if he gets a sea-anemone on his back. He is a byword for his sunny disposition. It's none of your Pollyanna stuff, either. When things come his way, he is on the broad grin. When fortune is against him he shuts his lips—pry them open if you can. Go to the clam, thou ant; observe his ways, and get wise.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE WEDDING USHER

BY FAIRFAX DOWNEY

THE ambulance clanged up, and the policeman helped in a handsome but haggard chap in a cutaway, top hat, gray gloves, and spats.

"I picked up this cuckoo in the park," growled the representative of the law to the ambulance surgeon. "'Friend or relative of the bride or groom?' he sez to me, offerin' me his arrum and tryin' to lead me to a bench. It's crazy intirely he is."

As the ambulance sped away the patient began to protest piteously. "I'm really very sorry," he moaned, "but the pews off the center aisle are all full."

"There, there," the surgeon calmed him. "I know. That'll be all right. Just try not to talk."

"Ah, but I must talk!" cried the poor, pale young man.

Humored by the surgeon, he swiftly told this story, as the ambulance dodged through the traffic on its way to the hospital.

"In me," he declared, "you see one of the most accomplished wedding ushers in the profession, for profession it is. House weddings are my specialty. Church weddings, where one revels in space and seats, are to me, if I may use the expression, so much pie. Need I say that my friends recognized my talents, and I was in constant demand? As proof I can produce seven dozen silver pencils, one gross of near-gold cuff links, fifteen canes, and a whole haberdashery of wing collars, cravats, spats, and gloves. I have kissed what I estimate to be five miles of bridesmaids and I have found my way through a Scotch mist in which lesser men have been lost for days.

"As I said, house weddings are my specialty. To fit myself for my career, I made an intensive study of the technic of sardine-packing and observed the efficient methods of subway guards. This preparation, sweetened by politeness and diplomacy, has endeared me to many who have chosen to be married in the old homestead or the new apartment, with only a legion or so of friends of the families invited.

"One of the chief dangers at a house wedding is, as you know, that a large lady who has some hold on one of the families involved will insist on singing. There has seemed to be no way of preventing her rendering 'Oh, Promise Me' or something. Appealed to by desperate bridegrooms on whom the affair was already a severe strain, I, and I alone, found a way to silence the lady singer. My stratagem was simple but perfect. I would lead the lady to a preliminary showing of the wedding supper and there stuff her so full of chicken salad, ice cream, and cakes that she was unable to utter a note for hours.

"It was an ultra modern wedding which just has proved my downfall and destruction.

"I should have been warned by the signs. I recal now as ominous the bridegroom's relation to me of his courtship. A whirlwind affair, it was—love at first sight. He knew little of the girl's family and had never met her father. Nothing daunted, he proposed. I remember his telling me what a sweet old-fashioned girl she was, for she told him he would have to ask her father.

"Expecting to find that gentleman in the library, he was informed by the girl that he was divorced and lived five floors up in the same apartment, but was out of town at the time. The bridegroom wired him, 'May I marry your daughter?' and received a wire in reply asking, 'Daughter by which marriage?' He specified and the consent was given.

"The family complications came to a crisis at the wedding itself, a fashionable affair at which I occupied the post of chief usher, as was my right.

"All went merrily as the proverbial marriage bell at first. On the right I seated the relatives and friends of the bridegroom's father, but I craftily placed across the aisle, with the relatives of the bride's mother, the kith and kin of the bridegroom's divorced mother. With equal tact, I put the contingent with the bride's divorced father on the bridegroom's side of the hall. I seated the separated older sister of the bride successfully. I was tried but did not fail when the estranged cousins of the bridegroom appeared. And then, five seconds before the Wedding March, with every seat in the house full, a magnificent and imperious lady stepped up to me. Her words caused my hard-built reputation to crash about my head like a pack of wedding cards!"

The unhappy creature in the ambulance tore at his neat'y brushed hair. The surgeon was forced to quiet him with a hypodermic and put him in a strait-jacket. Still he insisted on talking with the persistence of an Ancient Mariner.

"Tell me what the lady said," the surgeon soothed him.

"She demanded to be ushered to a very good seat," the patient babbled.

"'I,' she announced, 'am Mrs. Ferdinand Wedmore, who was the second wife of the bride's grandfather and the third wife of the bridegroom's uncle. My divorce from the bridegroom's best man's father is pending and I am engaged to the father-in-law of the bride!'"

The unhappy head usher sank back on the stretcher. "I don't know what happened after that," he groaned.

As the ambulance stopped and they unloaded him and carried him down the aisle of the hospital ward, he whispered in wild yet touching tones:

"I am neither a friend nor a relative of the bride or bridegroom. A cot in the gallery will do."

ON BEING YOUNG

BY FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON

THE divine right of youth has replaced that of kings. To-day youth has everything, does everything, is everything. I know a father who is constantly lamenting because when he was a child children were nothing, and now that he is a parent parents are nothing. He has lost out on both counts. But, personally, I think that this business of being young is greatly overestimated. You don't really enjoy being young because you don't know you *are* young—until you are old. Most of this talk about how wonderful youth is comes from the very aged.

But the old are wily, too. Although they praise youth, they are not going to let you have things all your own way. They are not going to let you forget that,

although youth may have a future, old age has a past. And here they have a decided advantage, because the past is actual and definite, whereas the future is still vague. You can't point out to them the glories they are going to miss because you don't yet know yourself what those glories are. You tell them that the future will be splendid. They say, "Maybe it will, and maybe it won't. Most likely won't." Meantime, the past *was* splendid. Oh, no doubt about that at all. Nowadays all the fascinating people are dead. Nothing is what once it was. The world has become standardized, mechanized, demoralized. You can't even distinguish yourself by going to the dogs any more. You're at the dogs. Everyone is at the dogs. There's no place to go. You can't go to Hell because Hell has been padlocked by the atheists; it's no longer functioning. Swearing isn't what it used to be; lack of religion has robbed it of all its point. The strong, vivid phrases have all become obsolete.

No, nothing is what once it was, according to my antique friends. You tell one of them, for instance, that you are going to hear Jeritza. "Oh, but my dear, you should have heard Nordica." Or you say you saw Hampden in "Cyrano de Bergerac." "Oh, but you should have seen Coquelin." You say, well, anyway, you saw Bernhardt before she died. "Oh, but my dear, you should have seen her before she lost her leg."

It's simply hopeless. They overwhelm you with names like Ada Rehan and Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. They talk about Terrace Garden and Daly's old theater down on Broadway. They rave about tandems and horse cars. You can thank your lucky stars that you got in on the ragged edge of saloons.

And it isn't just New York you've missed out on. Heavens, no! It's everywhere. Post-war travel, they say, is like post-war liquor, bootleg stuff. Without flavor, without bouquet. You might as well stay at home. Europe isn't the same any more. Ladies wear clothes in the South Seas. The Parisians have evacuated Paris. London has been taken over by the American Express, and Oxford is all Rhodes Scholars. Tourists no longer coach through the Lake Country or bicycle over the moors. They are conveyed thither in trucks. In the Basque country the shepherds, if any, have given up walking on stilts. Hans Brinker goes by Ford. The town crier has a loud speaker. The only brigands in Sicily are those behind the hotel desks. There's no more sparkling Burgundy in France. There's no more *Weiss Bier und Himbeersaft* in Berlin.

They never let you alone, these people who "knew it when." If you unearth a nice little skull and are diverting yourself with it, one of them is sure to grab it out of your hand and say, "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well." You didn't know him well; you didn't know him at all. You can't have the skull.

I must confess that I found all this very trying, and terribly inconsistent with their constant assertion that youth is so wonderful. Then one day I woke up to the fact that it is *their* youth which is so wonderful, not yours. They have no use at all for the flapper's good times. They are thinking about coasting and ducking for apples. Of course when I realized that, I got the brilliant idea that now is the acceptable time to lay up ammunition for the day when I am old. So I have my line all ready for the flappers of 1968:

"Never ridden in a ferryboat? Oh, you poor dear! Those vehicular tunnels are so terribly matter of fact and prosaic. There's no poetry in them at all. You should have had the tremendous adventure of going to Weehawken on the ferry. You came over from Paris yesterday by aeroplane? How dull! Now in the old days we used to go on big ocean liners that took five whole days to cross. They were awfully exciting, those long voyages. You

played deck games and bet on the ship's run. They even called it gambling. You wouldn't know about it, of course. They abolished it shortly after they did away with drinking and shortly before they did away with smoking. We used to have such pleasant little vices, in my day.

"But now with this Freudian party in power, you can't tell a vice from a virtue. They certainly have made life dull now that they have repealed the commandments. Who wants to do everything, now that you can? Take that Compulsory Drinking Act, for instance. They'll never be able to enforce it. It's an insult to liberty and freedom. You can lead a man to liquor, but you can't make him drink. And then this idea of theirs about doing away with inhibitions. They have no business to take a man's right to sin away from him. It's unconstitutional.

"Nothing is what it used to be. Take art, for instance. Art has gone to pot. There hasn't been a single first-rate artist since 1928. I suppose I am old-fashioned, but I still like Joyce and Picasso and Stravinsky. These modern paintings don't look like anything at all, and the music is a lot of cacophony. As for the books, I like a book that says something, like *Ulysses*. I simply can't understand what these current books are all about. It's a dull world, my dear. I'm afraid you were born a little bit too late. Why you even missed the Hudson River. Oh, my dear, it's not beautiful *now*. It used to be, but now you can't see it for bridges. It has no individuality. It might as well be the Seine."

Yes, you see I am all prepared to be old and to do my best to take all the joy out of being young for youngsters yet unborn. I am spending my present accumulating a past so that those youngsters can't make me feel sorry when I no longer have a future. I am all ready with "In my day" and "Back in 1928." I shall have my revenge on people who were always saying, "I knew it when." I shall know everything whenner.

Editor's Easy Chair

A WORLD THAT IS SAVED

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

FOR nearly five months past it has been the open season for politics, and efforts have been made, quite earnest among the managers on both sides, to make it the closed season for religious polemics. How successful that has been the reader is welcome to estimate for himself. It is not entirely easy to keep the way of life and the way of government apart. Sometime when we shall happily have attained to a better understanding of everything and a philosophy proportionately improved, we may look back with amusement to sects and their differences.

It is funny about them. Some originated in valiant spiritual leaders, as the Methodists in Wesley, the Quakers in George Fox, the Mormons in Joe Smith, and back of them the Baptists in various teachers, the Lutherans in Luther, and the assorted Calvinists in Calvin. These spiritual leaders usually saw very vividly indeed something that was really there. They got religion vitally, but when they tried to pass on what they had received, they seem to have done much what mediums do who get messages out of the Invisible—they colored them with ideas personal to themselves and not really included in what was shown to them. This they have usually done innocently enough, simply from being unable to separate themselves from their message, and because they believed all the products of their minds were equally important. Nearly all our great sects are basically Christian, the Mormons included; and the variations in the Protestant varieties are due to the personalities of the apostolic characters who touched them off.

The Roman Catholic Church, being a thousand years older than any of its Protestant children, is much more crowded with the results of particular religious experiences; and to know how it came to be what it is would involve a protracted excursion back into Church history. After enduring persecution, dissension, expurgation, and secession, the Catholic Church of our time has come to be considerably a racial institution. The Latins, as a rule, have stuck to it and among the Celts, the Irish; whereas the people of Northern Europe have for the most part gone Protestant.

The nations of Western Europe, having fought like cats and dogs for many generations, find it hard to break themselves of the habit. The same as to the sects; they have beaten one another up so much, used so much molten lead and boiling oil, so many racks, thumb-screws, and worse to bring about Church unity, that they and their descendants, even in the United States, still find it hard not to bite thumbs at one another in any great discussion of the public business. But now the public business having had the floor for so long, it is the season again to discuss religion. How about it, is it doing well?

People who study religion as a curious human propensity that has transpired in some form since prehistoric times,

think our present forms of it have about run their course and are heading towards dissolution. But people who have actually got something valuable out of Christianity as it now functions do not accept that conclusion. Men look for a better understanding and application of what we have.

There are statistics about it. Our government does not undertake a census of souls saved or even of characters visibly improved, but the Department of Commerce (lately in charge of Mr. Herbert Hoover) reports that between 1916 and 1926 the churches of the United States gained thirteen million members, and that the value of church edifices in 1926 more than doubled what it was ten years earlier. That does not look as though religion were going into a serious decline. The churches at least seem prosperous, but their prosperity is not quite the same thing as that of religion. A lot of fault is found with some of them because of activities which are denounced as un-Christian and politically dangerous. It is of no importance to have more churches and more people in them unless they are getting sound religion that makes them good.

A great many observers in our present world, some very intelligent, others fanciful, are waiting for something to drop. They feel that society, national and international, is in a very chaotic state; that too many of the big problems left by the War are still unsettled; that there is a vast amount of new knowledge constantly driving in, affecting old beliefs and standards and the behavior of men. The hope of the world is considerably in new knowledge, but the assimilation of it is quite apt to be disturbing.

There is the stock market, resisting all forecasts, running bank-full and strong, and not a little to the astonishment of even the most astute. Bull markets are unlike Tennyson's Brook in that they do not go on forever. What will check ours is not yet expounded to us, nor when the check will happen, but that it will be checked is matter of course.

Some lines of business are good, others bad. Banks and motor car companies and many other departments of activity are prosperous. Coal miners, textile operatives and operators, and farmers are not happy in their economic condition. They might perhaps have been helped in some degree by governmental interposition, and efforts should and doubtless will be made to help them in that way; but it is not so much politics that is the matter with them as the too gradual adjustment to great changes in habits of life, the drastic change in fashions for women, the increased use of machinery, mass production, and too slow absorption of over-production stimulated by the War. The fact that there are millions of people in trouble about the means of supporting life makes the election at this writing uncertain and leaves very serious problems to be handled by the next administration.

And that brings one to realize that, however the election has gone, all responsible and thoughtful people of whatever party should unite to solve the great problems which the country has to meet. One great subject that now after election calls for prayerful consideration is the Foreign Debts. The present administration, so far as it is concerned, has been mainly concerned to collect them. It is true they have been abated, but it seems also true that no final solution of the problem that they constitute has been reached. Our bankers lend money to Europe to pay the interest on what Europe owes us. That looks very much more like a temporary expedient than it does like a solution. Mr. Mellon once said that good trade relations with Europe were worth to us more than all the debts. That expresses the right attitude on that subject, but power to make that attitude effective has not been given to Mr. Mellon or anyone else. A sufficient jar in the world of which we are a part would dissolve the present debt agreements; but it is not a good plan to wait for Judgment Day before beginning to be good.

OUR Presidential campaign may be likened to a flurry of wind and wave that has agitated a ship that is navigating on a great current. The sailors, of course, have been mainly taken up with the details of navigation. There has been the question of who should be captain on the next trip and arguments about what sails to spread and what port to try to make; but the biggest question of all has not had, and could not have, much attention, and that is, where the current is carrying us and with how much power. In what direction is human life proceeding and what progress is it making? Are we wiser than we have been or are we, especially in these States, merely richer? Are we gaining or losing in true religion? Are we on the way to abolish war, or are there still ahead of us periods of severe discipline before we reach a solution of that vast and anxious problem?

Mr. Kellogg, with the backing of the President, has done what he could to put obstacles in the path of future wars, and what he has done is generally approved so far as its aim goes, though its efficacy, of course, is questioned. It is curious that while wars between nations are so earnestly deprecated and so much is done or attempted to prevent them, human life seems to be held cheaper than it has been in many generations. Destruction by motor car stalks from noonday till night and from night to noonday, the toll of life by machinery is very heavy, and airplanes do their modest bit. Homicide and robberies by violence abound in this country as never before. All that does not seem very pacific. Still, all the casualties of private life are a bagatelle compared with the systematic slaughter which went on day in and day out for the four years beginning with 1914. Our country is not really in danger of being depopulated by machines. It looks so, but the population readily increases if there is need. In this country, certainly, population will continue to increase in spite of machines, poisoned rum, grade-crossings, gunmen, floods, and the other factors of destruction. Disease is far better controlled than it was and disease has been a much more serious obstacle than violence to continuance of life. The great question for us is a very old one—how are we going to be good enough to keep on living? How is our country going to be good enough to avoid the destruction that waits on demoralization? How shall we learn to bear with one another sufficiently to live and work together?

What is it all about, anyway, this human life at which we practice for a while, coming we know not whence, departing with or without notice we know not whither? If we had better understanding of life should we make a better job of living it? No doubt we should; precisely that. No doubt the thing of all others that the world needs most is understanding of life. As we gain in that we gain in comprehending whither the great current is carrying our ship.

But is understanding of life increasing? Certainly it seems to be. What we call Science gains knowledge all the time, and when the accumulation becomes great enough it seems to run on and over into religion. Religion that can only flourish in the midst of ignorance is no better than a transient support, but religion that strengthens with the increase of knowledge has really in it the promise of effectual help. As for our religion, Heaven knows there are tares enough in the wheat, but there is wheat enough to sustain soul and body.

There is a story about Owen Young of the General Electric Company (it may be true or may not) that, questioned about the future profitableness of that very going concern, he said it depended on the things not discovered yet. This was so true and so sensible that it may be he did say it. So it is with our world. When we are discouraged about it and think its inhabitants are too densely stupid, too prejudiced, opinionated, reactionary, and selfish ever to make the rough-hewn sphere they dwell on really

habitable, we can renew our hopes by basing them somewhat on things not yet discovered.

Feel as you will about man, he is really a remarkable creature. Give him elbow room, omit for a while to shoot or hang him or put him in jail because he thinks, and he will probably solve the problems of life. Not only is his knowledge increased and his power amplified by that, but there is a great deal more to him than has been generally suspected. He is still comparatively undeveloped; full of latent, unsuspected powers.

We can appreciate how far ahead of the savage is the civilized man who knows his chemistry and his physics and can use the great tools that his civilization has given him, but think of him as no more than a beginner. Think of the man of even a hundred years from now—what will he know; what will he be able to do? Will his predecessor of our time seem unskilled and ignorant beside him? In a way he may. And then in another thousand years, if only the road can be kept open, what will men know, the knowing ones?

Man's powers are in their infancy. His knowledge is hardly more than of the alphabet. Everything is coming to him if only he can learn to be good, but of course that's no small job. So far indeed as appears, it is the great job of all Creation, or, anyhow, of human life. Teachers and law-givers of all time have had processes guaranteed to accomplish it: rules mostly, compulsions, devices to constrain the wayward to righteousness. They have been palliatives of barbarism perhaps, but not real cures. The cure must come from the inside. The Kingdom of God is within us, and it is there that we must search for it. The hope of making the world happier, freer, and less disorderly rests on the increase in the proportion of its inhabitants who have sufficient understanding of life to know good from evil and prefer good.

A LADY raised in the Methodist persuasion and with a record of activity in some of its undertakings, being asked what she had been doing to save the world, replied without a moment's hesitation, "Nothing! It *is* saved." That seemed an incomparable answer. Here it is December, Christmas coming on, vast preparation in the making to keep it, great activities in the shops impending, crowded streets ahead hereabouts, candles to be burning in the churches, and preachers telling us what it is we celebrate. The Methodist lady put her Christmas sermon in four words. It is true the world is saved, and all that is left to do is to get us people who live on it to comprehend and accept salvation. Christ had understanding of life. To those who could understand him he showed what mankind must do to be saved. By being saved one does not necessarily mean merely to escape Hell. It means in these times very considerably to escape war, quarrels, strikes, national and international jealousies, everything that works to get people by the ears. The late War was awful, but on the generations that lived through it it made a very deep impression to effect that our world could not go on on the basis on which its great affairs were conducted up to and in 1914. It was a terrific exhortation to mankind to be good, and mankind has not yet forgotten that sermon. It turns with great reluctance to the Sermon on the Mount and wonders if the way of life is there truly taught. Amid the din of pleasure-seekers and of money-getters that consideration goes on. So it did after the Napoleonic wars, and doubtless will go on in and out of season, until the Methodist lady's assertion is realized.

what he gives us in his article championing the family doctor.

Our second story of the month comes from ***Susan Ertz,*** the English novelist, whose books (*Madame Claire, Nina, After Noon,* etc.) have won a deserved popularity in this country as well as in her own.

Ten years after the Armistice, ***Edgar Ansel Mowrer,*** chief of the Chicago *Daily News* Bureau in Berlin, makes clear to us the present position of Germany and how she has reached it. Mr. Mowrer contributed another article called "Germany Comes Back" a little over a year ago. His brother, Paul Scott Mowrer, is also well known as a foreign correspondent.

This, we are told, is a time of extraordinary prosperity for the United States. But is it a time of prosperity for the average middle-class family, for the professional man's family? ***James Truslow Adams*** thinks that we have lost as well as gained, and many a pocketbook will probably agree with him. Mr. Adams wrote the leading article of our November issue, "The Mucker Pose"; his *Founding of New England* and *Revolutionary New England, 1671–1776,* have given him a place among the leading American historians.

We have had two other stories by ***Ellen Du Poise,*** written under the name of Ellen Du Pois Taylor (as was her novel, *One Crystal and a Mother*). The stories were "Nostalgia" (February, 1927) and "Shades of George Sand!" (March, 1927). Miss Du Poise is a South Dakotan who for a time did newspaper work in Chicago and is now living in France.

No one has added more than ***Ellen Glasgow*** herself to the quality of present-day Southern novel-writing: witness, for example, *Barren Ground* and *The Romantic Comedians.* Miss Glasgow lives in Richmond, Virginia.

Much is written nowadays about what parents can do for the education of their children besides sending them to school, but seldom do we find such varied and explicit suggestions as are embodied by ***Anonymous*** in his account of the education of his son John.

After collaborating with Doctor Hamilton upon "Marriage and Love Affairs" and "Marriage and Money," ***Kenneth Macgowan*** returns to his native element, the theater. Mr. Macgowan has been dramatic critic for several newspapers, has written *The Theatre of Tomorrow* and *Masks and Demons,* and has served as director in turn of the Provincetown Players, the Greenwich Village Theatre, and the Actors Theatre. The man who produced "Fashion," "All God's Chillun Got Wings," and "Desire Under the Elms" may be counted on to give a true picture of the critical predicament of the theatrical business to-day.

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The poets are ***Countee Cullen,*** leader among the younger colored writers and author of *Color* and *Copper Sun,* who is now in France as a Guggenheim Fellow; ***Henriette de Saussure Blanding*** (Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich), a Californian and a frequent contributor; ***Margery Mansfield,*** a newcomer to HARPER'S who receives her rations of sunlight in a New York apartment; and ***Carl Sandburg,*** author not only of some of the most vigorous and original verse of our day but also of *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years.*

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An old friend of the Magazine, ***Robert Palfrey Utter,*** professor of English at the University of California, contributes to the Lion's Mouth along with two writers new to HARPER'S: ***Frances Taylor Patterson*** of New York, and ***Fairfax Downey,*** author of *Father's First Two Years, Young Enough to Know Better,* and a parody of A. A. Milne entitled *When We Were Rather Older.*

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The frontispiece of this issue reproduces a painting by ***Cecil Clark Davis.*** Mrs. Davis is a member of the Chicago Society of Artists and the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors; among her honors has been the winning of the gold medal at the Rio de Janeiro Salon in 1920.

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In a letter to the Editor written shortly before his death, Sir Theodore Cook—long

Personal and Otherwise

CONSIDERING how many millions of words have been written upon prohibition, there has been astonishingly little temperate analysis of the possible alternatives to the Volstead Act. The militant drys have argued violently against all change; the militant wets have argued equally violently against the Volstead Act as if almost any change would solve the problem. It is refreshing, therefore, to have ***Elmer Davis*** clear the ground for a rational discussion of the specific proposals for modification, and particularly of the proposal for light wines and beers. Mr. Davis writes as a wet who nevertheless respects the objectives of the moderate drys. A native of Indiana, a one-time Rhodes Scholar, and later a reporter for the New York *Times*, he has written several novels, including the recently published *Giant Killer*, and has contributed to HARPER'S "Portrait of a Cleric," a study of Boston, a portrait of Mayor Thompson, and other articles and stories.

Anne W. Armstrong (Mrs. Robert F. Armstrong) is in a strong position from which to speak her mind upon the contribution of business women to the business world. As a former executive of the National City Company and the Eastman Kodak Company she has had important practical experience in that world. She was the first woman ever invited to speak before the Tuck School of Business at Dartmouth and the Harvard Business School. In recent years she has been living in Emmett, Tennessee, and dividing her time between writing and acting as business consultant on special problems. HARPER readers will recall her articles on "Seven Deadly Sins of Women in Business" and "Fear in Business Life."

The name of ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould*** appears so frequently in HARPER'S that it seems almost superfluous to identify her; yet the Magazine is attracting each month new readers who may be unaware that she is the author of *Vain Oblations*, *Lost Valley*, and other distinguished novels and volumes of short stories; and that she is also one of the foremost American essayists, and has written recently for HARPER'S upon subjects ranging from the first Dempsey-Tunney fight to the nature of culture and the changing conceptions of the terms "gentleman" and "lady." In the November issue she was represented by a discussion of "Our Passion for Lawmaking." Mrs. Gerould lives in Princeton, New Jersey.

The late Senator Lodge was one of the chief American critics of the Versailles Treaty; now his grandson, whose name is also ***Henry Cabot Lodge,*** raises some awkward questions about another treaty which is expected to go before the Senate this month. We take no editorial position upon matters such as the ratification of the Kellogg Treaty, but it seems clear that questions such as Mr. Lodge's must be satisfactorily answered if the Treaty is to have American opinion solidly behind it. Mr. Lodge became a reporter for the Boston *Evening Transcript* on his graduation from Harvard, later joined the Washington staff of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, and now is on an expedition to Nicaragua and the Philippines as a special correspondent for the *Herald-Tribune*.

Konrad Bercovici, Roumanian by birth, came to the United States in 1916 at the age of thirty-four. Since then he has become one of the best-known short-story writers in the country. We published his story, "There's Money in Poetry," in our September issue. This month he leaves fiction for fact in a study of his intimate friend, Charlie Chaplin, in action.

Doctor Wingate M. Johnson, general practitioner of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, requires little identification beyond

a leading figure in British sport—commented on Mr. Tunis's article on the Olympic Games in our August issue, praising Mr. Tunis's fairness but pointing out that the original Olympic Games were held in Elis, not in "western Sparta," and taking issue with the accuracy of Mr. Tunis's account of the 400-meter race of 1908. According to Mr. Tunis, who based his statement upon the American report of what happened, the British thought that Halswelle, a British contestant, was pocketed by American runners, and after the race had been won by Carpenter, an American, the British "protested over the decision" and the British judges sustained the protest and ordered the race re-run. According to Sir Theodore Cook, the British did not "protest over the decision." Apparently his contention is that there was no "decision" to be protested; that the only decision of the judges was that the race be re-run. We record this version of the incident out of respect for Sir Theodore Cook's memory, and because he was very anxious that we should set the record straight; but the question of which version is correct seems to us of minor importance in view of the fact that Mr. Tunis used the incident simply to show that such occurrences make for international discord rather than international good feeling. Sir Theodore Cook concluded his letter, "Now the American teams set an example to the whole world; and I should not have written these few lines had I not been able to say so."

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A request from a reader in Atlanta, who found our October issue "especially noteworthy":

> Why, oh why, will you publish a thing so fine, so logical, so fascinating as "The Penny and the Gingerbread" as "Anonymous," giving your readers no opportunity to follow up this gentleman's writings, to watch for other stories or articles by . . . and there you strike that stone wall: "Anonymous."
>
> A man who can prove so conclusively that you can eat your cake and have it too should come from his hiding place.
>
> Suppose he writes something else for you: am I to expect to find it as I found this story—under "Anonymous"? This will not be so bad if you will but be fair and not use this evasive term for others. All I ask is that you urge him to write something else for HARPER'S. I shall be on the lookout from now on for "Anonymous."

We, too, hope that the author of "The Penny and the Gingerbread" will write for us again. It is not safe, however, to assume that future papers signed "Anonymous" are by him. For instance, "The Education of an American Boy" in this issue is by quite a different person. But for the benefit of our Atlanta correspondent and others we promise to identify the author of "The Penny and the Gingerbread" as such if he again writes anonymously—unless, of course, the combined evidence in the papers might reveal who he is.

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The trouble with the "Extra Ladies" described by Margaret Culkin Banning is not that they are extra but that they are idle, according to this comment from Los Angeles:

> DEAR HARPER'S:
>
> It is impossible for any woman past first youth to read Mrs. Banning's article in your October issue without interest and approbation. I should like to suggest, however, that she errs at one point in her analysis. Divorce has nothing to do with the matter. Statistics are, of course, not available, but it is at least highly questionable that widows, grass or sod, make up even fifty per cent of the patrons of beauty culture. Fully as large is the class of women whose sole concern in life is the struggle to hang on to a recalcitrant husband or who are prematurely widowed by business or golf.
>
> The idle woman, married or not, in every time and clime, has been superfluous. Smaller families, smaller living quarters, the increase of wealth in certain classes of our people, have bereft some women of their former tasks—*not* divorce. In fact, if marriage is what prevents them from fitting themselves for, or holding, jobs, then marriage is what makes them "extra." It is idleness and not manlessness that is the pity of their plight.
>
> Very sincerely yours,
>
> JULIA N. BUDLONG.

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Along with a basketful of letters of warm praise for Mr. Villard's article on "The Blue Menace," we have received a number of reproofs. We give the floor to Mrs. Benjamin L. Robinson, president of the Massa-

chusetts Public Interests League, to which Mr. Villard devoted considerable space:

To the Editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

May I express through your columns my warm appreciation of Mr. Oswald Villard's tribute to me in his article "The Blue Menace" in your October issue? After holding up to ridicule the Massachusetts Public Interests League of which I am president he says, "In justice to Mrs. Robinson it must be added that she, of course, does not seek to make money out of her campaign." I value this testimony greatly, not as a tribute to my character—who cares for anything so Victorian as "character" to-day?—but to my intelligence! I should certainly belong to the submoron class if, desiring to make money by propaganda work, I enlisted on the side of the anti-communists, when on the other side every shade of radical from pink to crimson with even the most modest allowance of brains seems able to make a fat living. Our magazines are full of articles of such mediocre quality that twenty-five years ago a first-class editor would have voted them food for the wastebasket. But if they are only destructive of something the past has cherished—it doesn't make much difference what—the radical editor avidly accepts them and the radical reviewers hail them as masterpieces. . . .

A foreign agitator now in Boston said at a recent meeting that all patriotic organizations in the United States were to be destroyed. The campaign of the radicals directed to this end has been strongly in evidence for a year or two. Their three most effective weapons are intimidation, financial ruin, and ridicule—and the greatest of these, probably, is ridicule. Mr. Villard makes that his "Big Bertha" against the D. A. R. He finds it very laughable that they should think the American Revolution which freed our country from foreign domination is clearly to be differentiated from a revolution which would seek to destroy our government to-day, as the communists declare it their intention to do. It seems to him extremely funny that they, or I, should see anything to fear from the enemies of our country. We, on the other hand, can see nothing in the least funny (and I do not think this wholly due to the lack of a sense of humor) in Mr. Villard's so misusing his position and his influence as to tell the readers of HARPER'S (p. 540) how foolish it is to be alarmed when we have not even a liberal party, "unless the Socialists are to be so ranked—in the field in this Presidential election." If Mr. Villard's radical standards are such that he hesitates to class even socialists as "liberal," surely the communists must be able to pass his test, whatever it may be. At this writing the communists, according to the press, have already qualified as a third party in sixteen states, the last being Texas, and they expect to increase the number to thirty before election.

MARGARET C. ROBINSON.

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Norman Hapgood, in his Weekly Letter, takes comfort from Mr. Joad's paper on "The Future of Man":

When we are worrying about poor old mankind, nothing helps more than perspective. Wells handled the trick well in his *Outline of History*, and it is revived, with less vividness, but in an energetic article, in the September number of HARPER'S, one of the few American magazines that have any mental vigor.

In the HARPER'S article it is estimated that there has been life on the globe for 1,200,000,000 years, and human life for 1,000,000, of which the civilized part is only a few thousand years. On an estimate of the globe's remaining habitable for ten thousand times as long as there has been any life or —— times as long as there has been human life (figure it yourself), not to compute the number of times as long as there has been civilization, there is room for at least a few experiments; especially as man's power over the hidden forces of nature is only about a hundred and fifty years old. For those who are worried about time there came along, only a few days ago, the assertion of Professor Millikan, certainly as distinguished a physicist as we have—winner of the Nobel prize—that there is nothing in the prevailing idea that life will cease to be when the stars grow cold. On the contrary, he says, the cosmic forces are creating heat with the same persistence with which they are destroying it. So take it by and large we may look forward with equanimity to man (or his superiors) having an opportunity to work out his ideals, if any.

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The growth of HARPER'S MAGAZINE: To meet the demand for this issue we are printing 166,000 copies, as against 154,000 in December, 1927. This is the largest edition required since the Magazine began its present steady advance in 1925.

To those you love

"This priceless treasury of memories"

YOU want to give something enduring this Christmas—something that will be treasured through the years. What gift could be finer than the means of bringing back the days that have fled—the bitter with the sweet, perhaps—but each tender with memories! A Standard Diary is such a perfect gift.

Standard Diaries may be selected from over 300 different styles and bindings. There are diaries for one year and others for five. Practical diaries for the business man and appointment books. Some diaries are particularly suitable as gifts to boys or girls at school. Many have lock and key. The prices vary from 50c to $6.

Note: The Standard Diary, "Lest We Forget" (shown on this page), is especially suitable for the kind of gift you wish to make. It (along with the other Standard Diaries) is displayed by most stationers and department stores.

The Standard Diary for 1929, *"Lest We Forget," No.* 883. *Richly bound in Tarantula Ecrase Leather in rose, green or blue. With lock and key. One page to each day. Packed in handsome, de luxe gift box. Size* 5" x 4". *Price* $4.50.

If it is inconvenient for you to personally call on your dealer, send him (or us) the coupon below. Illustrated booklet of leading styles gladly sent on request.

To your dealer or
THE STANDARD DIARY CO.
26 Blackstone St., Cambridge, Mass., Dept. M

☐ (1) Enclosed find $4.50 (check) (money order) for Standard Diary, "Lest We Forget," No. 883 (rose) (green) (blue).

☐ (2) Send booklet of Standard Diary line.

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STANDARD DIARIES

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

Community Advertising Is a Business

Do We Always Approach the Problem With That Conception?

PEOPLE successful in their various lines of business when they assume positions of leadership in public or semi-public matters often forget that good business principles may be applied in other fields. Thus we find many communities making mistakes in their advertising programs because those who have assumed responsibility are unfamiliar with the technic that goes into the successful building of community relationships and community building programs.

An industrial movement for any community, for example, means an organized effort to manufacture and maintain business opportunities, rental incomes, and real estate values. It is an undisputed fact that business opportunities, rental incomes, and real estate values increase in direct proportion to population; and that population, itself, increases in direct proportion to employment—work and jobs for men and women. A city can plan a one-hundred per cent increase in the value of her property and her commercial and industrial values just as sanely and as soundly and as accurately as her individual citizens can, and do plan, to make profits in plows, shoes, tables, or other commodities.

An industrial movement is not a boom. A boom is an organized movement to manufacture prices, not values. It usually means a temporary increase of gamblers and speculators who run real estate poker games, with lots as chips. Booms do not gather steady jobs for people who work. In boom times people usually "work" one another. It is safe to invest one's money where jobs are multiplying. A genuine industrial movement multiplies jobs.

Any city, at a given moment, has a definite, ascertainable, total value. This total value depends upon the total quantity of employment. A city lot without a house is an expensive nuisance. A house on the lot is a waste of good money if it has no tenant. A tenant is an object of charity if he has no job. An industrial movement can maintain a just balance between jobs and lots under the law of supply and demand.

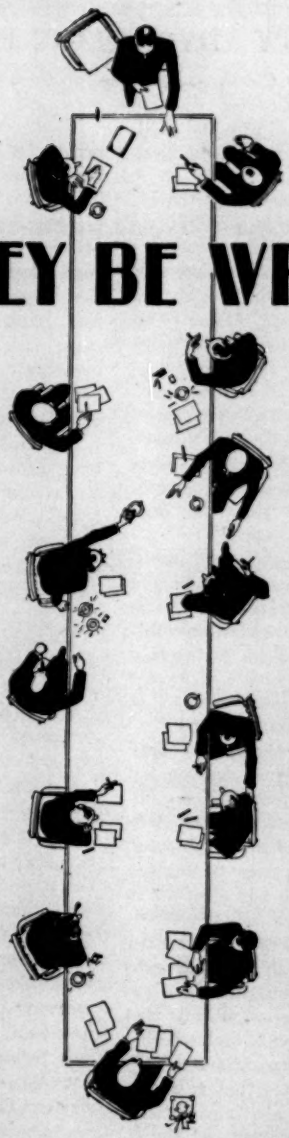
That community advertising is a business has not been sufficiently impressed upon many local leaders. No particular indication of leadership has been shown. The reason may be that each and every community which has advertised has done just about what it wished to do, and correlation, based upon analyzed situations elsewhere, by someone skilled in the use of this evidence, has not been thought advisable.

Mistakes make it necessary to stop, to take stock first, and then to proceed. The earlier method was to proceed and then trust to luck for success. A number of community advertising ventures became successful even with this hit-and-miss plan because there were few communities actively in the advertising field. Now it is recognized that community advertising is subject to more pitfalls and perils than commercial advertising—because of competition and the necessity of operating on a business plan. Great care should be given to the making of a preliminary fact-study and to the preparation of copy, so that there will be the needed response, locally, to the advertising that is done, and the advertising should be judiciously placed in accordance with the objectives sought. All of this work should be done regardless of the wishes and whims of individual members of the local steering committee, in so far as that is possible.

The critical spirit characteristic of modern commercial advertising should govern future community advertising. It is not wise to leave the determinations of all matters of policy to those unfamiliar with community advertising objectives. Local talent and assistance cannot always be depended upon. There must be someone to

(Continued on second page following)

CAN THEY BE WRONG?



THE finest merchandising brains in the country have designated Atlanta as Distribution City to the rich South. In the past 2½ years alone 418 great names have been added to the list of 1050 great American concerns who serve the South from Atlanta. These 418 new concerns have invested millions in plant equipment, and their annual payrolls exceed $21,000,000.

That great corporations like General Motors, Southern Railway System, National Biscuit, Pullman, Sears, Roebuck, Johnson & Johnson and Cluett Peabody—to mention only a few—and hundreds of others have, one after another, through independent, unbiased surveys, selected Atlanta as the meeting point of advantages, should be of interest to the management of every company doing business on a national scale.

For in the Atlanta Industrial Area you can cut production costs. Operating from Atlanta your Southern sales organization will exceed the most optimistic quota you care to set.

Atlanta is Distribution City to the rich South. Fifteen main lines of eight great railroad systems radiate from here, to reach 18 million prosperous people overnight, 70 million in one day of travel. Men and merchandise may be routed to the Southern territory most economically from Atlanta.

The Atlanta Industrial Area combines fundamental economies in a manner that produces peak profits for those whose branch factories are here. Labor, raw materials, power, taxes, building costs—all contribute to the opportunity for profit and a better market position for your goods.

Your dividend rate can be influenced materially by Atlanta location. Ask the Atlanta Industrial Bureau to make an engineering study of the situation as it affects your business. Let us lay a complete report on your desk in the strictest confidence. This valuable cooperation is rendered without charge or obligation, and is yours if you will write

INDUSTRIAL BUREAU, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
329 Chamber of Commerce Building

Send for this Booklet

It contains the fundamental facts about Atlanta as a location for your Southern branch.

ATLANTA

Industrial Headquarters of the South

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

COMMUNITY ADVERTISING IS A BUSINESS

(Continued from second preceding page)

carry through, on a business basis, using all local assistance that can be brought to bear throughout and after the campaign.

The conclusions of scientific surveys in the industrial field emphasize the fact that excellent opportunities exist for future developments everywhere. These considerations must be constantly studied and applied, not for a year or two, but for a much longer period than that. Many cities need not offer a bonus in order to get the things they need most to balance their program and to provide for proper growth or development. Many cities have no bonus to offer because they have other assets which outweigh bonus considerations. Every community needs certain things for business. Local conditions always govern. What are these local conditions? Have they been considered from a business standpoint?

Every local agency, every business and industrial enterprise, must play its part in developing community advertising in the future. To do this job most effectively it is well to consider some outside assistance to weld the local elements together for businesslike action. An outside viewpoint costs little in the long run and saves money that would otherwise be expended less efficiently.

Budget control was seldom thought of until very recently. A city that is just starting out with a three-year program, involving an expenditure of $500,000, has thought it good business to set up a reserve fund of $50,000 to be held until the third year. This is getting down to business principles. Another city which has $100,000 to spend this year is going to spend only $89,000.

Keeping tabs on results was unknown until a few years ago. Now communities are beginning to think about what shall be said to the subscribers at the end of the advertising period in order that they may record accomplishments and secure a repledging of the fund for its continuance. A Western city, for example, states that it has received a total of 14,980 responses to its advertising during the past six months. In reply to these inquirers, they have mailed out 3,020 letters and 17,487 booklets. Of these inquirers, 2,209 individuals or groups registered at their office. Their statistics show that about 10 per cent of their arrivals will take the trouble to register. This indicates that over 22,000 people have come to their city as a result of their advertising.

Whatever program is decided upon for a community, it is well to take counsel. We consider this a sensible thing to do in our personal business dealings. Why should we not adopt the same practice with our community business? The utilities are forced to make improvements five years ahead and to wait to make an earning on that investment. The railroads double-track and then advertise for business. Financial institutions increase their capital and establish new business departments to obtain new business. None of these larger business undertakings has been launched without thought and study.

From a business standpoint there is need for a critical study of the community before community advertising is attempted. What are the objectives? What are the facts in the case, and what authority have we? How shall these facts be interpreted for the immediate present and for future use? What conclusions can we arrive at? How shall we proceed?

We have now reached the point where we should mass all forces of the community and apply them in the execution of the advertising program. It is folly to advertise if the facts do not warrant advertising. It is unwise to advertise if the people are unprogressive and uninformed.

Community and industrial development are co-operative in spirit. These activities are not for speculators. The interests of the community in question must be pooled and all must trust to the businesslike approach to the problem for results which are sure to follow for the benefit of all who have an interest in the community. The mere attempt to locate a factory or two now and then is often called an industrial or community movement. The facts do not warrant such an assertion. A movement of that kind does not plan for any definite future policy. Usually such attempts are spasmodic, intermittent, short-lived. These movements are run as a side issue by talented, loyal, enthusiastic, enterprising local people who have never studied the question of community building.

Let us approach community advertising with an understanding that it is a business problem. Non-resident capital is never attracted to a community which undertakes a future-building plan on an unsound foundation.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

Quick Profits or the Long Pull

By PAUL TOMLINSON

IN a recent speech before the American Bankers' Association, Colonel Leonard P. Ayres of Cleveland, the well-known banker, stated that in his opinion "the great rewards of business and banking during the next decade will probably go to the plodders rather than to the plotters, to the calculators instead of to the speculators, to the thrifty and not to the shifty." There is much food for thought and common sense in this statement, but is it likely to apply with any greater force to the years to come than to those gone by? During the past few months speculators—many of them—have undoubtedly reaped a harvest; speculators—some of them—make money rather consistently. But there is considerable question as to whether the amounts won through speculation ever equal those gained by intelligent, calculating, and thrifty investment.

THE speculator plays for a quick turn; the investor puts his faith in the long pull. Which system is better? In answering this question it should be remembered that results are the only things that count, and net results at that. The speculator, unless he is different from any species hitherto discovered, has his winnings but he also suffers losses; the investor may suffer losses too, but his losses will be less than those of the speculator, and less frequent. Look back over the record of security prices since the War, and compare quotations for standard investments now with what they were then; in the great majority of cases the good investments ten years ago are now still better, and the person who bought intelligently and hung on has made a handsome profit. In other words, the trend of good investments has been up, just as it always has been and probably always will be. On the other hand the trend is never consistently up; and a chart of market quotations over a ten-year period would always show many eddies in the stream of advancing prices. The speculator tries to guess when these eddies will occur, or when the onward sweep of prices will claim them once more, and no guesser is ever one hundred per cent correct.

Trustworthy Bonds To Suit All Investors

FOR the investor who wishes to minimize risk by diversifying his investments, the current offerings of S. W. STRAUS & CO., afford a variety of attractions.

They represent trustworthy investments, selected for their safety and attractive income — selected by an organization with 46 years of wide experience in the selection and safeguarding of securities.

Included in the list are railroad bonds, utilities, industrials, municipals and foreign bonds yielding from about 4½ to about 7%. And, finally, there are first mortgage real estate bonds of our own origination, yielding from 5½ to 6%.

Write for literature describing these sound and attractive securities and for our booklet, "Investing for Safety". Ask for

BOOKLET L-1809

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— ESTABLISHED IN 1882 —

SPECULATION and investment present two entirely different problems. The vast amount of gold to which this country fell heir in the past few years was in large measure responsible for our startling industrial prosperity and consequent speculative opportunities. Much of this gold has recently been shipped back whence it came, however, and it is a question whether without it American industry can continue the extraordinarily rapid progress to which we have so easily become accustomed. No thinking man believes for a moment that this country's prosperity is dependent upon a superabundance of gold, or that our prosperity will not continue; on the other hand, many thinking men are doubtful about the advisability of expecting our industries to maintain the pace they have been setting in the past five years. This does not mean they will go back; it does not mean any lack of confidence in their management or their futures; what it does mean is that people hoping to make large profits out of the securities of these industries may find that they will have to be patient, and cannot expect the quick turns of the recent past.

A SPECULATOR, of course, is the most impatient of men. He wants profits and he wants them quickly. Usually he operates on borrowed money, and it is obvious that the longer he has to wait to realize his profit the more interest he is obliged to pay; and interest reduces profits. When a speculator has a profit he is likely to realize it, and he justifies his action by the old adage which reads that no man ever went broke taking a profit. Nor is there any gainsaying the truth of this adage; the only trouble is that the speculator trying for a quick profit is not always blessed with the chance to take it. He buys one thing and takes a profit; he may buy some-

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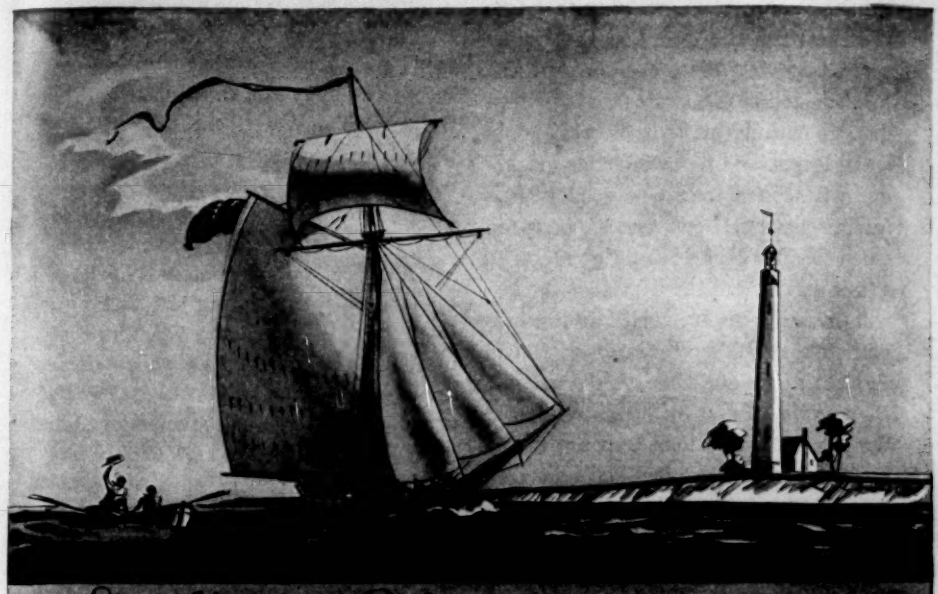

Sloop Union of Boston passing BOSTON LIGHT

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BOSTON has always been the most convenient seaport of the East. The Clipper Ship trade brought such success to Boston merchants that by 1792 the establishment of two banks had followed this influx of wealth. Today 3,000,000 people live within 40 miles of Boston docks. It now has 130 banks, with the fourth largest bank clearings of all cities in the United States. Among these financial institutions OLD COLONY TRUST COMPANY is a natural leader—it occupies an enviable position as New England's largest Trust Company.

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thing else and take a profit on that too; the third time he may find there is no profit to take. What does he do then? Well, sometimes he figures that few men ever go entirely broke if they take only small losses, and he gets out as quickly and with as few scars as possible. It is human nature, however, to hang on when faced with a loss; no one likes to admit defeat, and the hope that the loss will presently resolve itself into a gain is persistent and almost universal; and as the loss grows and time passes, interest charges also mount and help to increase the loss. Many a man who can take a quick profit and not feel badly because he might have made more seems utterly incapable of assuming a loss. Yet, from all the evidence, the speculator who tries for quick profits should also see to it that he does not incur slow losses.

OPPOSED to the quick-profits school of investment is that class of investors who believe that the way to succeed is to buy something good, and, as the saying is, "stay with it." These people are the ones with faith, who believe that the securities of a sound company doing business in the United States are certain to increase in value as time goes on. Investors who have followed this plan during the past five, ten, fifteen, thirty, or fifty years for that matter, have most certainly prospered. Suppose, for example, that twenty years ago you had purchased a stock interest in any one of the big New York City banks, or shares of our leading industrials, public utilities, or railroads. Almost without exception they have prospered and their stockholders with them. The people who bought these same stocks for a quick profit may have done well, too,

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but they have experienced losses as well as gains.

WE heard of a man not long ago who invested thirty-five thousand dollars in the stock of a certain public utility. He made his investment fifteen years ago and he still owns his stock, which, at current market prices, shows him a profit of over two million dollars. Someone asked him why he did not sell, and he answered, "Why should I? The company's earnings have increased every year since I have become a stockholder." Under the circumstances, why should he sell, after all? His dividends amount to considerably more a year than his original investment, and so long as earnings keep on increasing, the market value of his shares is bound to increase with them. This man belongs to the long-pull class, and, it would seem, ranks near the top.

WE know of another man who, acting on a red-hot tip, bought fifteen hundred shares of a certain industrial last spring. He bought his stock at 142 and in two months it dropped to 80. He belonged to the quick-profits school; he wanted action and he got it, but in the form of a $93,000 loss. He had planned to take a ten-point profit and get out but, with this loss staring him in the face, he decided he was a long puller after all and had better wait for the stock to come back. As a matter of fact it has come back nearly forty points since its lowest price, and he may make his profit yet; but meanwhile he has not enjoyed the past six months of life as much as have some of his friends.

IN considering whether it is better to buy for quick profits or the long pull it is well to consider that this country has progressed more industrially in the past five years than in any similar period of its history. Consider the advances

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that have been made, not in any one line but in almost every direction. Think of the wonderful improvements in public-utility service, with increased earnings for stockholders and lowered costs for consumers. Compare radios to-day with what they were five years ago—and the end is by no means in sight. Chain stores were in existence many years ago, but it is only recently that the possibilities of these great combinations have begun to be visualized. Is there anything which has advanced more rapidly and scientifically in five years than aviation? What are the possibilities of dry ice, iceless refrigeration, and the cooling of houses in summer as we heat them in winter? Motor-car manufacturers have not been standing still exactly in the past few years. And of course our transportation systems are called upon to carry the freight which these industries demand. Is it any real wonder that securities have been affected by all of this unexampled activity, that the popular imagination has been filled with the possibility of fairy-tale profits, and that our financial markets have become speculative maelstroms?

THERE have been attempts to curb this speculation, and to an extent they have been successful, which is another way of saying that prices, under pressure, have declined at various times recently. The result has been that, while speculation may have been curbed successfully, the operations of many people trying to make a quick turn have been dismal failures. When call money goes to ten per cent, when brokers demand larger and larger margins, and banks will loan money only upon the most approved collateral, the speculative fever is likely to be cured, at all events temporarily. Such eventualities are con-

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Public Utilities, especially the electric power and light companies, appeal to all classes of investors as an attractive medium for sound investment. This is because of their uniformly good management and supervision by State boards, as well as for the essential quality of their product, the stability of their earnings and assured future expansion due to a constantly increasing demand for current.

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THE simplicity of the financial structure of the Community Water Service Company makes it easy to determine the values back of its securities. The combined valuation of property, plant and equipment of its subsidiaries totals $55,657,705 against which are outstanding $31,080,700 of underlying bonds and $8,392,650 of Preferred Stocks. Against the large equities owned by the Community Water Service Company, there are issued and outstanding in the hands of the public only $7,120,000 Debentures. Due to conservative financing and capable management, the securities of the Community Water Service Company and its subsidiaries are high grade investments of the type which appeal to conservative investors.

SUBSIDIARIES	
Penna. State Water Corp.	
Valuation	$10,394,162
Funded Debt	5,450,000
Preferred Stock	10,500 Shares
Williamsport Water Co.	
Valuation	$3,998,069
Funded Debt	2,500,000
Preferred Stock	8,297 Shares
New Jersey Water Co.	
Valuation	$2,197,951
Funded Debt	1,200,000
Preferred Stock	303,750
New Rochelle Water Co.	
Valuation	$7,381,951
Funded Debt	4,325,000
Preferred Stock	1,300,000
Peoria Water Works Co.	
Valuation	$5,030,000
Funded Debt	3,472,300
Preferred Stock	250,000
Cairo Water Co.	
Valuation	$486,787
Funded Debt	300,000
Preferred Stock	150,000
Citizens Water Co. of Washington, Pa.	
Valuation	$2,646,317
Funded Debt	1,760,000
Preferred Stock	550,000
Lexington Water Co.	
Valuation	$3,620,357
Funded Debt	1,725,200
Preferred Stock	275,000
Ohio Cities Water Corp.	
Valuation	$2,992,347
Funded Debt	1,425,000
Preferred Stock	907,600
Westmoreland Water Co.	
Valuation	$4,036,239
Funded Debt	2,480,000
Preferred Stock	6,500
Greenwich Water & Gas Co.	
Valuation	$13,520,589
Funded Debt	6,297,200
Preferred Stock	2,126,600

All figures used are as of June 30, 1928, but giving effect to new acquisitions after that date and while not guaranteed are believed to be reliable.

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sidered imminent in the security markets as they exist to-day, and for that reason the person betting on a quick profit is warned to proceed with unusual caution.

THERE is another side to the picture. The tremendous industrial prosperity of the past few years is not founded on the shifting sands. It is true that the vast amount of credit available has been no disadvantage, but industry is basically more efficient than it was; it is operated more economically, labor-saving machinery is in wider use, our workers know their jobs better than they did, costs have been reduced and, under the spur of competition and larger profits, our industrial leaders have been stimulated to greater and greater achievement. Is it not reasonable to suppose that these conditions will obtain in the years to come, and that with the truly remarkable accomplishments of the past half decade to show us what can be done, the future holds out even greater possibilities of achievement? In other words, investors need not feel that we have reached the peak of accomplishment, but can look with confidence to what lies ahead.

ON the other hand, the present is the principal concern of most of us; and those people who have money to invest want to know what to do with it now. They are tempted, many of them, to rush in and try for their share of the easy money they have heard so much about. Such a feeling is natural and frequently leads to indiscriminate buying, the purchasers acting on the illogical assumption that, because many securities have gone up, and many seem to be going up still, they can buy any old thing and profit by it. Nothing could be more

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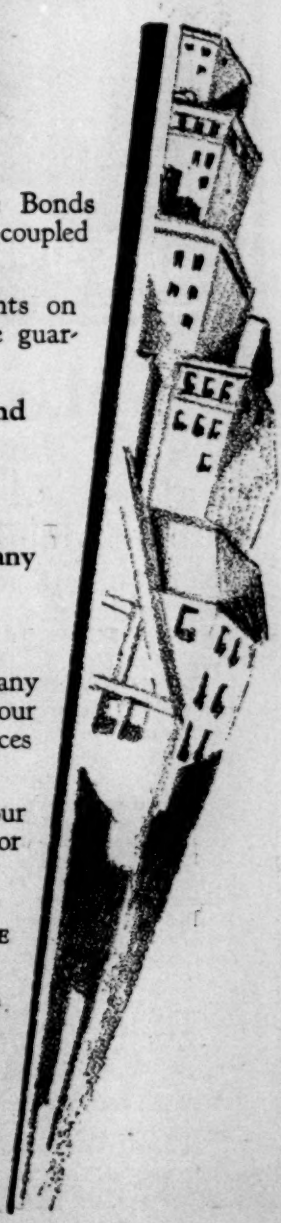

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dangerous. Last June the whole market reacted from fifteen to twenty points; some securities have not come back since; others have sagged in price independently of what the general average of prices was doing. Slumps in the market come without notice, and when the speculators for the quick turn are caught they are likely to be caught unprepared. The results are usually unfortunate if not disastrous.

THERE is, however, unanimity of opinion to the effect that now, as always, there are opportunities for the long pull. The strong corporations would seem to be growing stronger; never have they been so well supplied with working capital; never has their equipment been more efficient; never have their business methods been sounder. There are still securities to be had which are not selling too high, and the outlook for many companies is still bright. The man who, soundly advised, makes a proper selection of securities and holds on to them through the temporary price fluctuations which are always likely to occur is the man who in all probability will come out best. The present is the time to buy for the future; quick profits may be possible, but he who buys for the long pull is certainly following the safer course, and very probably the more profitable as well.

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